Oct. 5, 1963

THE NEW YORKER

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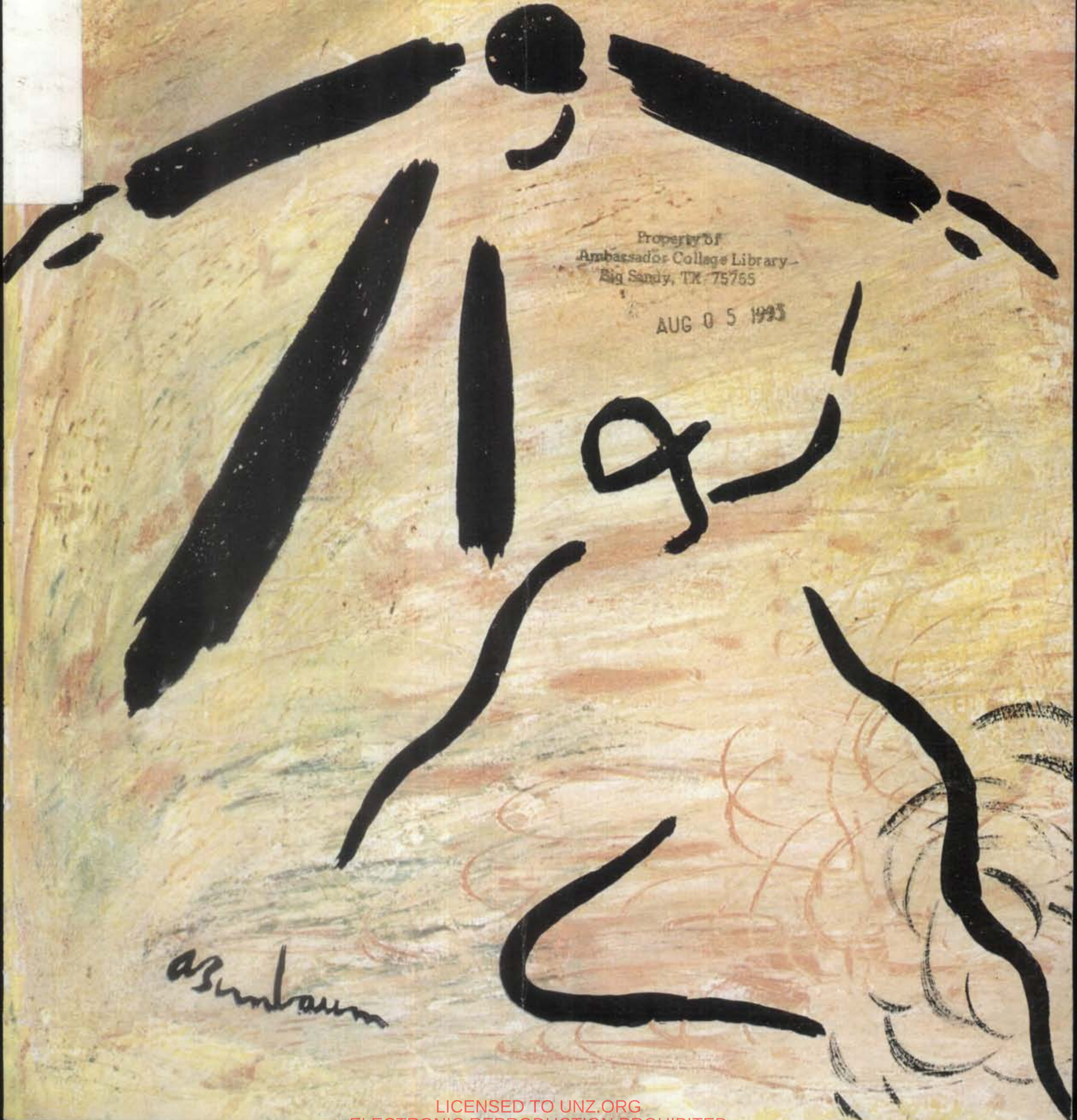

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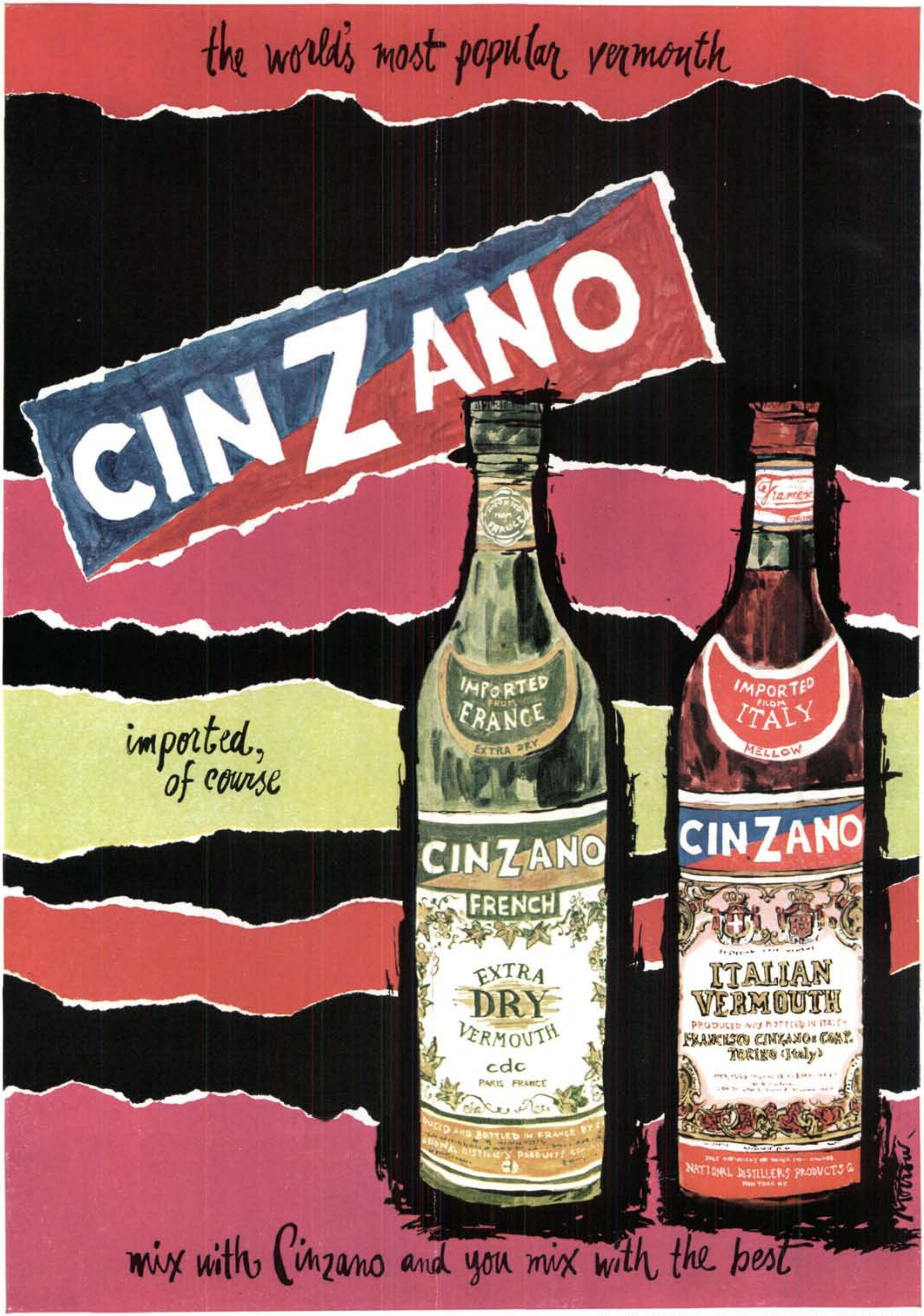
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Enter Laughing—Adapted by Joseph Stein from a novel by Carl Reiner, this comedy is made of pretty thin material, but it's funny nevertheless. It's about a Jewish boy, wonderfully portrayed by Alan Arkin, who wants to escape from the world of commerce into the theatre. Alan Mowbray, Vivian Blaine, Irving Jacobson, Sylvia Sidney, and Meg Myles are effective in various other roles. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Irregular Verb to Love—A clutch of oddballs rattling around in a ramshackle English comedy that stars Cyril Ritchard, who directed the piece, and Claudette Colbert. Hardly sidesplitting. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Luther—John Osborne's powerful reconstruction of the career of the great reformer. Albert Finney is outstanding as Luther, and the rest of the cast, under the direction of Tony Richardson, assists him handsomely. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:20. Matinées Wednesdays at 1:50 and Saturdays at 2:20.)

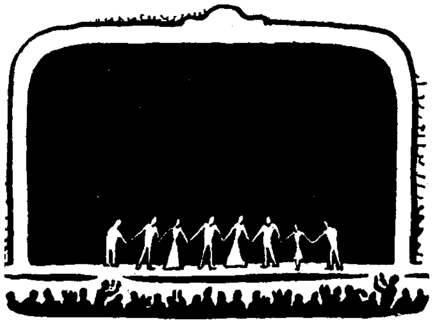
Oh Dad, Poor Dad, Mamma's Hung You in the Closet and I'm Feelin' So Sad—A six-week return engagement of the Arthur Kopit play, with Hermione Gingold at the head of a cast directed by Jerome Robbins. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly at 8:55. Matinée Saturday at 2:45. Closes Saturday, Oct. 5.)

The Rehearsal—A comedy by Jean Anouilh that investigates the lives of some new-day aristocrats. Not the liveliest piece in the world, but one that is fortunate in its cast, which includes Alan Badel, Keith Michell, Coral Browne, Adrienne Corri, and Jennifer Hilary. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**BEYOND THE FRINGE:** Four English wits (Dr. Jonathan Miller, Alan Bennett, Dudley Moore, and Peter Cook) in a revue. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 3.) . . . **MARY, MARY:** This comedy by Jean Kerr has to do with a young couple trying to get together after an estrangement. Patricia Smith, Murray Hamilton, and Michael Evans are now in it. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **NEVER TOO LATE:** A play about a sixty-year-old gentleman dismayed at the prospect of his wife's having a baby late in life. With Paul Ford, Orson Bean, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Fran Sharon. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **WHO'S AFRAID OF VIRGINIA WOOLF?:** Edward Albee's account of some events at a New England college. The cast at the evening performances consists of Uta Hagen, Arthur Hill, Ben Piazza, and Rochelle Oliver; for the matinées it is Haila Stoddard, Donald Davis, Bill Berger, and Eileen Fulton. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. WI 7-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

Chips with Everything—Arnold Wesker's play, imported from London, with Alan Dobie leading an all-male cast of twenty-three. Produced by Morton Gottlieb and Helen Bonfils, and directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9	10	11	12

Spoon River Anthology—An adaptation, by Charles Aidman, of Edgar Lee Masters' book, with Betty Garrett, Robert Elston, Joyce Van Patten, and Mr. Aidman himself (who directed as well). The producer is Joseph Cates. (Booth, 45th St., W. CI 6-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées this week on Thursday at 2 and Saturday at 2:30; subsequently on Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

She Loves Me—A new version of a romantic Hungarian comedy that first appeared here in 1940 as a movie called "The Shop Around the Corner." The songs (Jerry Bock and Sheldon Harnick), dances (Carol Haney), and book (Joe Masteroff) are pleasing, though not especially distinguished, but the performance, as directed by Harold Prince, is a model of style and taste. Barbara Cook, Daniel Massey, Barbara Baxley, and Jack Cassidy head the cast. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Tovarich—The Jacques Deval-Robert E. Sherwood comedy about Russians, Red and White, reworked into a musical that hasn't much to recommend it except the performance of Vivien Leigh as a grand duchess. Reopens Monday, Oct. 7, after a week's vacation. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM:** Plautus, that jolly old Roman, as adapted by Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart. The players include Zero Mostel, David Burns, Jack Gilford, and assorted cuties. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. CI 5-5226. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **HOW TO SUCCEED IN BUSINESS WITHOUT REALLY TRYING:** Robert Morse plays a young man determined to be at the top of the business pile, and Rudy Vallée plays the president of something called World Wide Wickets, Inc. Darryl Hickman will succeed Mr. Morse on Monday, Oct. 7. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **OLIVER!:** Dickens' "Oliver Twist" in an adaptation for the stage by Lionel Bart, who also did the music and lyrics. With Clive Revill, Georgia Brown, Paul O'Keefe, and David Jones. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **STOP THE WORLD—I WANT TO GET OFF:** Anthony Newley and about a dozen young ladies doing the seven ages of man in song, mime, and patter. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. CO 5-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Student Gypsy; or, The Prince of Liederkranz—Eileen Brennan in a musical written and directed by Rick Besoyan and presented by Sandy Farber. (54th Street Theatre, 54th St., E. JU 6-3787. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

Here's Love—Meredith Willson's musical version of the film "Miracle on 34th Street," with a cast that includes Janis Paige, Craig Stevens, and Laurence Naismith. Produced and directed by Stuart Ostrow. Opens Thursday, Oct. 3. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Semi-Detached—A comedy by David Turner put on by the Coventry (England) Players. Directed by Anthony Richardson and presented by David Black and Nicholas A. Strater, in association with Jerome Rosenfeld. Previews Thursday and Friday, Oct. 3-4, at 8:40, and Saturday, Oct. 5, at 2:40 and 8:40. Opens officially on Monday, Oct. 7. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Private Ear and **The Public Eye**—Two comedies by Peter Shaffer, imported from London, with Geraldine McEwan, Barry Foster, Brian Bedford, and Moray Watson. Peter Wood is the director and Roger L. Stevens the producer, by arrangement with H. M. Tennent, Ltd. Opens Wednesday, Oct. 9. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Case of Libel—Van Heflin, Sidney Blackmer, and Larry Gates in a play by Henry Denker, adapted from Louis Nizer's book "My Life in Court." Directed by Sam Wanamaker and produced by Roger L. Stevens and Joel Schenker. Opens Thursday, Oct. 10. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

OFF BROADWAY

(*Confirmation of dates, curtain times, and casts is distinctly advisable.*)

The Bald Soprano and **The Lesson**—A revival of two nonsense plays by Eugène Ionesco, which at their best hit a kind of comic lunacy and at their worst are merely frisky or tiresome or both. Except for a funny performance by Ronald Weyand, as a mad professor, the acting doesn't amount to much. (Gate Theatre, Second Ave. at 10th St. OR 4-8796. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Best Foot Forward—A revival of the 1941 musical. The book, which has to do with a movie actress at a prep-school dance, is sappy but cheerful; the songs still sound pleasant; and the boys and girls who play the scholars and their dates are generally appealing and sporadically talented. With Veronica Lake, Liza Minnelli, and Kay Cole. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 5. Closes Sunday, Oct. 13.)

The Blacks—Jean Genet ferries us, by means of symbols, rituals, and masks, into a kind of state of mind—the excruciating state of mind that separates the Negro and the white. The play is too long, but Gene Frankel, despite some excited direction, handles the all-Negro cast well. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Boys from Syracuse—An exhilarating revival. The Rodgers and Hart songs, which include "Falling in Love with Love," "Sing for Your Supper," "This Can't Be Love," and "The Shortest Day of the Year," sound considerably better than new, and they are well sung by an attractive company. The book, in spite of some bright moments, is rather a nuisance but no more pesky than "The Comedy of Errors," on which it is based. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. LT 1-7877. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Brig—This dramatization of one day in a U.S. Marine prison is grim and relentless. It is also wholly believable. Judith Malina is the director. (Living Theatre, 530 Sixth Ave., at 14th St. CH 3-4569. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Cages—Two rubbishy one-acters with Mercedes McCambridge and Michael Lombard. (York Playhouse, First Ave. at 64th St. TR 9-4130. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Color of Darkness: An Evening in the World of James Purdy—Six short pieces by Mr. Purdy, arranged and adapted by Ellen Violett. (Writers' Stage, 83 E. 4th St. GR 7-7030. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Desire Under the Elms—José Quintero's production of the O'Neill melodrama is never dull, but it does become so overwrought at times that one almost forgets that the setting is meant to be New England. Betty Miller is the young woman who marries an old farmer and then seduces his son, and Carl Low is the farmer. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. GR 3-4590. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

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The Fantasticks—This musical comedy about a lovesick boy and the lovesick girl next door will be chiefly of interest to those with a large tolerance for whimsey. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. OR 4-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Opening Night and **A Matter of Like Life and Death**—A twin bill by John Cromwell, with Peggy Wood and Frances Sternhagen. (East End Theatre, 85 E. 4th St. OR 3-3377. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Pinter Plays—Sinister and fascinating comedies by the English playwright Harold Pinter. They have in common the theme of mischief, but their settings range from a dank basement in Birmingham to a fussy house in Belgravia. Mr. Pinter's dialogue is a joy to hear. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-1515. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Riverwind—A brisk and unpretentious little musical comedy. The music is the work of a promising newcomer named John Jennings, who wrote the lyrics, too, and the setting is a motel on, of all places, the banks of the Wabash. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Six Characters in Search of an Author—A revival of the Pirandello classic about a group of characters who mysteriously appear at a theatrical rehearsal and refuse to leave. The translation, by Paul Avila Mayer, is lively, and the staging, by William Ball, is highly satisfactory. (Martinique Theatre, Broadway at 32nd St. PE 6-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

This Was Burlesque—The return of Ann Corio, as M.C., star turn, and director of an old-time burlesque show, along with a number of old-time comedians and a line of strip teasers. Much of the material is comic in an earthy kind of way, but it is also awfully gamy. (Casino East Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. YU 2-6611. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at midnight. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

Koutev Bulgarian National Ensemble—Seventy-five folk dancers, singers, and musicians, appearing in America for the first time. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. TR 4-2424. Sunday, Oct. 6, and Wednesday, Oct. 9, both at 8:30.)

Stars of the Bolshoi Ballet—Thirty-three leading soloists in a brief engagement of four performances. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, at 8:30: "Ballet School," "Walpurgis Night," "Moszkowski Waltz," and other selections. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 and 8:30: Act II of "Swan Lake," excerpts from Act IV of "Don Quixote," "Dying Swan," "Spring Waters," "The Nutcracker Pas de Deux," and other selections. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811.)

MISCELLANY

Moscow Circus—Russia's celebrated big top, in its first appearance here, with Popov the clown, a juggler on horseback, soccer-playing dogs, Cossack riders, stilt jumpers, acrobats, and motorcycle-riding bears. (Madison Square Garden. CO 5-6811. Thursday at 7:30; Friday at 2 and 8:30; Saturday at 11, 3, and 8:30; Sunday at 2 and 6; and Monday and Tuesday at 7:30. Closes Tuesday, Oct. 8.)

Obratsov Russian Puppet Theatre—Performances in English by another company appearing here for the first time. Presented by S. Hurok for an eight-week engagement. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. CI 7-7992. Nightly, except Mondays, at 9. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 23.)

Josephine Baker—With her company of dancers and drummers, plus an orchestra, in a benefit concert. (Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7460. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places where you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

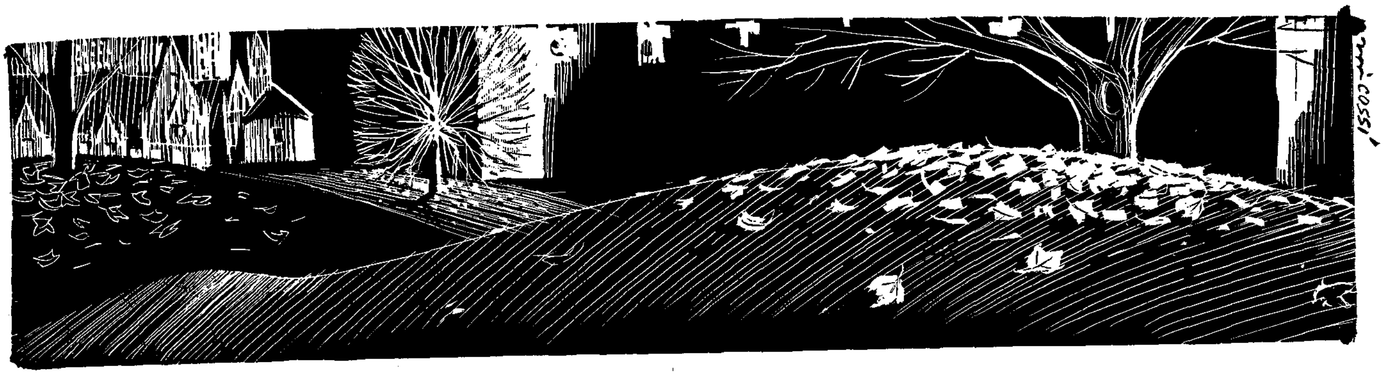
DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—The Royal Box concludes, on Saturday, Oct. 5, its reprise of the big Tommy Dorsey band, the big Tommy Dorsey orchestrations, and the original Sinatra (played by Frank Sinatra, Jr., who is one of the band singers, along with Helen Forrest and a few more). On Monday, Oct. 7, Buddy Greco becomes the singer, and Enrique Madriguera's orchestra ascends the podium. Dinner and supper shows, along with dancing, are the house rule. Closed Sundays.

El Morocco, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-5079)—A theatre-in-the-round expressly designed for talented (and perhaps a few untalented) amateurs. Freddy Alonso's rumba band and Freddie Jagels' orchestra provide dance music, which in the circumstances is probably supererogatory. In the Champagne Room, the loudest noise is Freddie's Fassler's Vienna-by-night violin. Sundays, the only sound is taped music in the alcove called Perona's.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Stanley Worth's small band makes small talk in the dignified Café Pierre. Another band fills in on Mondays.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—The era of the big band is also celebrated in the Persian Room, where Xavier Cugat and his camp followers are enthroned onstage at dinner and supper. The flavor is fairly Latin, except when Abbe Lane, the daughter of this regiment, does the singing, at which point the flavor turns Babylonian. The Cugat household withdraws on Tuesday, Oct. 8; next evening, Carol Lawrence starts singing. Emil Coleman's and Mark Monte's groups will continue to do the dance tunes for the



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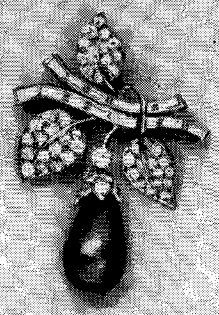

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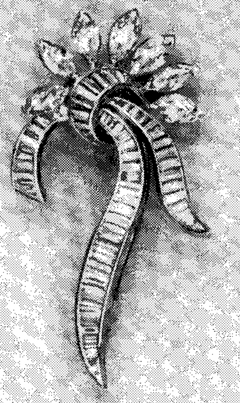

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

patrons. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Leo LeFleur's piano and violin play crumpets-and-scones music in the Palm Court from four-fifteen to six-thirty, and *vin-rosé* music in the Edwardian Room from seven to nine. No music Mondays.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The tangos executed by Juan Carlos Copes and his ballet troupe are at least 110° in the shade of the Grill, where they are in evidence at dinner and supper; Milt Shaw's dance band is prevalent all evening. Closed Sundays.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Old-school ties are to be worn in the Maisonette, where Peter Duchin's starry-eyed orchestra and Quintero's Latin Americans make the music. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In La Boite, baby sister of the Maisonette, the comestibles are brought to table on the wings of piano by Walter Kay and violin by Jani Sarkozi, men-at-arms of long standing in night life. Eight to two is their run. Closed Sundays.

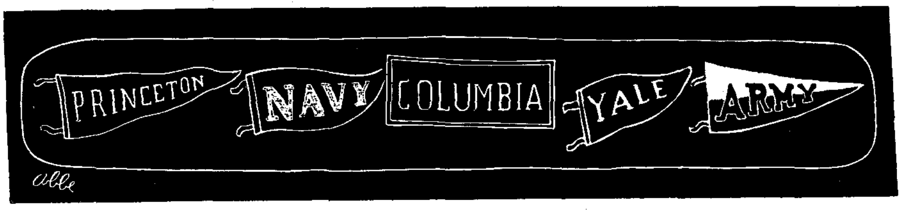
Savoy Hilton, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—The Columns is in its old, easygoing state of mind—great calm, great peace, and chortling music from the small posse of Arturo Arturos, which sets to at half past seven during the week and at six on Sundays for people who feared that tea dancing on Fifth Avenue had been permanently abolished. Curfew on Sundays at eleven, on weekdays at twelve-thirty; closed Mondays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000): In the Empire Room, there is excellent tomboy and tomgirl foolery by Gordon and Sheila MacRae, who know exactly how to make old jokes seem brand-new. A Meyer Davis orchestra and Horace Diaz's band provide plenty of steam heat. Closed Sundays.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): The days of our childhood—giddy, chockablock, and ceaseless. The sound department is as follows: Sam Hamilton is at the piano from five-thirty to eight, before taking leave for Downstairs at the Upstairs; Goldie Hawkins and Wayne Sanders perform thereafter as soloists until suppertime, when they converge as harum-scarum double-deck pianists. Closed Sundays. . . . **IN BOBOLI,** 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (TR 9-3777): Cloak-and-dagger drama once or twice a night by such well-known villains as Scarpia, with more than incidental music by Puccini, Leoncavallo, et al. The maestro is Aldo Bruschi, whose piano is the orchestra. Thursday through Sunday, he expands into a casual dance trio. Closed Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ AMBASSADOR,** in the Sheraton-East, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000): Three-o'clock-in-the-morning is the mood, pace, and sound created by the voice and piano of Bobby Short, for whom this town house has just been reconstructed. He begins around nine or so, and stays home Mondays. Inevitably and happily, Beverly Peer and Dick Sheridan are his sidekicks. . . . **CHÂTEAU HENRI IV,** 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The Wizard of Oz had something to do with the interior decoration of this castle keep. Around the castle courtyard strolls Norbert Faconi, his thine-is-my-heart-alone fiddle always tucked under his chin. No sound on Sundays. . . . **KING HENRI IV,** 142 E. 53rd St. (PL 2-5566): The set would do for a London Christmas pantomime of the lives of kings. Through it drifts George Cardini and his enthusiastic violin. No music Sundays. . . . **EL CHICO,** 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): Flamenco and fandango (Spanish, of course) go hand in hand, foot in foot, forever and ever. There's dancing for the customers as well. Closed Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE,** 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): Land of Goshen for the night people of the Eternal City and their seven courses for dinner. Among the population is a round of dulcet wandering minstrels. Closed Sundays. . . . **MÉDITERRANÉE,** 575 Park Ave., at 63rd St. (TE 8-6130): The leisure class is called to order at six every night but Sunday in an alcove of this pampered fish hatchery by Ralph Strain, whose piano makes life seem considerably more than bearable. Class dismissed at one. . . . **DRAKE ROOM,** 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): A verdant little throne room, in which Cy Walter is giving knowledgeable pianoforte dissertations between cocktails and one in the morning. Forrest Perrin takes over on Sundays. . . . **MONSIGNORE,** 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The Via Veneto in all its hustle and bustle. Part of the street scene is the squadron of peripatetic violinists squired by the perfectionist Herman Honigsberg, part of it is a smaller flotilla of accordionists. Closed Sundays. . . . **RITZ BAR,** Madison Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-3000): Ship of state is the attitude, and unobtrusive is the piano that converses, off and on, from five until one every evening but Sunday. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): Laurie Brewis, whose file case bulges with musical-comedy tunes, is at the piano after nine in the bar of the Hotel Earle. No music Mondays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE,** 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): The décor of the refectory is Renaissance with the bit in its teeth; the music (guitar) and its maker (José Luis Franco) are unequivocally Spanish. No music Mondays. . . . **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): A personable brigade of young career girls and boys from television and the adjacent arts find surcease from their travail in this *art-moderne* apartment. They also find a robust jazz trio every night but Sunday. . . . **REGENCY,** Park Ave. at 61st St. (PL 9-4100): Rack Godwin, who always has had designs on a piano, is demonstrating the choicest of his collection on the instrument in the Regency Room cocktail lounge. He's there from five-thirty to twelve-thirty every evening but Monday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE,** 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): In the bar of a restaurant that reminds one of dining in state in San Francisco or Sausalito, a full-fledged organ muses from five-thirty to seven and from eleven to three every night but Sunday. . . . **LITTLE CLUB,** 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-1800): This happy hunting ground for night owls has, after a long silence, reverted to conversational dinner-and-supper piano. The purveyor is Budd Gregg. Monday nights, instead, there is Twist dancing (for charity) on behalf of those who have let time pass them by. . . . **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The waves that beat on this segment of the Gold Coast issue from the piano of George Feyer, whose tenure is eight-thirty until one or two. The waves are tiny, but nobody seems to mind. Closed Sundays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE,** 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): Steven Weltner, a good addition to any drawing room, gets back to the piano on Tuesday, Oct. 8. He'll operate from cocktails to one, except for an hour's break at nine-thirty. No music Sundays. . . . **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): Home, home on the range where the gypsy and the zimbalon play. Dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): A noisy neighborhood in which your waiter, your busboy, or your barkeep may be seized by delusions of grand opera right in the middle of your second course. Closed Mondays. . . . **BARBERRY,** 17 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-5800): Our best-known midtown Moorish palace provides dining to tiptoe piano from six to nine-thirty. The musician is Conrad Monjoy, whose vacations are Saturday and Sunday evenings. . . . **BILTMORE,**



Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000): Hard by the cocktail shakers, Joan Bishop chooses with care the notes of her piano in the Palm Court from five to eight-thirty. No music Sundays.

BIG AND BRASSY

LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735): A gigantic plea for women's rites, in which health-club young ladies (some Olympian, some Amazonian, some pony-ballet) do and dress as casually as they please. Among the amazed onlookers are François Szony and Nancy Claire, poets who find fulfillment in the *pas de deux*, and Bert Wheeler, a vintage humorist recently pried from the inner sanctum of the Lambs Club. Dancing. . . . **COPACABANA,** 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): The important thing is Joe E. Lewis, the survival of the fittest, the fastest, and the funniest. He'll be succeeded, on Thursday, Oct. 10, by Tony Bennett, one of the good Broadway troubadours. Dancing.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

PLAZA 9–, Central Park S., just east of the Plaza Hotel door. (PL 9-3933): "Dime a Dozen," Julius Monk's revue, is a game of darts that wing their way to the designated targets lightly but accurately. Our winged friends are Gordon Connell, Jane Connell, Gerry Matthews, Carol Morley, Susan Browning, and Jamie Ross, and the game begins at eight-forty-five and eleven-thirty every night but Sunday. The pit band is Steinways in the hands of Carl Norman and Robert Colston. . . . **BLUE ANGEL,** 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): Milt Kamen, whose delight it is to represent the man in the street aspiring to be the man of the world, provides the ample amusement; Danny Meehan is the lively-as-a-cricket singer of the evening. Dinner and supper are part of the routine. . . . **SECOND CITY AT SQUARE EAST,** 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (AL 4-0480): The Second City clan, now at full and fulminating strength (Barbara Harris, Andrew Duncan, Anthony Holland, Paul Dooley, Bob Dishy, and MacIntyre Dixon), is up to one more of its no-cow-is-sacred revues, "When the Owl Screams." Tom O'Horgan's music, mostly on the harp, is the accompaniment. The schedule: Tuesdays through Fridays at eight-thirty and eleven; Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty; and Sundays at eight-thirty. . . . **THE PREMISE,** 154 Bleecker St. (LF 3-5020): A couple of pressing public problems are ironed out, sometimes with an exceedingly hot iron, by a cluster of players who are glib but earnest. All this comes across a set of footlights, and nothing harder than coffee is served the occupants of the half-dozen rows of theatre seats. The schedule: Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays at eight and ten-thirty, Saturdays at seven-thirty and ten-thirty, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. . . . **UPSTAIRS AT THE DOWNSTAIRS,** 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244): The entertainment is a minute musical comedy that's the complete antithesis of musical comedy as we know it—all about how a fool and his honey are soon parted. Honey is the delectable Barbara Quaney, the fool is tripartitely played by David Rounds, Jon Stone, and George Coe. The quaint quadrille was written by David Axlerod and Tom Whedon, the music was composed by Sam Pottle, and the wry direction is the work of Ronny Graham. Tee-off times are nine-thirty and midnight. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer, a fountainhead of well-worded lyrics, is singing in her special bittersweet fashion. Her base of operations is the **DOWNSTAIRS.** Sam Hamilton, it should go without saying, is her accompanist. Half past ten is when they begin. Closed Sundays. . . . **CHÂTEAU MADRID,** 42 W. 58th St. (PL 3-3773): Los Chavales de España, who throw a couple of grandstand plays into every choral or instrumental essay, are now doing dance music as well, and fervently. Dinner and supper are their usual post times, but on Saturdays they add a 2 A.M. tempest, and on Sundays they rampage only at nine-thirty. Emilio Reyes' band, which also gives the customers a chance to unwind, can incite almost to riot. The Sunday afternoon-into-evening tea dances are just as tumultuous. . . . ¶ In the neighborly alcove off the bar, after ten, Juan de la Mata's *simpatico* guitar serves the perfect nightcap. . . . **ONE SHERIDAN SQUARE,** W. 4th St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

and Washington Pl. (YU 9-1334): The considerable virtues of the protean Kurt Weill are the entire substance of the evening. Will Holt, a folk singer and folk composer of considerable virtues himself, and Martha Schlamme, whose ventures into Weill are already inscribed on wax, are his interpreters. Tuesdays through Thursdays at nine, Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-forty-five, and Sundays at three and eight-thirty. On Saturday, Oct. 5, there'll be a special matinée at three. . . . **STROLLERS THEATRE CLUB**, 154 E. 54th St. (PL 2-4711): The third chapter of "The Establishment," a revue devoted to disestablishmentarianism, particularly in respect to all customs that the House of Lords holds dear, is pursuing its waspish way with the ample aid of John Bird, Jeremy Geidt, John Fortune, Eleanor Bron, and Carole Simpson, who are the makings of an extremely talented rump government. Peter Cook, of "Beyond the Fringe," is more than likely to join in on the eleven-thirty show; the other is at nine. Teddy Wilson's wholly American jazz trio is part of the arrangement, and so is a rather British cuisine. Closed Sundays. . . . **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Full cry is the phrase for Felicia Sanders, whose ballads are a series of emotional crises; doom is the goal uppermost in the mind of Jorie Remus and her causeries on how to misspend a life. They're set to the music of Tiger Haynes and his Three Flames. Morty Storm, the wit of the occasion, is all work, no play. Miss Remus and Mr. Storm sign off on Sunday, Oct. 6, and Enid Mosier, the first Caribbean hurricane to have both a first and a last name, will start singing on Tuesday, Oct. 8. Closed Mondays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, unless noted.)

VILLAGE VANGUARD, *178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th* St. (CH 2-9355): Out of the huddles in which Bill Evans and his piano constantly indulge come some of the most intricate stratagems of the season. His trio and Chico Hamilton's animated quartet take turns. Sunday matinées, too, from four-thirty to seven; closed Mondays. . . . **BASIN STREET EAST**, 137 E. 48th St. (PL 2-4444): There are six trumpets in Woody Herman's new Herd of fifteen men, and with this show of force he can go all out in his favorite sport of crack-the-whip. Oscar Peterson's trio has the sound of complete automation; Teri Thornton has the sound of a skylark when she doesn't nuzzle the microphone. On Monday, Oct. 7, a new cast moves in: Dick Gregory, one of our newest and liveliest newspapers, right down to the editorials, plus Ramsey Lewis's threesome. Closed Sundays. . . . **VILLAGE GATE**, 185 Thompson St., at Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120): Brock Peters, a handy boy with voice and guitar, is the tenor; Dakota Staton is the wily soprano; Mongo Santamaria's band is the Latin scholar. Mondays are guest nights. . . . **BITTER END**, 147 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (GR 5-7804): The means to this end are folk ballads, at present being rendered by the exceedingly active Tarriers. A jug band is also in attendance. They are all off duty Tuesdays. . . . **THE MOST**, 875 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-5738): The kind of beat that Damon Runyon might have patrolled. Through the hubbub one can often hear the skillful voice and organ of Joe Mooney, an early experimenter in new art forms. Kenny Burrell's trio deals in later manifestations of jazz. No music Sundays. . . . **METROPOLE**, Seventh Ave. at 48th St. (CI 5-0088): Rant-and-roll music prevails from three until eight-thirty. Lionel Hampton's circus troupe, which does the evening stint, will turn the place over to the Dukes of Dixieland on Friday, Oct. 11. Sundays, visiting outfits have the use of the place. . . . **BIRDLAND**, 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-7333): John Coltrane, principal boy here, is driving his saxophone at his customary reckless pace. He's assisted by a quartet. Catch-as-catch-can sessions Mondays, when the regular army is out of action. . . . **HALF NOTE**, 289 Hudson St., near Spring St. (AL 5-9752): Musical chairs are in order once more as the Clark Terry-Bobby Brookmeyer quintet bows out yet again (Sunday, Oct. 6) to make room for the Zoot Sims-Al Cohn quintet (due on Tuesday, Oct. 8). Closed Mondays. . . . **EDDIE CONDON'S**, 330 E. 56th St. (PL 5-9550): Herman Chittison, now equipped with a trio, is doing easy workouts at the piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **FIVE SPOT**, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650): An old Village meeting-house given over to forward-looking musings. Thelonious Monk's quartet is on hand every night but Monday, when the Upper Bohemia Six, captained by Larry Rivers, plays for listening and dancing. On Tuesday, Oct. 8, the Roland Hanna trio will join up. . . . **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): Dorothy Donegan's pet instrument must be the battering ram (a weapon not recognized by Local 802), but since she's indoors at this Donnybrook Fair, she gets to use only a piano. Her trio includes Jo Jones. Their day off is Sunday, when Louis Metcalf's quartet acts up. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE**, 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): Howard Reynolds, now graduated from solo piano to leader of a band, runs a trio in the very modern manner. No music Mondays. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA**, 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): The weekend beer-and-pretzel sessions will continue with (on Saturday, Oct. 5) such those-were-the-days men as George Wettling, Max Kaminsky, Bob Wilber, Cutty Cutshall, Red Richards, and Louis Metcalf and his three helpmates. . . . **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505): During the week, Cliff Jackson holds down the piano in an enterprise designed to house displaced musicians from the old 52nd Street rifle range. Thursdays through Saturdays, he is joined by Zutty Singleton and Tony Parenti. No music Sundays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Herman Axelrod—Abstract sculptures in wood and metal; through Oct. 19. (Bodley, 223 E. 60th St.)

Francis Bacon—A loan exhibition of paintings by this contemporary British artist; through Nov. 2. (Granville, 929 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Al Blaustein—Figurative drawings and etchings; through Oct. 19. (Nordness, 831 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Robert Bliss—Realistic figures and landscapes; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Selected Artists, 903 Madison Ave., at 72nd St.)

Ilya Bolotowsky—Geometric abstractions; through Oct. 26. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Akiba Emanuel—Stone carvings and terra cottas; through Oct. 19. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

James Ensor—*Etchings by this* Belgian artist, who died in 1949; through Oct. 19. (Associated American Artists, 605 Fifth Ave., at 49th St.)

John Fischer—Sculptures and constructions; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Madeleine Gekiere—Drawings; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Aaron J. Goodelman—Figure sculptures in metal, plaster, and wood; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

George Grosz—Two showings of paintings and drawings by the German satirist, who died in 1959: the Berlin period, to 1930, at the Forum (1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.) and the work done after Grosz came to the United States in 1932, at E. V. Thaw (50 E. 78th St.); both through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Thaw is closed Mondays.)

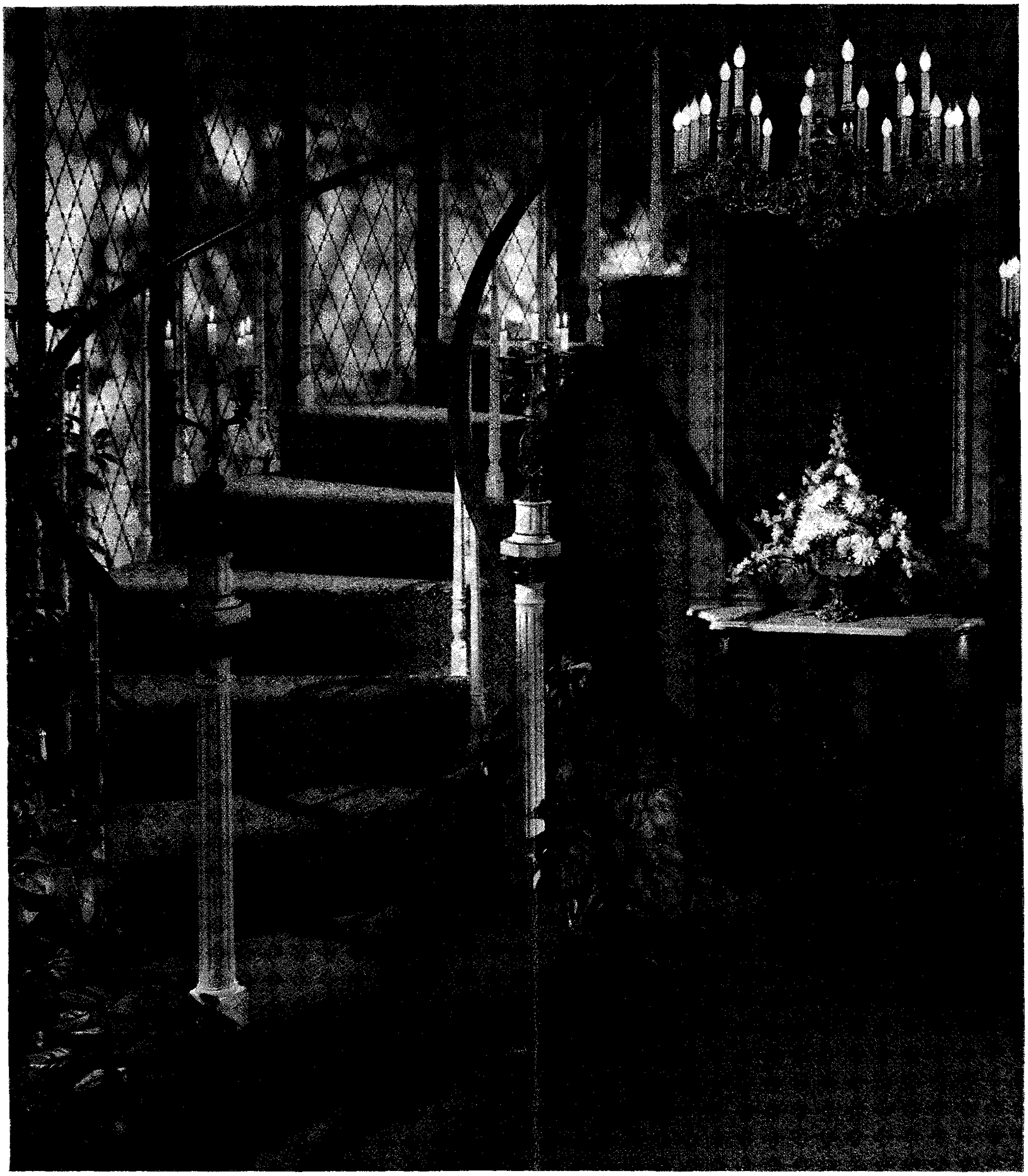
Roy Lichtenstein—Comic-strip and commercial-image paintings; through Oct. 24. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Karl Mann—Collages; through Oct. 21. (Bianchini, 16 E. 78th St.)

Henri Matisse—Etchings, lithographs, and linoleum cuts; through Oct. 26. (Deitsch, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Mayhew—Landscapes; through Oct. 26. (Durlacher, 538 Madison Ave., at 54th St.)

Kyle Morris—Abstract oils; through Oct.



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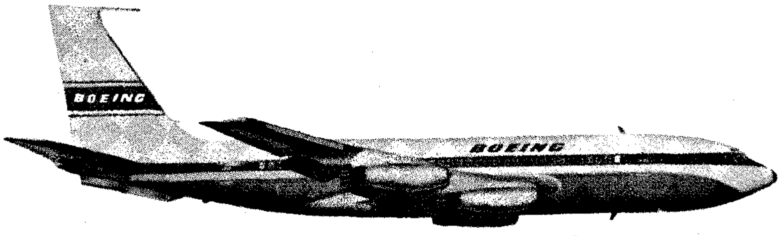

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

19. (Kootz, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ivan Mosca—Paintings by an Italian artist; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Gallery 63, 721 Madison Ave., at 63rd St.)

Picasso and Klee—Paintings and drawings; through Nov. 2. (Saidenberg, 1035 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Constance Richardson—Paintings of Antigua and Guatemala; starting Friday, Oct. 4. (Kennedy, 13 E. 58th St.)

Andrée Ruellan—Paintings, ranging from realistic to abstract; through Oct. 19. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Mel Silverman—Images in collage; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Salpeter, 42 E. 57th St.)

William Turnbull—Sculptures in bronze, wood, and stone, by a British contemporary; through Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St.)

National Association of Women Artists—Selected oils, water colors, caseins, and sculptures by the members of this organization, who are professional artists and number about seven hundred in all; through Wednesday, Oct. 9. (Lever House, 390 Park Ave., at 54th St. Closed Saturday mornings; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Sculptures—At the **PARSONS**, 24 W. 57th St.: Ceremonial vessels, pots, idols, and animals, two thousand years old, from Amlash, in Iran; through Oct. 19. . . . **SEGY**, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.: Wood, ivory, and bronze masks, statues, stools, and containers, from Ghana, Nigeria, and eight other new African states; through Oct. 31. (Saturday hours: 2 to 5:30.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the **ART STUDENTS LEAGUE**, 215 W. 57th St.: Works in a variety of mediums by forty-two League instructors, including Theodoros Stamos, Seong Moy, and José de Creeft; through Friday, Oct. 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 9 A.M. to 9:30 P.M.; Saturdays, 9 to 4.) . . . **BURR**, 108 W. 56th St.: The fall show of the Gotham painters, with items by Patricia Allen, Roda Ginsberg, Harry C. Waterston, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 5. (Closed mornings.) . . . **DOWNTOWN**, 32 E. 51st St.: Two paintings apiece by, among others, Stuart Davis, Ben Shahn, and Abraham Rattner; through Oct. 26. . . . **GRAND CENTRAL**, 40 Vanderbilt Ave., at 44th St.: The annual Founders Exhibition, made up of paintings and sculptures by over a hundred artists, among them Chen Chi, Robert Brackman, and Mario Korbel; through Oct. 24. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Leland Bell, Nell Blaine, Robert De Niro, Louisa Matthiasdottir, and Hyde Solomon; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Waldo Peirce, William Thon, and Nathan Hale are among the participants in a show of paintings and sculptures; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **PERIDOT**, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.: Fannie Hillsmith, Stanley Twardowicz, Morris Brose, and other painters and sculptors; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Closed Monday mornings.) . . . **SCHWEITZER**, 958 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Childe Hassam, Albert P. Ryder, and John Singer Sargent are three of the artists represented in a display of turn-of-the-century paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

Americans and Europeans; Group Shows—At **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 978 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Paintings and sculptures by Jean Dubuffet, Gianfranco Baruchello, and Isamu Noguchi (to name a few); through Saturday, Oct. 12. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Twentieth-century paintings, drawings, collages, and sculptures by (for instance) Franz Kline, Balthus, and Joseph Cornell; through Oct. 19. . . . **FRUMKIN**, 32 E. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and lithographs by Leon Golub, Jules Pascin, Lovis Corinth, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **LEWISON**, 50 E. 76th St.: Oils and water colors by Alberto Pisa, Preston Dickinson, Louis Eilshemius, and other nineteenth- and twentieth-century artists; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, among others, Rouault, Braque, and Calder; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.)

Europeans; Group Shows—At the **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Among the contributors to an exhibition of paintings are Pierre Alechinsky, Julius Bissier, and Kurt Sonderborg; through Saturday, Oct. 5. . . . **LOEB**, 12 E. 57th St.: Such painters and sculptors as André Lanskoy, Paolo Vallorz, and Jean Ipousteguy; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

Tenth Street—Seven downtown galleries are participating in an opening exhibition (ending Thursday, Oct. 10) of paintings, constructions, collages, and sculptures by gallery members and invited guests—At the **AEGIS**, 89 E. 10th St.; **AREA**, 90 E. 10th St.; **ASPECTS**, 100 E. 10th St.; **BRATA**, 56 Third Ave., at 10th St.; **GALLERY 84**, 84 E. 10th St.; **STRYKE**, 86 E. 10th St.; and **10/4 GROUP**, 178 Second Ave., at 11th St. (All the galleries are open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"The Art of Fabergé," a loan collection of precious objects (Easter eggs, miniature articles of furniture, carved figures, and the like) designed by the last jeweller to the Imperial Russian Court. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Paintings dating from 1940 by Hans Hofmann, the dean of the Abstract Expressionists; through Nov. 28. . . . ¶ Sculptures in wax, plaster, and bronze by the Italian Impressionist Medardo Rosso (1858-1928); through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Paintings by eleven Spanish Old Masters—El Greco, Goya, and Murillo, for example—from the collection of the late Oscar B. Cintas; through Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Prints by Willi Baumeister, Fritz Winter, Gerhard Marcks, and other artists working in Germany since 1950; through Sunday, Oct. 6. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—"Iranian Ceramics," a display of potteries and porcelains of ancient Persia, lent by museums and private collectors both in Europe and America; starting Friday, Oct. 4. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"Cézanne and Structure in Modern Painting," comprising Cézannes borrowed from six private collections, supplemented by works (from the Museum's collection) of artists influenced by him—Braque, Gleizes, Mondrian, and Picasso, to mention a few; through Oct. 13. . . . ¶ A memorial exhibition of paintings by Morris Louis (1912-1962); through Oct. 27. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Oct. 12, from 10 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"William Blake—Illustrations of the Book of Job" and "French Mosaic Bindings, 1851-1900;" through Nov. 23. (Weekdays, 9:30 to 5.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—"Creative Casting," an exhibit of new work in metal by American artists and craftsmen; through Nov. 10. (Weekdays, noon to 6; Sundays, 2 to 6.)

Museum of Early American Folk Arts, 49 W. 53rd St.—The opening exhibition of this new museum is made up of paintings, sculptures, and related objects, dating from the early eighteenth century to the late nineteenth, on loan from private collections; through Nov. 24. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of Primitive Art, 15 W. 54th St.—"Sculpture of Primitive Peoples: Recent Acquistions 1963" (from Africa, the islands of the Pacific, and the Americas); through Nov. 10. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—"American Cities," a showing of mid-nineteenth-century views of San Francisco, Albany, Providence, and so on. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—"Sixty Years of American Art," a selection of paintings and sculptures (by John Sloan, Philip Gus-

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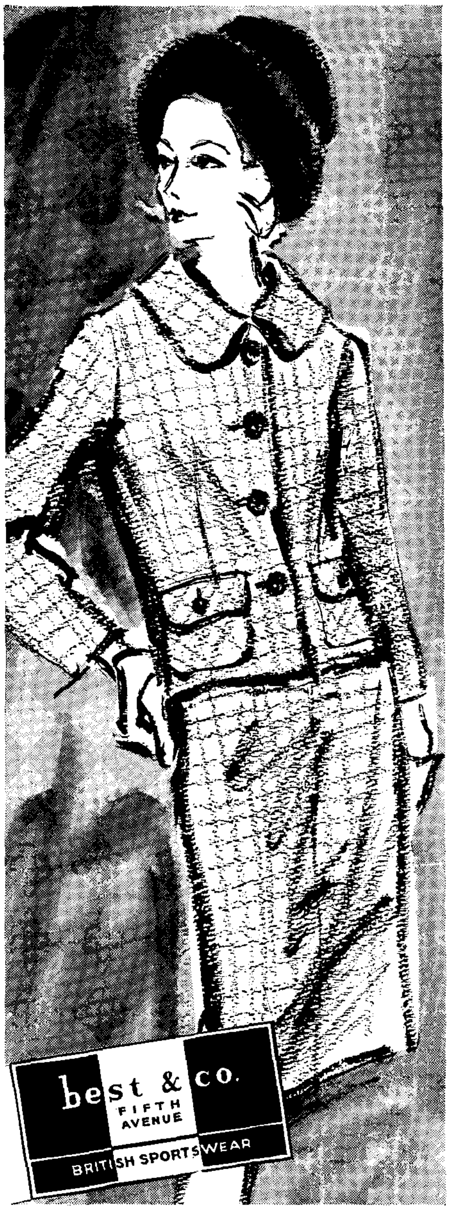

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

ton, Franz Kline, and others) from the Museum's permanent collection; through Oct. 20. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Philharmonic Hall is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7460, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera Company—Opening performances of the season, which will continue through Sunday, Nov. 10—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 7:45: The company's première of Igor Stravinsky's "The Nightingale;" and the New York première of Arthur Honegger's "Jeanne d'Arc au Bucher," in English. (A benefit performance.)... ¶ Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:15: "La Bohème."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Rigoletto."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2:30: "Madame Butterfly."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8:15: "Louise."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: The première of Jerome Moross's "Gentlemen, Be Seated!," with a libretto by Edward Eager.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English.... ¶ Saturday, Oct 12, at 2:30: "The Mikado."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989.)

Brooklyn Opera Company—Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15: "Carmen."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30: "La Bohème." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700.)

ORCHESTRAS

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 4, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3 (all with Ruggiero Ricci, violin); and Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 11, at 2:15; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3 (all with Jakov Fliere, piano).

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Stokowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Oct. 7, at 8:40.)

Music for Orchestra and Chorus—A program of music by Morton Feldman and Earle Brown performed by the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble, conducted by Arthur Weisberg and Mr. Brown, and the Brandeis University Chamber Chorus, directed by Alvin Lucier, with Nancy Killmer, soprano; David Tudor, piano; and Matthew Raimondi, violin. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Musica Renaissance Band—Noah Greenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

RECITALS

Van Cliburn—Piano, in a benefit concert. (Philharmonic Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Oct. 4, at 8:30.)

Grete Sultan—Piano. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 5:15.)

Michael Rabin—Violin. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Nicolai Gedda—Tenor, in a benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8:30. For tickets, call MO 3-9093.)

Aldo Parisot—In the first in a series of three programs called "Cello Through the Centuries," this one ("The Baroque Sonata") with Fernando Valenti, harpsichord. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 8:30.)

Rosalyn Tureck—In the first in a series of three all-Bach keyboard programs. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. AT 9-2400. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

Benefit Concerts—Frank Sinatra and Lena Horne. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 5-6, at 8:30.)

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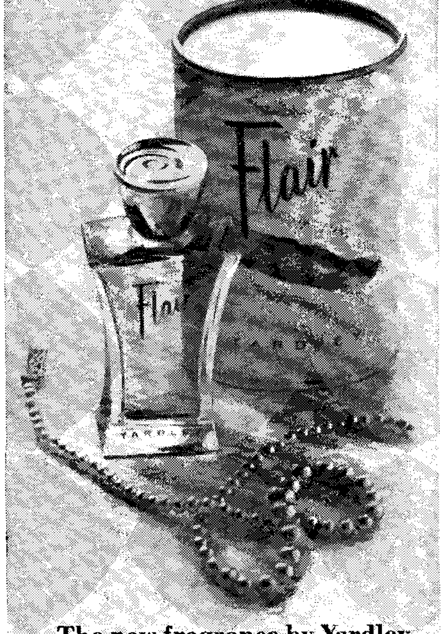

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Jazz Concert—Billy Taylor's trio, with Clark Terry. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

Baseball—World Series—Yankees vs. Los Angeles. The second game, Thursday, Oct. 3, at Yankee Stadium; the third, fourth, and, if necessary, fifth games in Los Angeles, Saturday through Monday, Oct. 5-7. After that, if the tug of war is still on, back to Yankee Stadium for final games on Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 9-10. Local games will start at 1. The New York Telephone Company will furnish running scores along with its time reports; call ME 7-1212.

Dog Show—Devon Dog Show Association. (Devon, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 5.)

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 5:** Columbia vs. Princeton, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Rutgers, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Dartmouth, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 12** (all at 2): Colgate vs. Rutgers, at Hamilton. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Pennsylvania, at Princeton. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven.

Professional Football—Jets vs. Boston Patriots. (Polo Grounds. Saturday, Oct. 5, at 8.)

Golf—U.S.G.A. Senior Championship. (Sea Island Golf Club, Sea Island, Ga. Monday through Saturday, Oct. 7-12.) . . . ¶ Ryder Cup Matches. (East Lake Country Club, Atlanta, Ga. Friday through Sunday, Oct. 11-13.)

Hunt Racing—Rolling Rock Hunt Racing Association. (Ligonier, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 5.) . . . ¶ Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Media, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 12.)

Polo—Sundays at 3:30—At **BLIND BROOK POLO CLUB,** Purchase. . . . **BETHPAGE POLO FIELDS,** Farmingdale, L.I.

Racing—**BELMONT-AT-AQUEDUCT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Frizette, Saturday, Oct. 5; the Manhattan Handicap, Wednesday, Oct. 9; and the Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Tuesdays through Saturdays at 1:30; last day Saturday, Nov. 9.

Sports-Car Racing—At Watkins Glen, N.Y.: Sunday, Oct. 6, at 2.

Trotting—At **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8:30; through Saturday, Dec. 7. (Special trains leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43 and, except Saturdays, at 7:06.) . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Oct. 26.

FOR CHILDREN

Stage Shows—By the **HILLTOP PRODUCTIONS:** "Aladdin and His Magic Lamp." (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Saturdays and Sundays at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **MUSICAL THEATRE FOR CHILDREN:** "The Prince and the Pauper." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 3:30.) . . . **PAPER BAG PLAYERS:** "Scraps." (Henry Street Playhouse, 466 Grand St. OR 4-1100, Ext. 55. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 3.) . . . **PICKWICK PUPPETS:** "Cinderella." (Jan Hus House, 351 E. 74th St. LE 5-6310. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **STAGE 73:** "The Absent-Minded Dragon." (321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Paediá—The Little Singers, Dancers, and Musicians of Greece. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Sunday, Oct. 6, at 3.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—"Archaeology: Exploring the Past," an exhibition of art and artifacts from Egypt, the ancient Near East, and pre-Columbian America. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show is called "Exploring the Moon." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30; Saturdays, except Oct. 12, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 11, 12, 1.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Children under five not admitted.)

OTHER EVENTS

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to meetings of the Security Council and sessions of various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9:15 to 4:45 daily.

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8, and Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 3, at 1:45: Chinese and other Oriental art; from several collectors, among them the late Mrs. Fritz Kreisler.... ¶ Friday and Saturday, Oct. 4-5, at 1:45: Early American furniture, silver, pewter, pottery and glass, a collection of scrimshaw work of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, paperweights, American paintings and drawings, and four cigar-store Indians; from the estate of Esther B. Crego and from other sources.... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 8, at 1:45: American and English manuscripts; from the collection of the late Colonel Roy G. Fitzgerald.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 9, at 8: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings, drawings, and sculptures by such artists as Inness, Glackens, Evergood, and Chaim Gross; the property of Blanche B. Ostheimer and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 5.

ELECTION REGISTRATION—The registration dates for the Nov. 5 elections will be Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 7-8, and Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, from 5:30 P.M. to 10:30 P.M., and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 7 A.M. to 10:30 P.M.

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART FILM LIBRARY—Three programs in a series called "The Cinema of Alfred Hitchcock"—Through Oct. 5: "To Catch a Thief" (1955), with Cary Grant and Grace Kelly; and "Breakdown" (1955), Hitchcock's first television film, with Joseph Cotten.... ¶ Oct. 6-8: "The Trouble with Harry" (1955), with Edmund Gwenn and John Forsythe; and "Revenge" (1955), a television film, with Vera Miles and Ralph Meeker.... ¶ Starting Oct. 9: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), with Peter Lorre and Edna Best. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

COMING EVENTS

(A check list for readers who plan ahead.)

PROFESSIONAL BASKETBALL—At Madison Square Garden: Oct. 17, 22, 26, and 29, and Nov. 2 and 13.

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL—At YANKEE STADIUM: Giants vs. Cleveland Browns, Oct. 13.... ¶ Giants vs. Dallas Cowboys, Oct. 20.... ¶ Giants vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Nov. 10. ... POLO GROUNDS: Jets vs. Denver Broncos, Oct. 26.... ¶ Jets vs. San Diego Chargers, Nov. 2.

GOLF—Metropolitan Professional Golfers' Association Match Play Championship. (Middle Bay Country Club, Oceanside, L.I. Oct. 14-17.)

HOCKEY—Professional games at Madison Square Garden on Oct. 16, 20, 27, and 30, and Nov. 3 and 14.

HORSE SHOWS—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Oct. 19-26.)... ¶ Washington International Horse Show. (Washington, D.C. Oct. 29-Nov. 3.)... ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Nov. 5-12.)

WHO'S AFRAID OF THE KNEE-HIGH BOOT?

Paradoxes are often subtle and complicated. But there's one in this year's fashion that is straightforward and quite simple. Anyone who glances through any of the new fashion magazines could not help but notice it. One might get the impression these magazines are put together by women-haters!

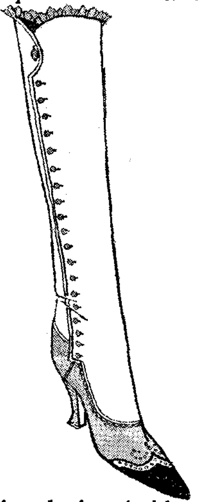
Many women, as I do, deplore the "shaggy-dog" look that seems to be decreed. Where, oh where, is the elegant look? Some of the models shown seem to be wearing thick rumpled rugs tied in the middle, and thick stockings and boots. They look suitably dressed for trout fishing in the mountain streams of Colorado, or an Eskimo fishing camp.

For many a year American know-how has done its best to glamorize American women, and the job we have done is the envy of the world. Now, come nude mannequins wearing thick stockings, flat "school-teacher" gillies and thick, bearskin type mohair sweaters, dresses, suits or coats to hide our American beauties. Shaggy thick tweeds (the "bearskin" look) belong on floors. Boots have their place too, and I, for one, enjoy the convenience of them in cold, snowy weather. But that doesn't mean I must whisk the rug off the floor to wear it as a coat, don thick stockings, flat shoes or boots en route to the Caravelle or the Colony for lunch.

Good fashion has a sense of good taste and the fitness of things. Accessories and boots are right in their proper place, worn with the proper clothes.

So cheer up for Fall 1963. With feminine Adele Simpson clothes you can still wear shoes that show a well-turned ankle and stockings that are gossamer sheer. Find them at Bullock's, Neiman-Marcus, Bonwit Teller, and other fine stores.

ADELE SIMPSON



Hunt Racing—Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Oct. 19.) . . . ¶ Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Oct. 26.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Nov. 2.) . . . ¶ Virginia Fall Race Meeting. (Middleburg, Va. Nov. 9.)

Racing—**UNITED HUNTS AT AQUEDUCT:** Oct. 24-25. . . . **BOWIE,** Md.: Oct. 15-28. . . . **AQUEDUCT:** Oct. 28-Nov. 30. . . . **LAUREL,** Md.: Oct. 30-Nov. 12.

Sports-Car Racing—At **THOMPSON RACEWAY,** Thompson, Conn.: Oct. 13. . . . **LIME ROCK PARK,** Lime Rock, Conn.: Oct. 18-19.

Music—**METROPOLITAN OPERA** (PE 6-1210): The season will open on Oct. 14, with Verdi's "Aïda," and will run through May 10. . . . **PHILHARMONIC HALL,** Lincoln Center (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 17. . . . ¶ Festival Orchestra, Oct. 13. . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, Oct. 15 and 29. . . . ¶ Erick Friedman, violin, Oct. 18. . . . ¶ Anatole Kitain, piano, Oct. 22. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony, Oct. 23, 25, and 26. . . . ¶ Ralph Kirkpatrick, harpsichord, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ José Iturbi, piano, and the American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ Cantata Singers, Nov. 1. . . . ¶ Shirley Verrett, mezzo-soprano, Nov. 4. . . . ¶ Jakov Fliere, piano, Nov. 6. . . . ¶ New York Chamber Soloists, Nov. 10. . . . **CARNEGIE HALL** (CI 7-7460): Royal Philharmonic Orchestra, Oct. 14 and 18. . . . ¶ Sidney Foster, piano, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, Oct. 21 and Nov. 11. . . . ¶ Mstislav Rostropovich, cello, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Masterwork Chorus and Orchestra, Nov. 3. . . . ¶ Giuseppe Di Stefano, tenor, Nov. 7. . . . ¶ David and Igor Oistrakh, violin, and the Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Nov. 8-10. . . . ¶ Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra, Nov. 13-14. . . . **TOWN HALL** (JU 2-4536): Esterhazy Orchestra, Oct. 23. . . . ¶ Julian Bream Consort, Nov. 3. . . . **GRACE RAINEY ROGERS AUDITORIUM,** Metropolitan Museum (TR 9-5512): Betty Allen, mezzo-soprano, Oct. 24. . . . ¶ Moscow Chamber Orchestra, Oct. 25. . . . ¶ Zara Nelsova, cello, Nov. 8. . . . **HUNTER COLLEGE ASSEMBLY HALL** (RE 7-8490): Yehudi Menuhin, violin, Oct. 26.

Ballet and Dance Programs—Martha Graham and her dance company, at the Lunt-Fontanne Theatre, Oct. 13-27. . . . ¶ Ballet Folklorico of Mexico, at the City Center, Nov. 13-Dec. 1.

Theatre—*Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks:* "The Advocate," a play by Robert Noah, with James Daly in the title role. . . . ¶ Mary Martin in "Jennie," a musical with lyrics by Howard Dietz, music by Arthur Schwartz, and a book (suggested by Marguerite Courtney's "Laurette") by Arnold Schulman. . . . ¶ A comedy by Joel Hammil called "The Tender Heel," with Chester Morris, Signe Hasso, and Kay Medford. . . . ¶ Marie Bell and her company, from Paris, in a two-week repertory, performing the Racine tragedies "Bérénice" and "Phèdre.". . . ¶ Howard Teichmann's comedy "A Rainy Day in Newark," in which Eddie Mayehoff, Dody Goodman, Zachary Scott, and Mary McCarty will appear. . . . ¶ A new comedy, "Barefoot in the Park," by Neil Simon, with Elizabeth Ashley, Robert Redford, Mildred Natwick, and Kurt Kasznar. . . . ¶ "110 in the Shade," N. Richard Nash's musical version of his play "The Rainmaker." The music and lyrics are by Harvey Schmidt and Tom Jones, respectively, and Robert Horton, Inga Swenson, and Stephen Douglass are the principals. . . . ¶ Carson McCullers' novella "The Ballad of the Sad Café," adapted by Edward Albee, with Colleen Dewhurst and William Prince in the leading roles. . . . ¶ Christopher Plummer in "Arturo Ui," an adaptation by George Tabori of the Bertolt Brecht play. . . . ¶ A London import, Terence Rattigan's "Man and Boy," starring Charles Boyer. . . . ¶ Kirk Douglas in "One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest," a play by Dale Wasserman, taken from Ken Kesey's novel of the same name.

Prose Reading—*Hortense Calisher.* (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A. AT 9-2400. Nov. 3.)

Other Dates—New York Antiques Fair, at the 71st Regiment Armory, Oct. 14-19. . . . ¶ Fall Flower Festival of the Horticultural Society of New York, at Essex House, Oct. 16. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time ends Sunday, Oct. 27. . . . ¶ Election Day is Tuesday, Nov. 5. . . . ¶ Veterans' Day is Monday, Nov. 11.

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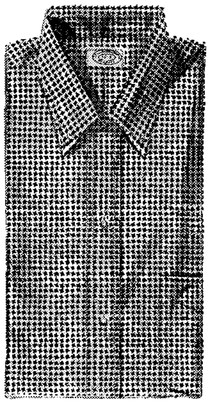

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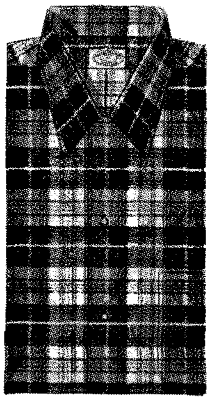

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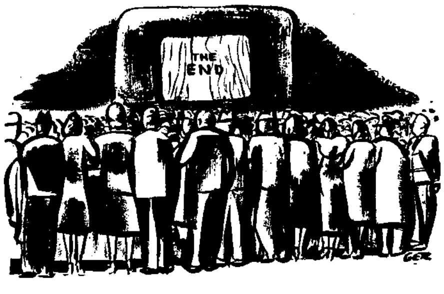
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

MOTION PICTURES



FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED ON THIS PAGE

Cleopatra—The already famous epic, which looks like "Aïda" raised to the tenth power and would be better off if it sounded like it. Still, you might as well go. Starring, of course, Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Rex Harrison, Roddy McDowall, etc., etc. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, CI 7-1633. Daily at 2 and 8. Reserved seats only.)

The Conjugal Bed—An acting out in human terms of the fierceness of the queen bee's desire for motherhood and the fate of the drone who dares to satisfy her. Unlikely as it seems, an extremely comic picture. (Forum, B'way at 47th, PL 7-8320; and Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030.)

Divorce–Italian Style—A very funny, because ruthlessly reasonable, farce, in which it's demonstrated that if the only way out of an unhappy marriage is murder, then murder has much to be said for it. The setting is Sicily, the star of an exceptionally able cast is Marcello Mastroianni, and the director is Pietro Germi. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; starting Oct. 9. . . . ¶ Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; starting Oct. 9, tentative.)

8½—A successful, if curious, work of art—an *apologia pro vita sua* by the brilliant Italian director Federico Fellini. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, and Sandra Milo, among many others. (New Embassy, B'way at 46th, PL 7-2408; and Festival, 6 W. 57th, LT 1-2323.)

Gone Are the Days!—An appealing specimen of Uncle Tom-foolery, written by and starring Ossie Davis, with Ruby Dee, Sorrell Booke, and Godfrey Cambridge. (Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th, PL 9-2262.)

Heavens Above!—Peter Sellers, Cecil Parker, Isabel Jeans, and Ian Carmichael play disrespectful but not at all dangerous ducks and drakes with the Church of England. Produced and directed by the Boulting brothers, who are funny and bright. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 8.)

Hud—A tug of war between three generations of males on a Texas farm. A bleak, strong story, distinguished by the superb performances of Paul Newman, Melvyn Douglas, Patricia Neal, and Brandon deWilde. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 9.)

Lawrence of Arabia—David Lean has ably directed an enormous cast (Peter O'Toole, Alec Guinness, Anthony Quinn, et al.) in this stirring account of two years in the life of a twentieth-century hero, who, like most of our heroes, is often unlikable and still more often incomprehensible. The natural backgrounds—Jordan and Spain—are breathtaking. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Weekdays at 8 and Sundays at 7:30. Matinees Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

Lord of the Flies—A desert-island version of the playing fields of Eton. Peter Brook's adaptation of William Golding's novel is brisk and painful, and it has got rid of a lot of Golding's gusty metaphysical excesses. Down-to-earth and accurately brutal, beautifully photographed, and cut to a fine, cracking pace. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313.)

Mutiny on the Bounty—A big shipful of tried-and-true villainies and heroics, expertly filmed but always threatening to just keel over. A disastrous venture for Marlon Brando, who is by no means blameless. (Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; and Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; Oct. 3.)

Sparrows Can't Sing—A dazzling merry-go-round about soft hearts and hard feelings in East London. The first movie by the famous stage director Joan Littlewood, and it's a stunning success. James Booth and Barbara Windsor head the cast. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 9.)

The Suitor—An exemplary young man, having no interest in girls, is at last prodded into turning over a new leaf, with highly comic consequences. Pierre Etaix is the young French star. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622.)

This Sporting Life—Richard Harris gives a moving performance as a professional Rugby player for whom everything goes wrong, and Rachel Roberts is just as good as the woman who cannot love him. This hard, tragic picture, which could have been first-rate, is slightly spoiled by Lindsay Anderson's obtrusive direction. The setting is a city in the North of England. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, CI 6-3454.)

The Ugly American—Marlon Brando in perfect control of his great talent, in a robust and successful melodrama about diplomatic difficulties somewhere East of Suez. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 8. . . . ¶ 8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Oct. 9.)

The V.I.P.s—A batch of big shots are waiting for the fog to lift at London Airport; by the time it does so, their lives have all been radically altered. A witty piece of nonsense by Terence Rattigan, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Richard Burton, Margaret Rutherford, Orson Welles, and many others. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Winter Light—The latest Ingmar Bergman skirmish with God, pictorially handsome but theologically gloomy. (Midtown, B'way at 100th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 9.)

REVIVALS

The Big Deal on Madonna Street (1960)—A take off on the "Rififi" school of melodrama, imported from Italy. Among the foiled criminals are Vittorio Gassman, Marcello Mastroianni, and Totò. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 4-7.)

Billy Budd (1962)—A rousing sea story, starring Peter Ustinov, Robert Ryan, and Terence Stamp. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 8.)

Breakfast at Tiffany's (1961)—A comedy derived from the Capote novella, with Audrey Hepburn and George Peppard. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 9.)

The Five Day Lover (1961)—In Paris, a young man can serve two masters, provided they are really mistresses. Jean-Pierre Cassel, Jean Seberg, and Micheline Presle. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 8.)

Intolerance (1916)—D. W. Griffith's jumbo job, with a cast including everyone who was in pictures then. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 3, at 6:15 and 9:30.)

The Island (1962)—Life on a farm circumscribed by the Inland Sea of Japan. Written and directed by Kaneto Shindo and photographed by Kiyoshi Kuroda. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 9.)

The Joker (1961)—Jean-Pierre Cassel plays a young man about Paris determined to conquer every woman he encounters. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 8.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 9, evening performances only.)

Letters from My Windmill (1955)—Marcel Pagnol's treatment of three stories by Alphonse Daudet, which deal with life in Provence and, in particular, with the comical dilemmas a number of priests get themselves into. A French film. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 8.)

Les Liaisons Dangereuses (1961)—De Laclos's eighteenth-century best-seller brought up to date by Roger Vadim. Jeanne Moreau and Gérard Philipe are the couple who corrupt. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Oct. 8, tentative.)

Long Day's Journey Into Night (1962)—A film version of the great O'Neill play. The stars are Ralph Richardson, Katharine Hepburn, Jason Robards, Jr., and Dean Stockwell. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 9.)

The Love Game (1960)—A pretty girl with her mind fixed on motherhood has a hard time persuading her lighthearted lover to fix his mind on fatherhood. In French, as you might have expected. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; starting Oct. 8.)

The Lower Depths (1962)—A Japanese adaptation of the old play by Maxim Gorky. Directed by Akira Kurosawa. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; starting Oct. 9, evening performances only.)

M (1933)—Peter Lorre as the Düsseldorf murderer. In German. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 8, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

Macbeth (1950)—Orson Welles in a lot of whiskers. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; starting Oct. 9.)

Meet Me in St. Louis (1944)—Sally Benson's stories of childhood in the golden Middle West. With Judy Garland and Margaret O'Brien. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 5.)

The Night (1962)—A study of a married couple in Milan. Directed by Michelangelo Antonioni, with Jeanne Moreau and Marcello Mastroianni. (New Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 8, evening performances only, except on Saturday and Sunday.)

One-Eyed Jacks (1961)—Marlon Brando is both star and director of this Western. Karl Malden and Katy Jurado are in the supporting cast. (New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 6.)

Only Two Can Play (1962)—Peter Sellers as an ineptly amorous Lucky Jim in a small town in Wales. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 3.)

Phaedra (1962)—A modern version of an old Greek horror story, featuring Melina Mercouri, Raf Vallone, and Anthony Perkins. (Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; starting Oct. 9.)

Room at the Top (1959)—The difficulties of a young man of lowly birth who is trying to make his way upstream against all the social pressures of small-town society. An English film, with Laurence Harvey and Simone Signoret. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 7.)

Sapphire (1959)—A British mystery film in which a pair of detectives solves the murder of a girl half white and half Negro. Nigel Patrick, Yvonne Mitchell, and Michael Craig. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Oct. 8.)

Saturday Night and Sunday Morning (1961)—Alan Sillitoe's own adaptation of his novel about a defiant young factory worker in a British provincial city. With Albert Finney. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 7.)

Tomorrow Is My Turn (1962)—A French picture about the Second World War, starring Charles Aznavour and Georges Rivière. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 6.)

Viridiana (1962)—Luis Buñuel's account of the havoc wreaked by a virtuous girl who seeks to do God's bidding among His beloved poor. A Spanish picture. (Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway, OR 4-3210; Oct. 3. . . . ¶ New Yorker, B'way at 88th, TR 4-9189; Oct. 4.)

Wuthering Heights (1939)—Merle Oberon and Laurence Olivier on the Brontë moors. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, PL 1-1535.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—See listing under "Other Events," page 14.

THE BROADWAY AREA

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
"Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.

Cinerama, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"How the West Was Won." (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
LAWRENCE OF ARABIA.

DeMille, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CO 5-8431)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Forum, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-8320)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
THE V.I.P.S.

New Embassy, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
8½ (in Italian).

Palace, B'way at 47th. (PL 7-2626)
Through Oct. 8: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone.
From Oct. 9: "Sword of Lancelot," Cornel Wilde, Jean Wallace; and "Kiss of the Vampire," Clifford Evans.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (WI 7-9400)
"The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
CLEOPATRA.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.

Toho Cinema, 209 W. 45th. (LT 1-1788)
"Chushingura" (in Japanese), Toshiro Mifume.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Murder at the Gallop," Margaret Rutherford, Flora Robson.

New Charles, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210; evening performances only, except on Saturdays and Sundays.)
Through Oct 8: **M** (in German), revival; and **THE NIGHT** (in Italian), revival.
From Oct. 9: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French), revival; and **THE LOWER DEPTHS** (in Japanese), revival.

Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th. (GR 3-2277)
"The Great Escape," Steve McQueen, James Garner.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
Through Oct. 8 (tentative): "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Lonely Are the Brave," revival, Kirk Douglas, Gena Rowlands.
From Oct. 9 (tentative): **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE.**

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (MU 5-7652)
"Lilies of the Field," Sidney Poitier, Lilia Skala.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (LE 2-6533)
"Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.

Trans-Lux 52nd St., Lexington at 52nd. (PL 3-2434)
"The Running Man," Laurence Harvey, Lee Remick.

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through Oct. 7: "The Small World of Sammy Lee," Anthony Newley.
From Oct. 8: "Any Number Can Win" (in French), Jean Gabin, Alain Delon.

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
GONE ARE THE DAYS!

R.K.O. 58th St., 3rd Ave. at 58th. (EL 5-3577)
Through Oct. 8: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
From Oct. 9: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th (PL 5-6030)
THE CONJUGAL BED (in Italian).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Leopard," Burt Lancaster, Alain Delon.

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (EL 5-1663)
"In the French Style," Jean Seberg, Stanley Baker.

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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6	7	8	9			

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (PL 1-1535)
WUTHERING HEIGHTS, revival.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 6: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.
From Oct. 6, at 9: "Tom Jones," Albert Finney, Susannah York. (Opening night by invitation only.)

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
Through Oct. 6: "The Mouse on the Moon," Margaret Rutherford, Bernard Cribbins.
From Oct. 7: "The Haunting," Julie Harris, Claire Bloom.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
THE SUITOR (in French).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
LORD OF THE FLIES.

72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Oct. 8 (tentative): **LES LIAISONS DANGEREUSES** (in French), revival; and "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
From Oct. 9 (tentative): "For Love or Money," Kirk Douglas, Mitzi Gaynor; and "Tammy and the Doctor," Sandra Dee, Peter Fonda.

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
"Johnny Cool," Henry Silva, Elizabeth Montgomery.

R.K.O. 86th St., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 8: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
From Oct. 9: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.

Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Oct. 3: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**
Oct. 4-8: "A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young; and "Hootenanny Hoot," Peter Breck.
From Oct. 9: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE;** and "The Hell Fire Club," Keith Michell.

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St., at West Broadway. (OR 4-3210)
Oct. 3: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "No Sun in Venice" (in French), revival, Françoise Arnoul, Christian Marquand.
Oct. 4-7: **THE BIG DEAL ON MADONNA STREET** (in Italian), revival; and "Nights of Cabiria" (in Italian), revival, Giulietta Masina, François Périer.
From Oct. 8: **THE LOVE GAME, THE JOKER,** and **THE FIVE DAY LOVER** (all in French and all revivals).

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Oct. 8: **SAPPHIRE,** revival; and "Mondo Cane," an Italian documentary film, with an English narration.
From Oct. 9: **HUD;** and **THE UGLY AMERICAN.**

5th Ave. Cinema, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"The Steppe" (in Italian), Charles Vanel, Marina Vlady.

Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-2166)
Oct. 3: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**
Oct. 4-8: "A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young; and "Hootenanny Hoot," Peter Breck.
From Oct. 9: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE;** and "The Hell Fire Club," Keith Michell.

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (WA 9-3350)
Through Oct. 5: "Toys in the Attic," Dean Martin, Geraldine Page; and "The Stripper," Joanne Woodward, Richard Beymer.
Oct. 6-8: To be announced.
From Oct. 9: **PHAEDRA,** revival; and **THE ISLAND** (a Japanese film without dialogue), revival.

R.K.O. 23rd St., 8th Ave. at 23rd. (AL 5-7050)
Through Oct. 8: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
From Oct. 9: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"La Poupée" (in French).

55th St. Playhouse, 154 W. 55th. (JU 6-4590)
"The Steppe" (in Italian), Charles Vanel, Marina Vlady.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (LT 1-2323)
8½ (in Italian).

57th St. Normandie, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Irma la Douce," Jack Lemmon, Shirley MacLaine.

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (CI 6-3454)
THIS SPORTING LIFE.

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"The Good Soldier Schweik" (in German), Heinz Ruhmann.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (MU 8-0134)
"My Life to Live" (in French), Anna Karina.

Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (TR 7-3190)
Oct. 3: **MUTINY ON THE BOUNTY.**
Oct. 4-8: "A Ticklish Affair," Shirley Jones, Gig Young; and "Hootenanny Hoot," Peter Breck.
From Oct. 9: **DIVORCE—ITALIAN STYLE;** and "The Hell Fire Club," Keith Michell.

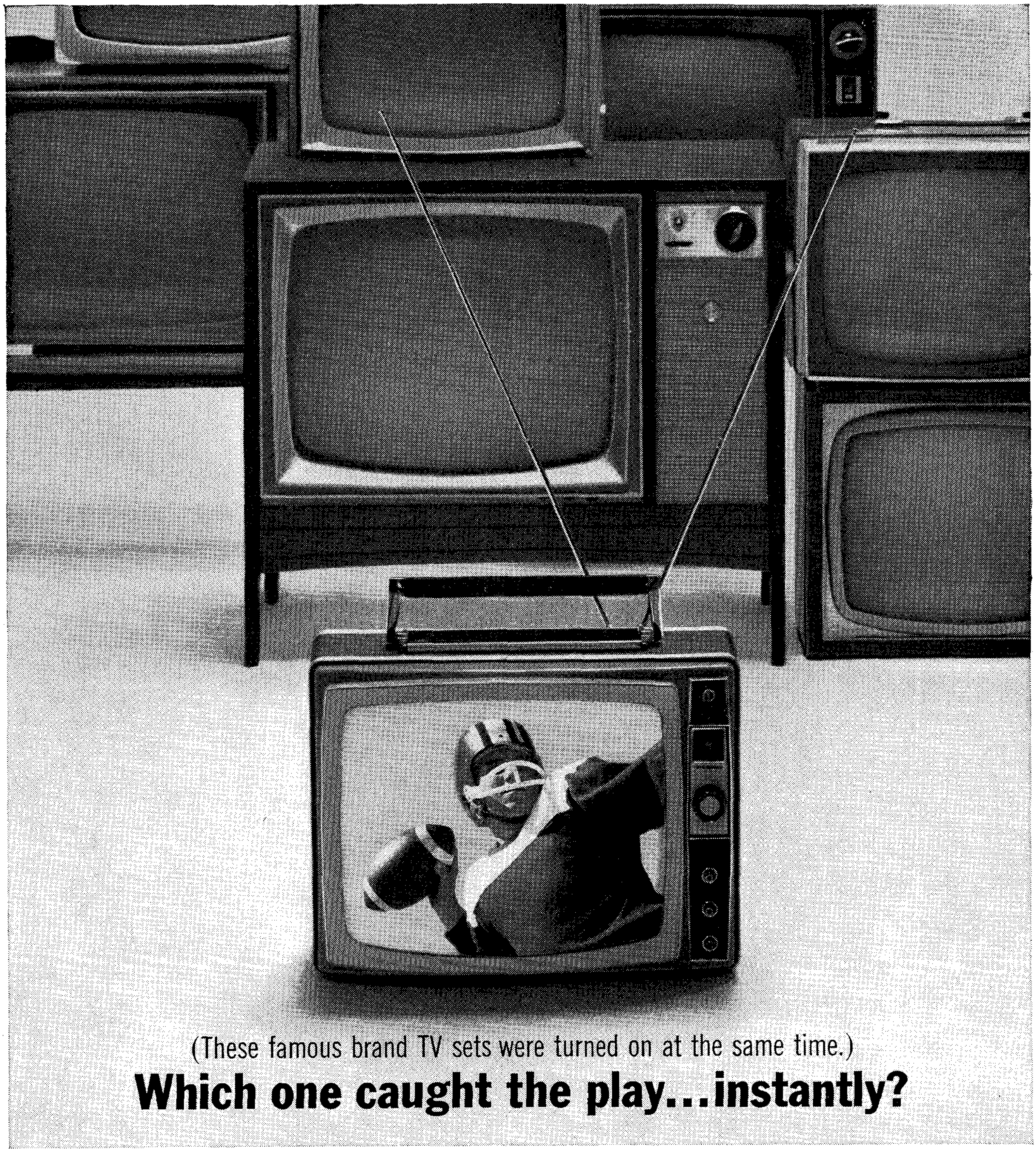
New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through the afternoon of Oct. 3: "All Quiet on the Western Front," revival, Lew Ayres, Louis Wolheim; and "Armored Attack" (formerly called "The North Star"), revival, Anne Baxter, Walter Huston.
Oct. 3, at 6:15 and 9:30: **INTOLERANCE,** revival.
Oct. 4: **VIRIDIANA** (in Spanish), revival; and "Mr. Arkadin," revival, Orson Welles, Michael Redgrave.
Oct. 5: **MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS,** revival; and "Brigadoon," revival, Gene Kelly, Van Johnson.
Oct. 6: **ONE-EYED JACKS,** revival; and "The Killing," revival, Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray.
Oct. 7: "Thank Your Lucky Stars," revival, Eddie Cantor, Bette Davis; and "One Touch of Venus," revival, Ava Gardner, Robert Walker.
Oct. 8: "Force of Evil," revival, John Garfield; and "Beware, My Lovely," revival, Ida Lupino, Robert Ryan.
From Oct. 9: **MACBETH,** revival; and "Man in the Shadow," revival, Jeff Chandler, Orson Welles.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 8: **THE UGLY AMERICAN;** and **BILLY BUDD,** revival.
From Oct. 9: **LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT,** revival; and "Madame," Sophia Loren, Robert Hossein.

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 3: **ONLY TWO CAN PLAY,** revival; and "Love and the Frenchwoman" (in French), revival, Martine Carol, Dany Robin.
Oct. 4: "The Man Who Knew Too Much," revival, James Stewart, Doris Day; and "The Trouble with Harry," revival, Edmund Gwenn, John Forsythe.
Oct. 5: "Boccaccio '70" (in Italian), revival, Sophia Loren, Romy Schneider.
Oct. 6: **TOMORROW IS MY TURN** (in French), revival; and "Look Back in Anger," revival, Richard Burton, Claire Bloom.
Oct. 7: **ROOM AT THE TOP,** revival; and **SATURDAY NIGHT AND SUNDAY MORNING,** revival.
Oct. 8: **LETTERS FROM MY WINDMILL** (in French), revival; and "The Spice of Life" (in French), revival, Noël-Noël.
Oct. 9: **BREAKFAST AT TIFFANY'S,** revival; and "Summer and Smoke," revival, Geraldine Page, Laurence Harvey.

Riverside, B'way at 96th. (MO 3-4530)
Through Oct. 8: "The Castilian," Cesar Romero; and "Erik the Conqueror," Cameron Mitchell.
From Oct. 9: "Beach Party," Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone; and "The Young Racers," Mark Damon.

Midtown, B'way at 100th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 8: **HEAVENS ABOVE!**
From Oct. 9: **SPARROWS CAN'T SING;** and **WINTER LIGHT** (in Swedish).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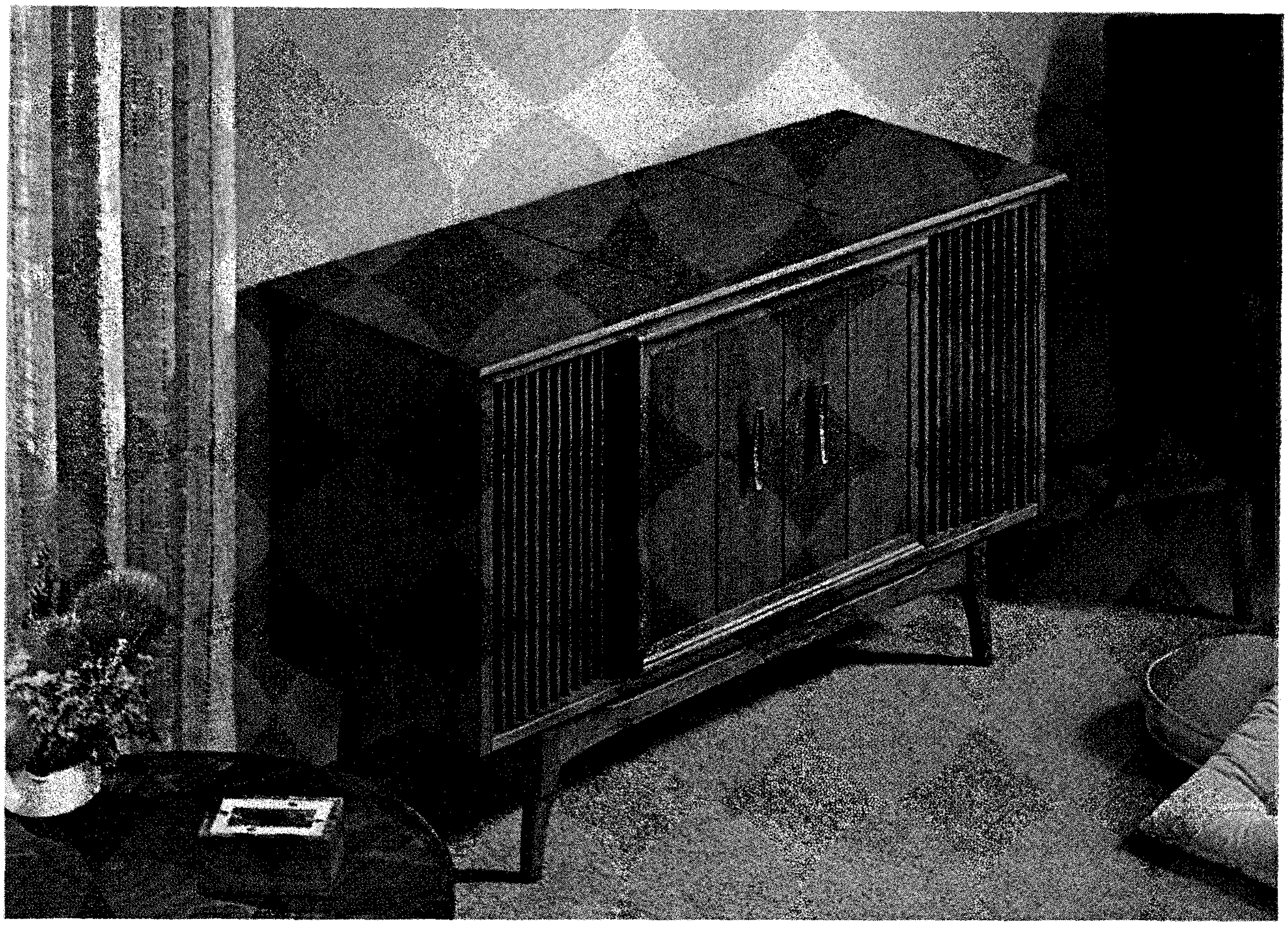

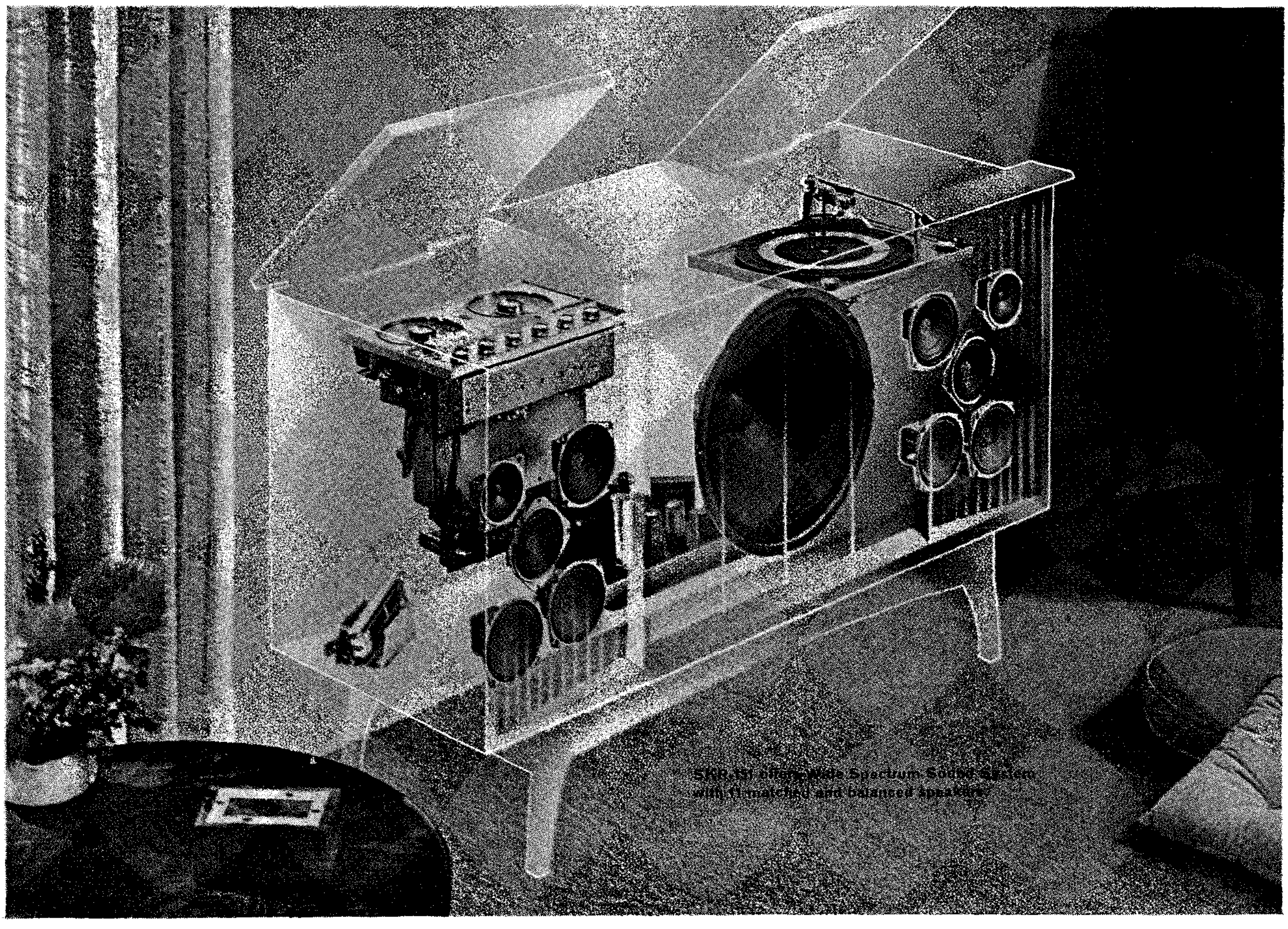

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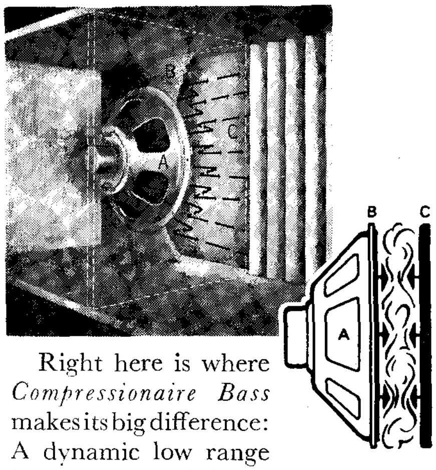

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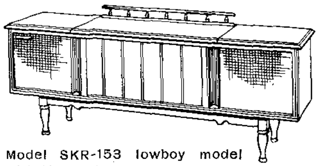

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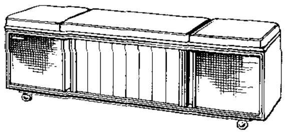

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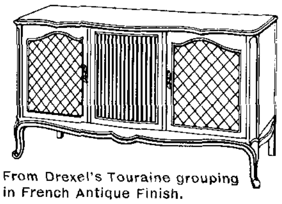

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Managing investment portfolios for men and women is a major activity at Manufacturers Hanover. These investors can concentrate on business or professional affairs, travel and other matters while we worry about their investments for them.

Whether the fund is $1,000,000—or less—get the facts about a Manufacturers Hanover investment management account. We'll keep a wary eye on those stocks and bonds, maintain close touch with economic conditions and markets, and make recommendations for investment action whenever it is deemed advantageous.

Our trust officers are trained to help estate owners plan for the future, of course. But we believe that one of their most important contributions is to help individuals get a fuller use from their property *now*—while they have a zest for the good life.

Here's a quick way to get the facts. *Send for our booklet which gives full details about our investment management and custody service. Write our Personal Trust Division, 350 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. or telephone 350-4457.*

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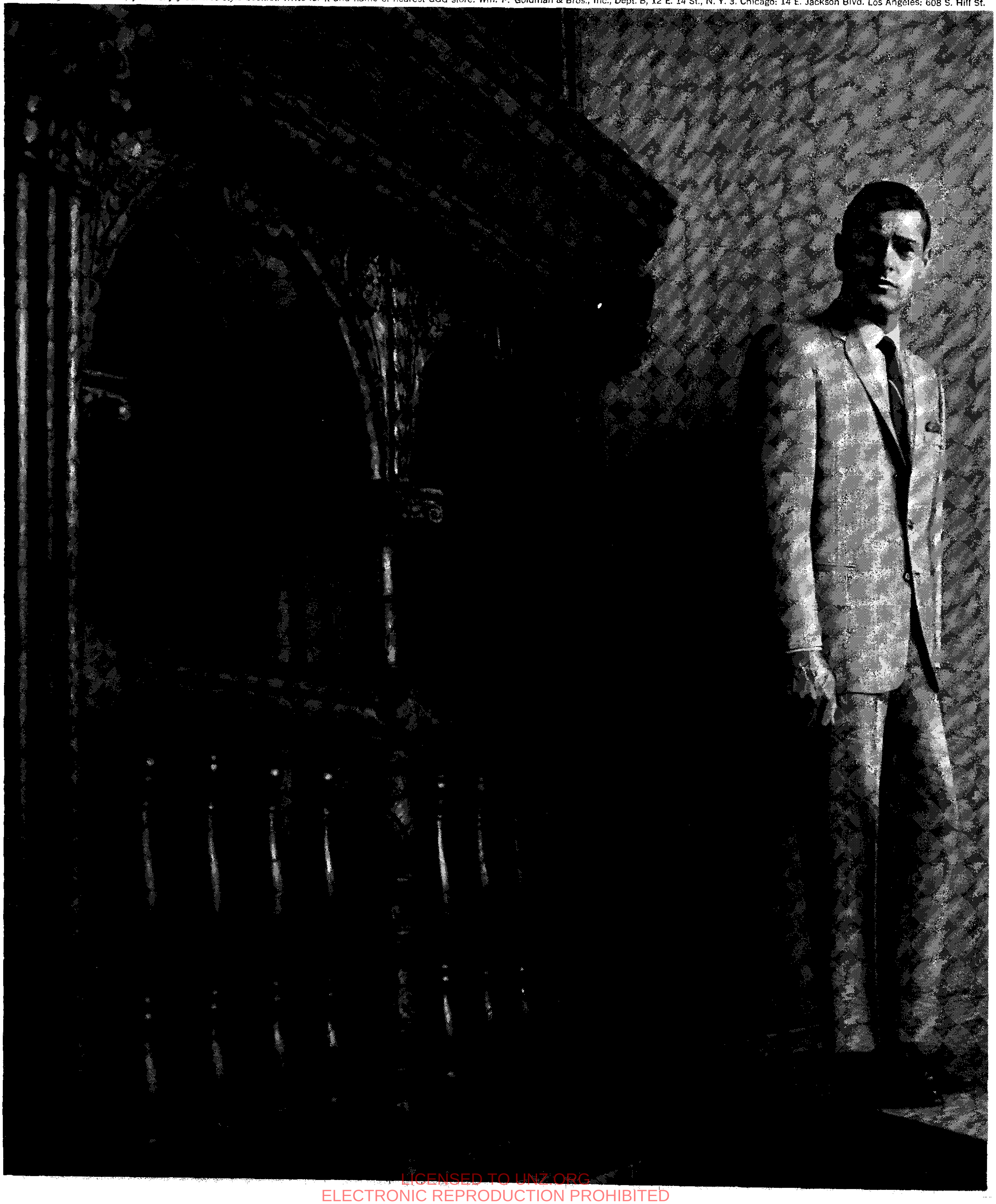

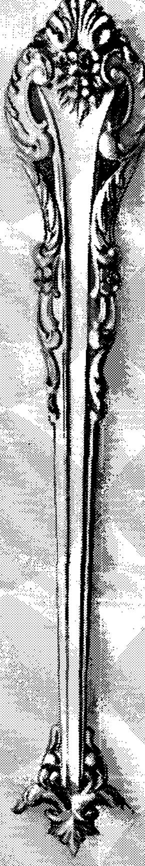

Borrowed from the gardens of Versailles.

Masterpiece, a new sterling pattern.

For the baroque richness of International's new Masterpiece, our designer went to France. And came back with an idea inspired by the flowers in the gardens of Versailles and by the splendor of its palace.

International fashioned bowls and tines and blades to complete this idea. Then found a way to make this new pattern easy for you to own.

The Bride's Set unit.

The Bride's Set saves you $65.

It brings you the new Masterpiece pattern in a 44-piece service for eight.

That includes 16 teaspoons, 8 place forks, 8 place knives, 8 salad forks, 1 sugar spoon, 1 butter knife, 1 regular tablespoon, and 1 pierced tablespoon.

All in a solid walnut drawer chest.

It would cost you $451 in open stock. It's only $386 in the Bride's Set. What an elegant way to save $65.

International Sterling

THE INTERNATIONAL SILVER COMPANY, MERIDEN, CONN.

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Gleneagles—"Surf Sleever", 65% "Dacron"® polyester, 35% cotton. Oyster, Beige, Olive, Black, Desert Grey. About $50. At Weber & Heilbroner, 11 stores in New York metropolitan area; Hamburgers, Baltimore; The Metropolitan, Dayton; Frankels, Des Moines; Oak Hall, Memphis; Morville, Philadelphia; Hughes & Hatches, Pittsburgh; Kilpatrick's, Omaha; Raleigh Haberdasher, Washington, Chevy Chase, Wheaton Plaza; Ware Pratt Co., Worcester, and other fine stores.

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Now Gleneagles keep you safe from rain and stains

In fabrics fluoridized with ZE PEL. On or off the "beaten path" you won't have a worry about rain and stains. You're protected by Du Pont ZE PEL® fabric fluoridizer. Each fiber in the fabric is surrounded with an invisible chemical shield that keeps oily, greasy and watery stains from penetrating. All you need is a tissue to blot off most stains. And even those that are stubborn or dried-in will usually surrender to a little water or spot cleaner. But although stains come out—ZE PEL stays in! Ordinarily, with proper care it remains effective for the useful life of the raincoat.

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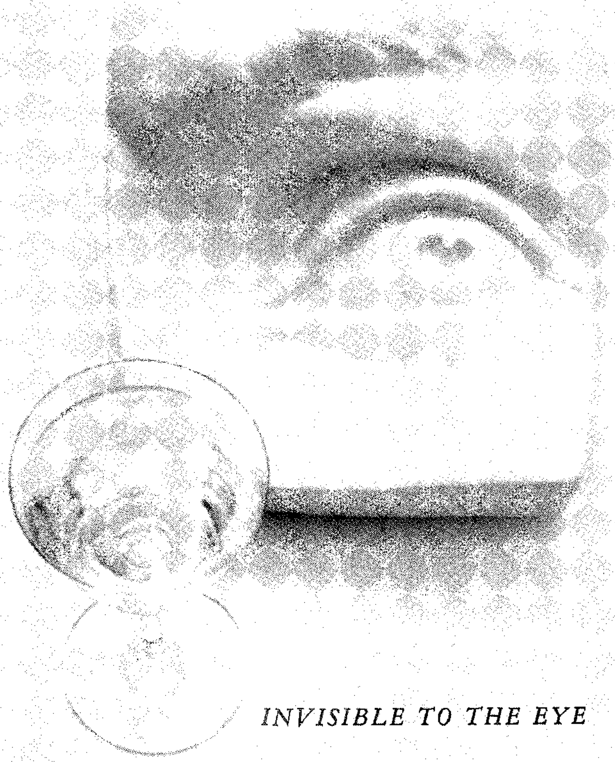
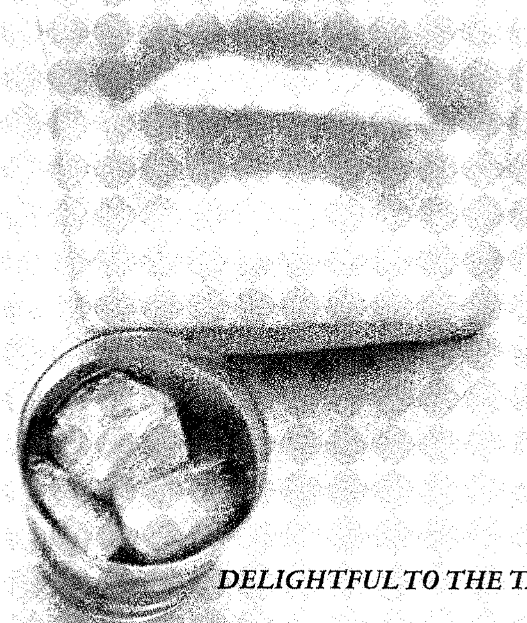
Don't Stir Without Noilly Prat



INVISIBLE TO THE EYE

The French—invisible in your gin or vodka—but the extra dry flavor of Noilly Prat French Vermouth is there to make your Dry Martinis really civilized.



DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

The Italian—somewhat less than sweet, and something more—it's delightfully Bittersweet! The correct Italian Vermouth, for smart Manhattans or on the rocks.

NOILLY PRAT
NOILLY PRAT

When you ask for Noilly Prat your
French is perfect—and so is your Italian!

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Me

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That's how it is to fly Iberia to Madrid (the new gateway to Europe) or to any of the cities we serve throughout the world. A fiesta, a siesta, and you're there.

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AIR LINES OF SPAIN

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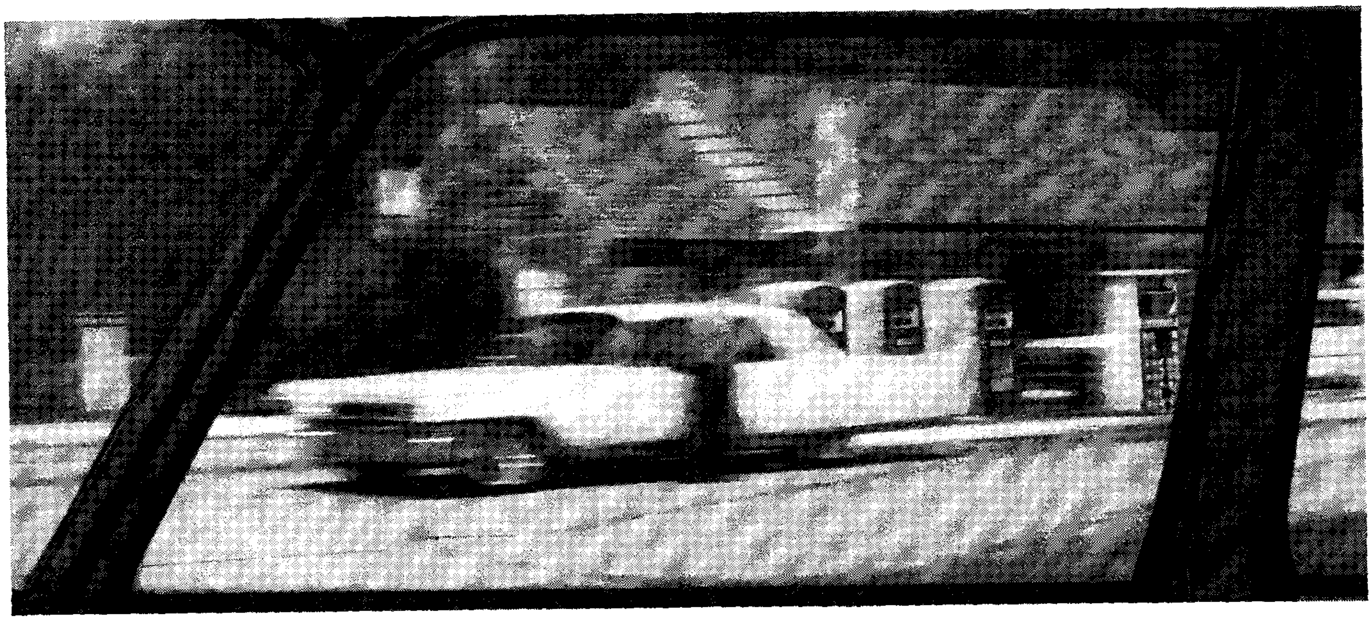
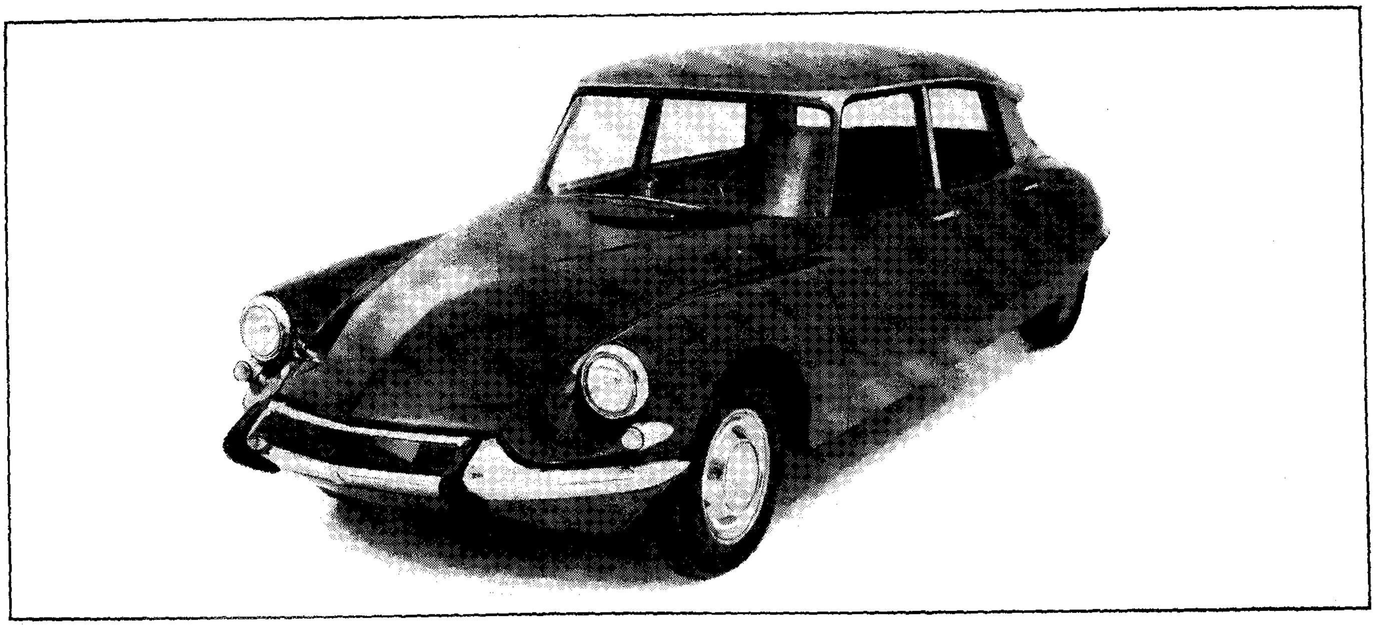




Hardly ever touches the stuff

Citroen owners sometimes have to wipe their own windshields.

They feel it's a small price to pay for passing up gas stations as they never could before.

Imagine getting about 500 miles to a tankful—from a full-size family car—with power to spare!

But Citroen *is* a car of contrasts.

It will give you 28-34 miles to the gallon *and* 100 mph. Both with ease.

Its wheelbase is as long as a big U.S. car—yet it parks in the same space as a compact…and more easily.

It's as restful and relaxing as a sofa—yet its Air-oil suspension is rugged enough to flatten the roughest washboard roads.

It's great in summer. The trunk will hold all your luggage or beach and picnic gear.

It's just as great in winter. Its front-wheel drive will pull you through almost anything—without snow tires or chains.

There are other features, too: an automatic levelling system; power disc brakes; rack and pinion power steering . . . and if you ever get a flat, the car will jack *itself* up.

Sound different? It is—as a look tells you. And there's a reason:

Citroen was designed—from scratch—for people: practical, fun-loving, economical, romantic people.

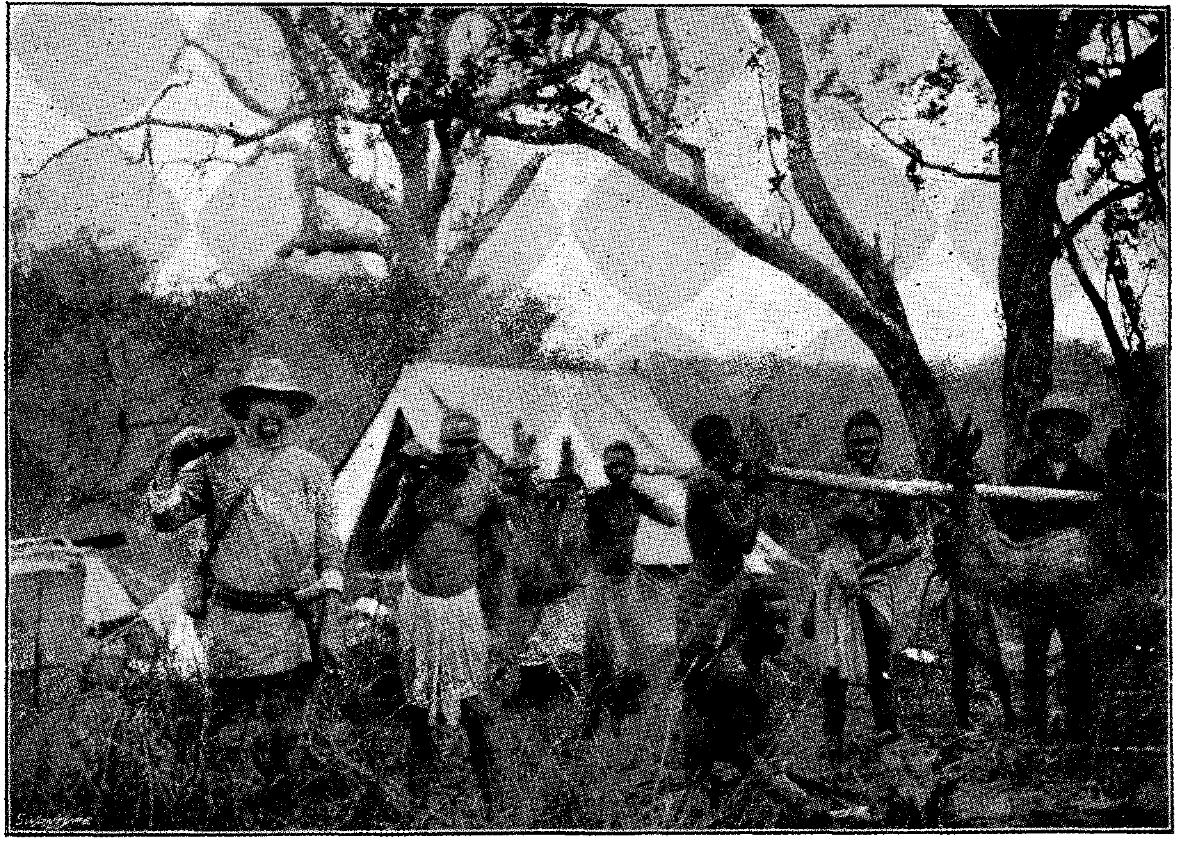
Find out for yourself how great it is.

There's nothing like a demonstration (outside of owning one).

Citroën

SALES AND SERVICE THROUGHOUT U.S.A. AND CANADA • SEE THE YELLOW PAGES OR WRITE CITROEN CARS CORP. • 300 PARK AVE., NEW YORK 22, N.Y. • 8423 WILSHIRE BLVD., BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.

PHOTOGRAPH AND QUOTATION FROM BURBERRYS' ARCHIVES



Men have hunted, fought, slept, climbed, explored, lived, traveled, conquered in their Burberrys

Burberrys have been to Africa. To the South Pole. To India. To the wilds of New Zealand. And wherever Burberrys have been, they have made history. An early campaigner wrote us: "The Zulu rebellion was a severe test, for the operations were conducted in a thick bush, which after a fortnight's time, reduced clothing to rags. Others had to renew their garments at least once a month, while your material stood the test of thorns and rough usage. As to wear, it is waterproof, and during bitterly cold nights, clad in a uniform of your material, I scarcely needed a blanket." Today, Burberrys are still making history with even finer Weatherproofs. And with Walking Trousers a gentleman can wear anywhere with unequalled comfort. Tailored by hand in London, with regular or extension waistband; with plain or pleated front. In finest lightweight English Worsted Flannel or Panama Tropical Worsted, about $35.00. Burberry Walking Jackets, hand-crafted in magnificent feather-weight cloths from England, Scotland or Ireland at $75 to $89.50. At the finest gentlemen's outfitters. Isn't it comforting to know, no matter where or when... "there'll always be a Burberry."

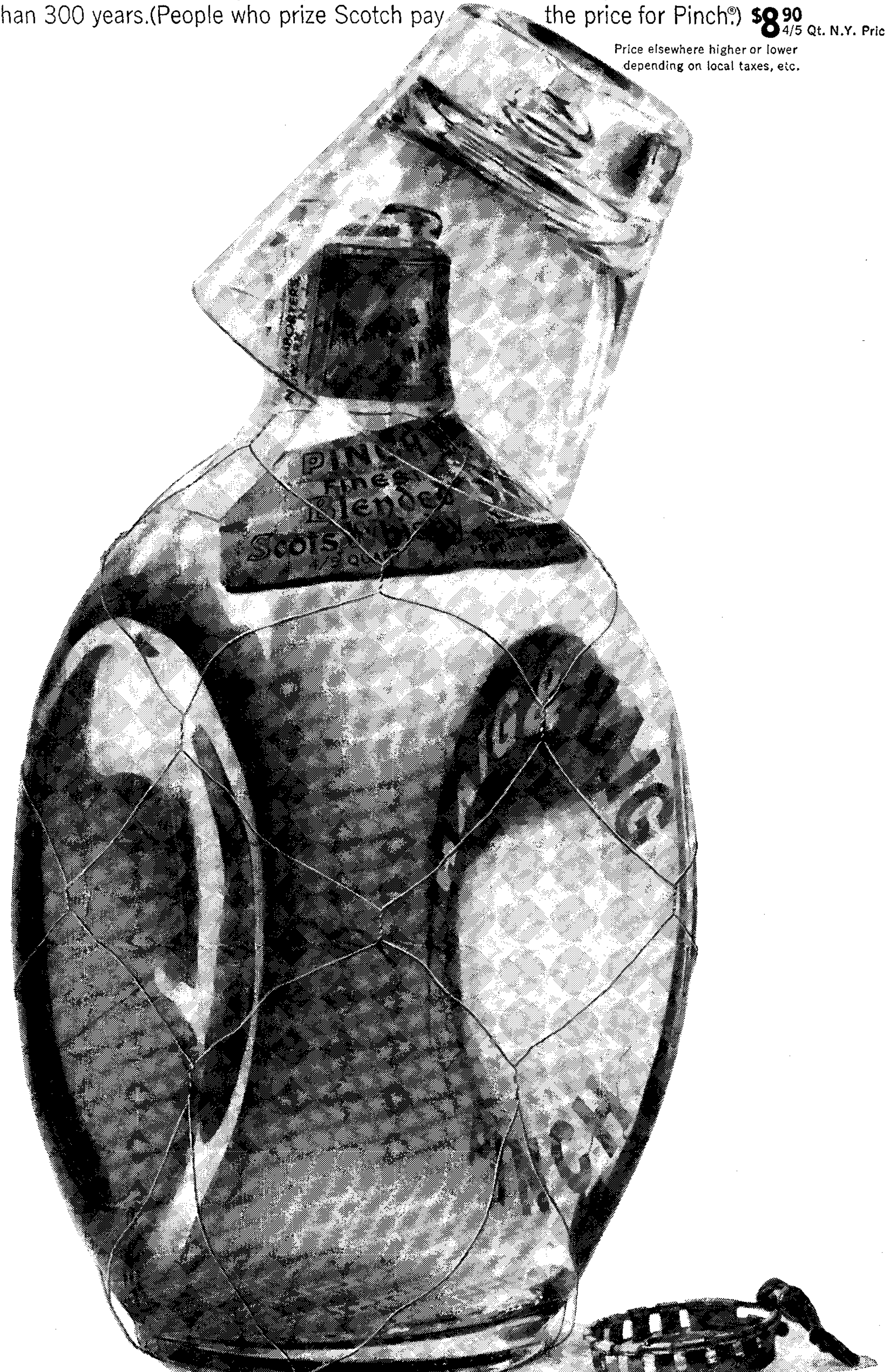
FOR NAME OF NEAREST OUTFITTER, WRITE BURBERRYS LTD. 14 EAST 38TH STREET, N.Y. 16

**Don't pour the Pinch,
if lightness is all you want for your money.**

Pinch refuses to follow the fad for lightness too far. So Pinch never loses character. With Pinch, you pay more; you get more of a Scotch. You get the fullness of body, the richness of character, the presence, that good Scotch was meant to have.

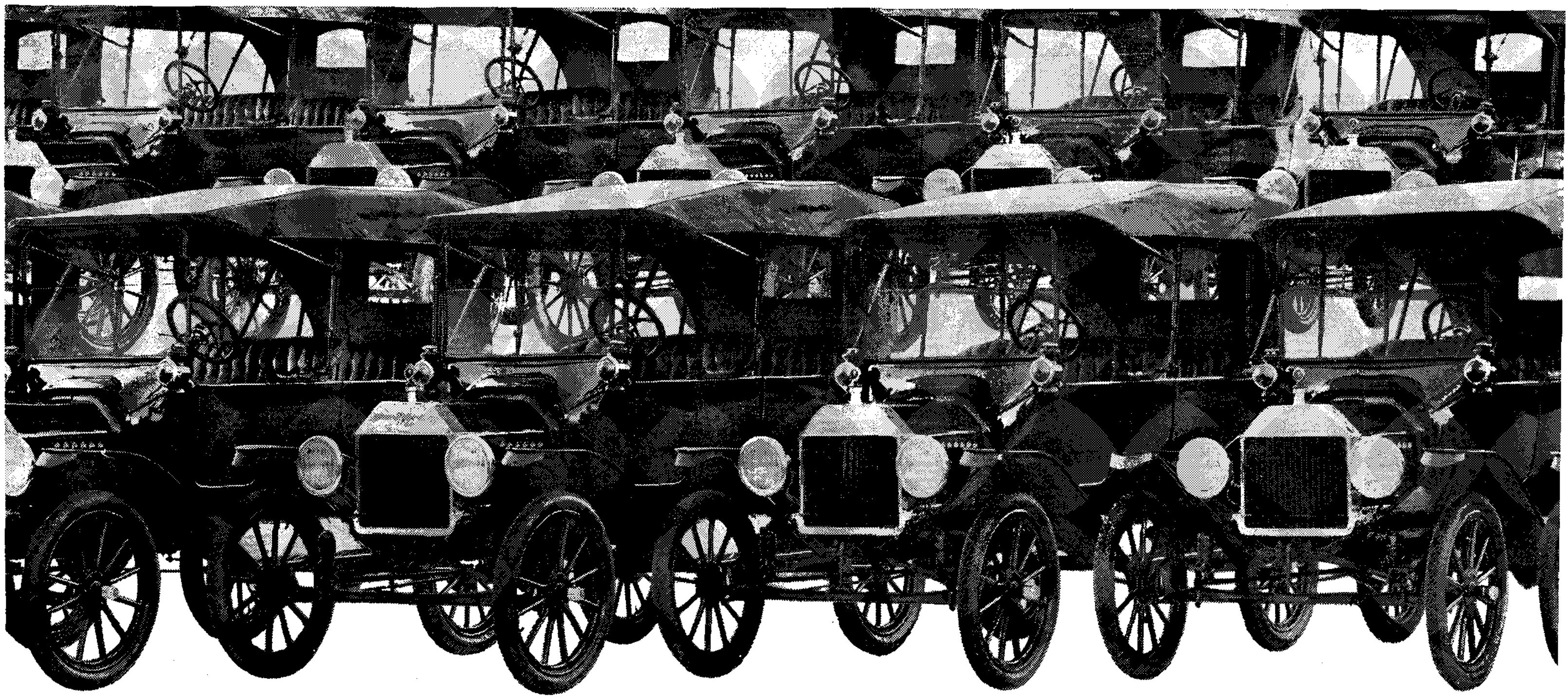
But then, what else would you expect from Pinch? Our distillery has been at it for more than 300 years.(People who prize Scotch pay the price for Pinch®) $8 90 4/5 Qt. N.Y. Price.

Price elsewhere higher or lower
depending on local taxes, etc.

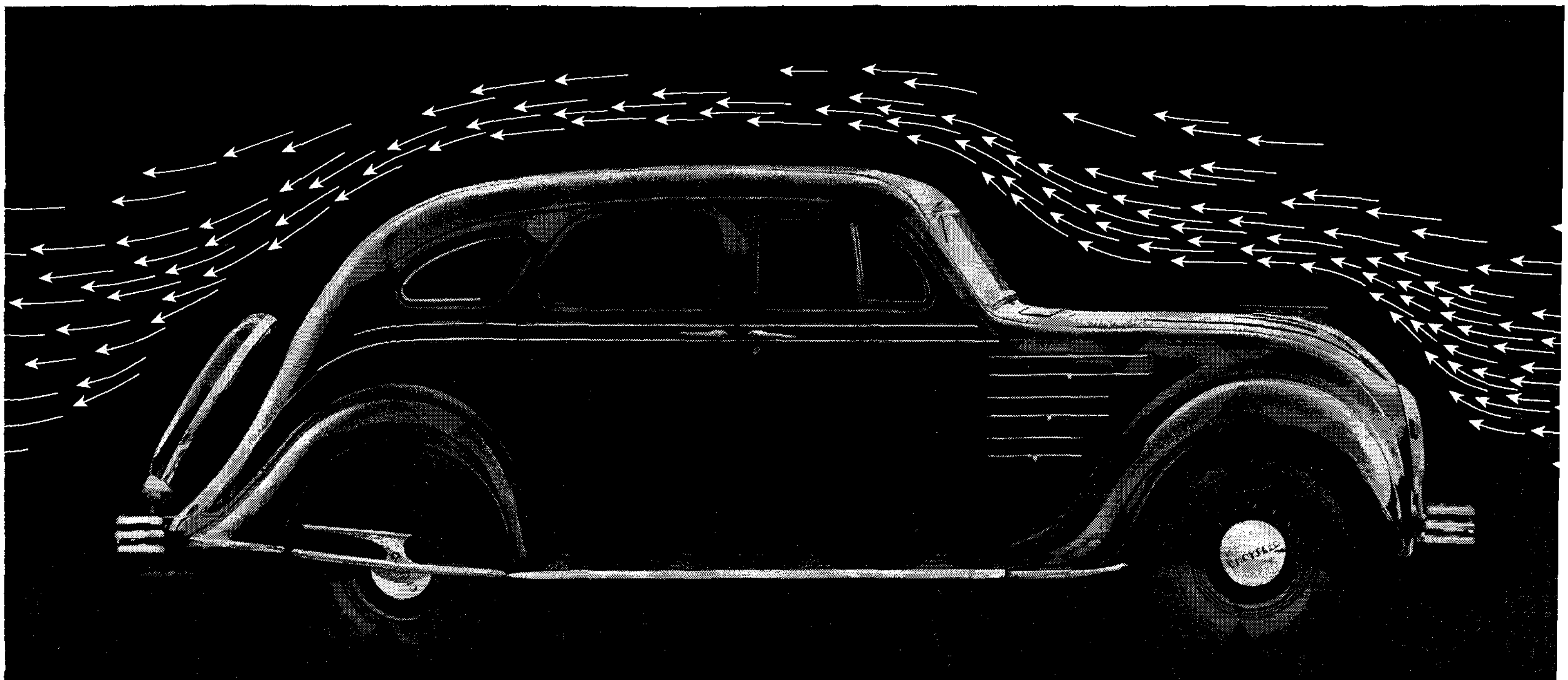


PINCH BY HAIG & HAIG, LTD., BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY, 86.8 PROOF. BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. RENFIELD IMPORTERS, LTD., N. Y.

Three ideas that shook



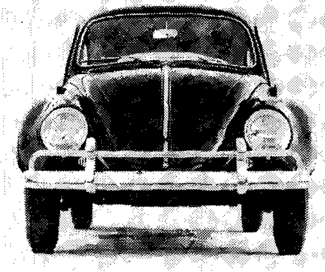
Mass production (Ford's Model T): "Any color you want, as long as it's black," was the theory. Henry Ford built one standard model that almost everyone could afford to buy. The "T" put the country on wheels.



Streamlining (Chrysler's Airflow): The Airflow was the first new car that looked like a new car. It was a magnificent flop in 1934 because it was way ahead of its time. But it left its mark on every car since.

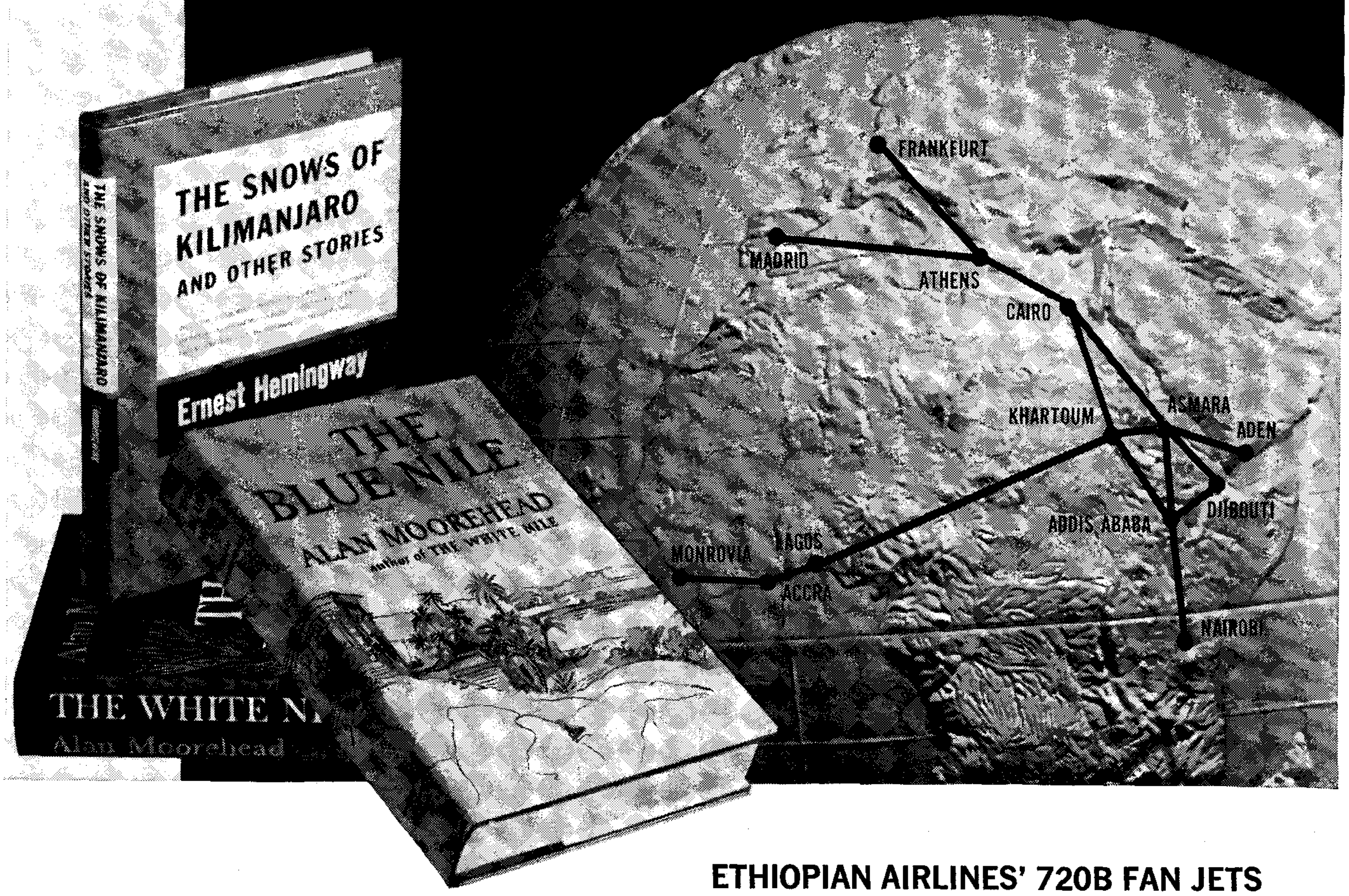
the automotive world.

© VOLKSWAGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



The small car (Volkswagen's Volkswagen): The VW came along and offered a sensible size, low price, high gas mileage, utter reliability, careful workmanship and a shape that was always in style. You can still get one.

Jets over the Lands of Hemingway and Moorehead


THE SNOWS OF KILIMANJARO AND OTHER STORIES
Ernest Hemingway
THE BLUE NILE
ALAN MOOREHEAD
Author of THE WHITE NILE
THE WHITE NILE
Alan Moorehead
FRANKFURT
MADRID
ATHENS
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ADDIS ABABA
NAIROBI
MONROVIA
LAGOS
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ETHIOPIAN AIRLINES' 720B FAN JETS

now speed you to the fascinating Africa celebrated by Ernest Hemingway and Alan Moorehead: the fabulous Valleys of the two Niles and the intriguing equatorial area dominated by snow-capped Kilimanjaro. Today you can jet to these ancient lands in quiet comfort.

Adventure of a lifetime! It took explorers John Speke and James Bruce literally years to discover Lakes Victoria and Tana, sources of the great White and Blue Niles. Now you can fly over or visit these mighty bodies of water and their gigantic Falls—Murchison in Uganda and Tisisat in Ethiopia—as easily as a trip to Niagara. You'll find traveling on Imperial Ethiopian jets an adventure of a lifetime.

When you return from your memorable visit to Nairobi, Addis Ababa, prehistoric Axum and Cairo you'll have the fun of being a travel snob. You'll find, "when I went to the East African *Darby* in Nairobi," a real conversation stopper. Or tell how you petted, "His Imperial Majesty Haile Selassie's adorable tame lion, Tojo," and see how quickly you get attention.

It's so easy! Ethiopian Boeing 720B fan jets now fly from six famous gateways: Madrid, Frankfurt, Athens, Cairo, Nairobi and Accra. You may also fly by Ethiopian jet to the new nations of West Africa. Ethiopian, now in its 18th year, was the first airline to span Africa from the Indian to the Atlantic Oceans.

You'll enjoy your flight. You'll find hospitality and courtesy second to none. Gourmet food is prepared under the supervision of the former chef of the Emperor of Ethiopia. And amid this splendor, don't be surprised to hear an American twang in the captain's voice over the loudspeaker. SEE YOUR TRAVEL AGENT NOW!

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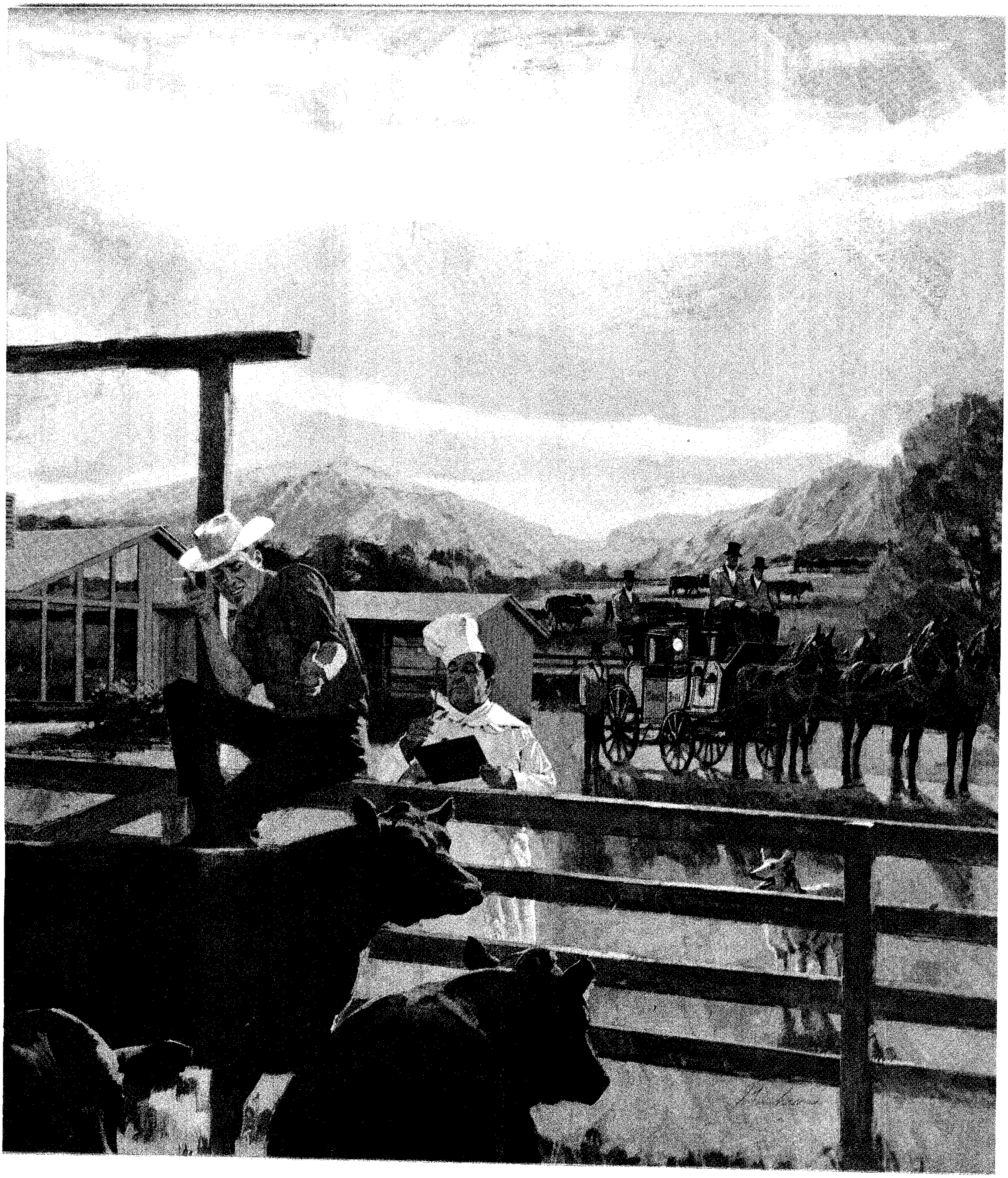
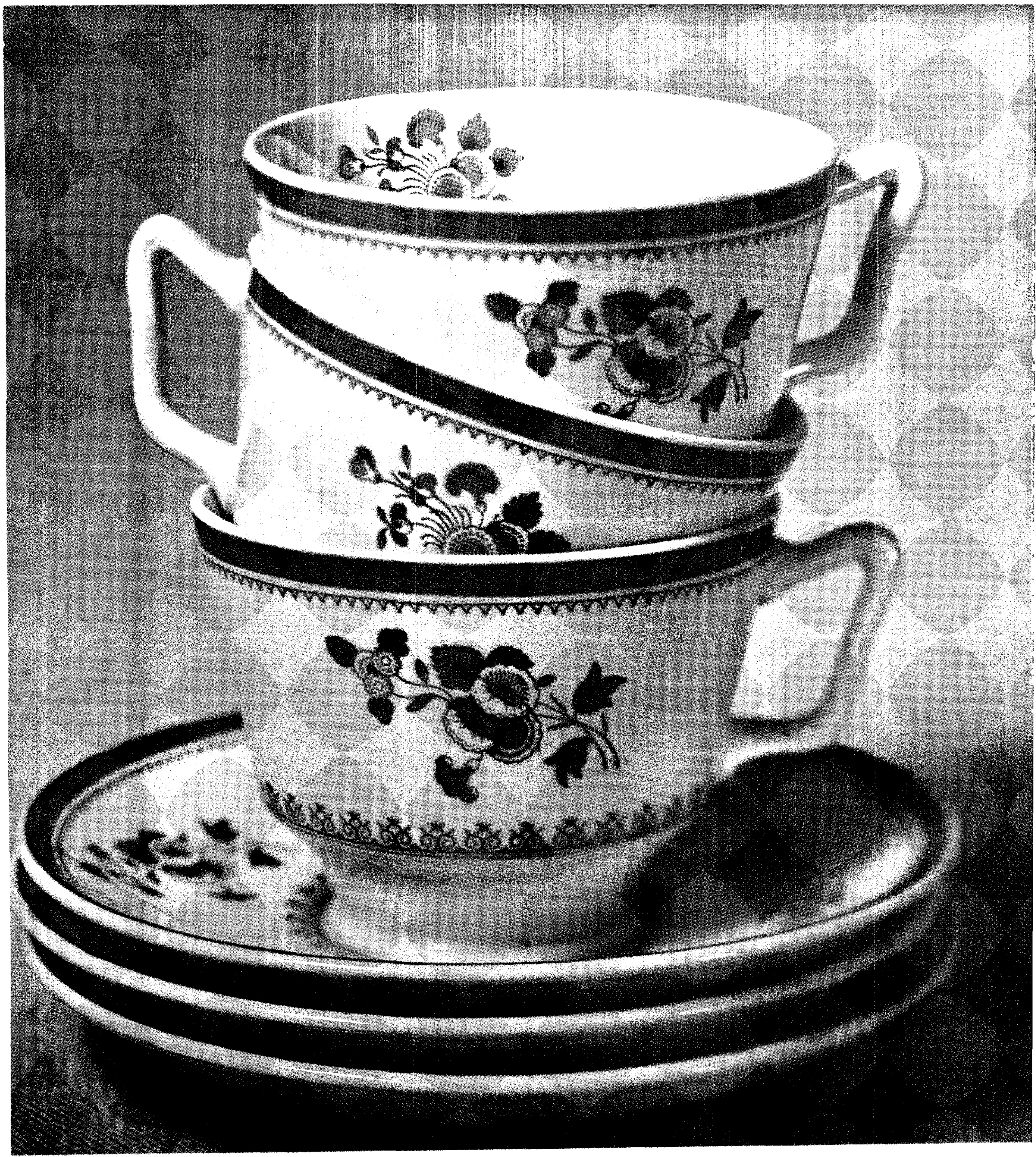


Indefatigable describes the Red Coach Chef when he gets on the trail of a prime side of beef. But the man becomes a master with a charcoal fire, a generous steak, and a word from you on how you like it. Come see for yourself why particular people come back to the Red Coach . . . often.

Red Coach Grill

Massachusetts: Boston, Saugus, Hingham, Framingham, Wayland, Middleboro, Hyannis
New York: Yonkers, Westbury, L. I. • **Conn.:** Wethersfield • **Florida:** Miami, Fort Lauderdale
NEW RED COACH GRILLS: Darien, Connecticut (now open); New York City (open late Fall)

Would you care to sign? For a Red Coach Credit Card, write Red Coach Grills, 89 Beale St., Wollaston 70, Mass.



Gloucester (blue, green or Chinese lacquer red): place setting $24.80; service for 8, including serving pieces, $300.30

Spode Lowestoft: decorative, durable, distinctive

Everyone should buy Spode Lowestoft. People with space for just one service should buy it. (Though fine and delicate in appearance, it is about as unbreakable and chip-proof as a dinnerware can be; it is ideal for formal or casual use, every day, 'round the clock.) Seekers of authenticity should buy it: Spode Lowestoft is the first non-Chinese "china", developed in 1805 as replacements for the ware brought into England and America from China. (You too can have the Spode Lowestoft copy of the Chinese pattern used by George Washington at Mt. Vernon.) Lovers of beauty should buy it. For them—Frank Lloyd Wright was one—the classic Lowestoft patterns, colors and shapes are right for all times. Surely *you* are one of these people, and certainly one of the many Spode Lowestoft patterns currently available is just what you have been looking for. See them at the best store you know, and

SEND 10c FOR THE SPODE LOWESTOFT BOOKLET 78.

Spode
THE FINE ENGLISH
DINNERWARE

WHOLESALE DISTRIBUTORS/COPELAND & THOMPSON, INC. ☐ 206 FIFTH AVENUE ☐ NEW YORK 10, N.Y.

Here is one repairman who doesn't send a bill!

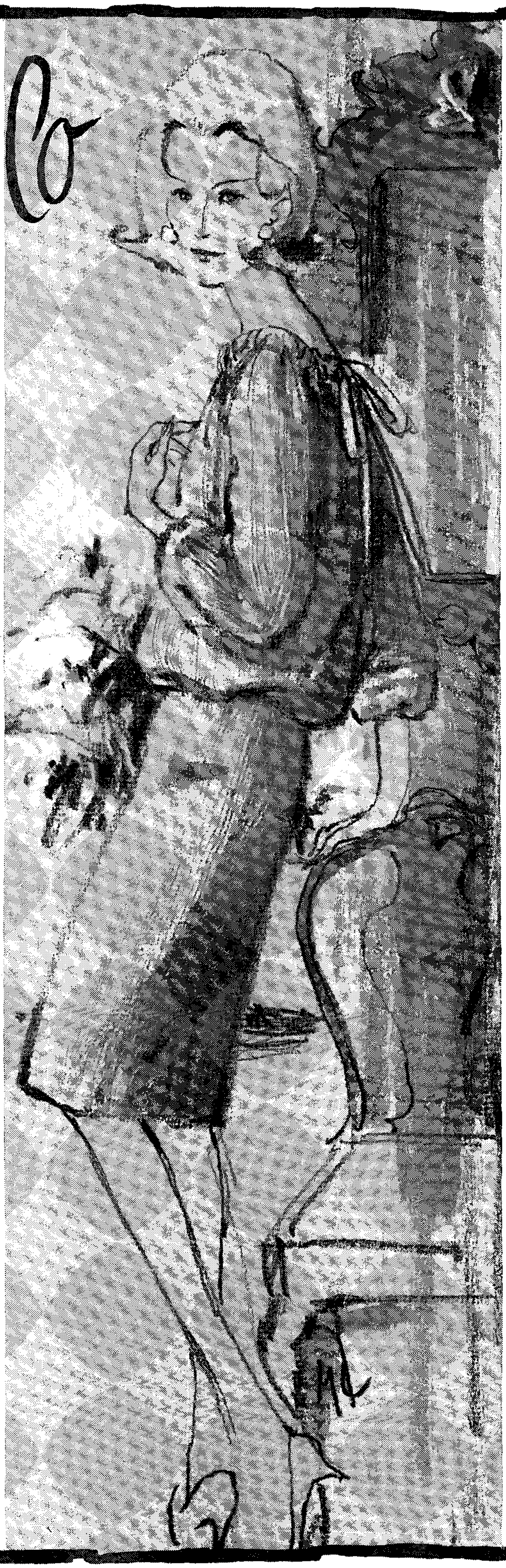
Of course, you may never *need* him, either. The average telephone gives years of good service without repair or adjustment of any kind.

But if your phone ever *does* demand attention, just call the Repair Service (see your directory). A telephone man will come promptly. He'll do a careful job. *And there will be no extra charge for his visit.*

Does anything else you use so often give you such dependable, low-cost service as your telephone—year after year after year?

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM
SERVING YOU

B Altman & Co



Studio Three admires this gentle beauty

Exquisite two-piece wool dress . . . flatteringly shirred, softly tied! Ivory white, turquoise mist or walnut brown . . . 6 to 14. Studio Three, third floor, Fifth Avenue and at White Plains, Manhasset and Short Hills.

70.00

THE NEW YORKER

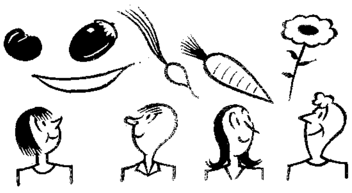
THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AS the economy moves into the fall season, with the stock market showing renewed buoyancy, price increases posted for aluminum ingots and oil-country pipe, and some tangible progress made on the tax bill, we call your attention (on the supposition that these figures have not come across the desk, or desks, of the *Wall Street Journal* or the *Monthly Economic Letter of the First National City Bank*) to the following comparisons between the 1962 and 1963 harvests of the New York Botanical Garden's Children's Gardencraft Class, whose graduation exercises we have just attended:

Produce (in pounds)		
	1962	1963
Carrots	620	527
Beets	855	699
Spinach	265	694
Beans	650	746
Tomatoes	1,387	2,653
Broccoli	570	1,058
Peppers	363	502
Squash	57	68½
Swiss Chard	20	55
Egg Plant	87	92

The year 1962 also saw the cultivation of 1,466 heads of lettuce, 9,733 radishes, and 2,030 scallions, while the figures for 1963 were 1,776, 12,507, and 2,996, respectively. Last year, 3,456 flowers were raised; this year, 8,400. The number of children involved was approximately the same—172 in 1962, 179 in 1963—and a sprinkler system was in effect both seasons, so the upward trend (apart from the regrettable falling off in Carrots and Beets) may be confidently ascribed to an improved agricultural efficiency. The score stands at 21,559 units for 1962 to 32,773½ units for 1963, or an increase of fifty-two per cent—not bad when you consider that during July and August retail sales of steel (a bellwether metal if ever there was one) were maintaining a gain of only five per cent over the preceding year.

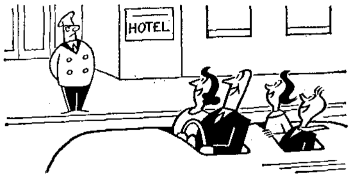


New Rooms

WHAT is a motor inn, or motor hotel, in contradistinction to the old-fashioned inn or hotel? We have just been given a definition, which we offer as a tip for the editors of Webster's Fourth Unabridged. "The distinguishing features of the urban motor inn are free parking, optional service, and a swimming pool on the roof," Mr. Kenneth Baker, a spokesman for the Holiday Inn that is about to open on West Fifty-seventh Street, told us when we met him there for a pre-opening look. At the time of our visit, this particular Holiday, which is the first in Manhattan, was the four-hundred-and-sixteenth in a coast-to-coast, Canada-to-Puerto Rico galaxy that originated in Memphis in 1952. "It's the flagship of a chain founded by Kemmons Wilson, who is now chairman of the board of Holiday Inns of America, Inc.," Mr. Baker said. "All in all, we have forty-five thousand four hundred and eighty-one guest rooms to date, and we're adding a new inn, with an average of a hundred and ten rooms, every fifty-five hours. We have about a hundred and fifty inns in the planning or construction stage. Compositely speaking, we're bigger than Hilton. Our stock is publicly owned. We've just moved from Over the Counter to the Big Board. The New York inn is our biggest, with six hundred and six rooms—St. Louis, with three hundred and five, is runner-up—and an underground garage that will house five hundred cars."

We both walked down a spiral ramp into the garage, and then rode up twelve stories to the celestial swimming pool—fifty-two by twenty-four feet, and nine feet deep at one end. "It displaces twenty-six rooms, and only ten per cent of the guests will use it, but ninety per cent of our customers will pick the inn because it *has* a pool," Mr. B. said. He waved a hand at some kennels. "Free kennels for pets," he added. "You have to have dog kennels in a motor inn."

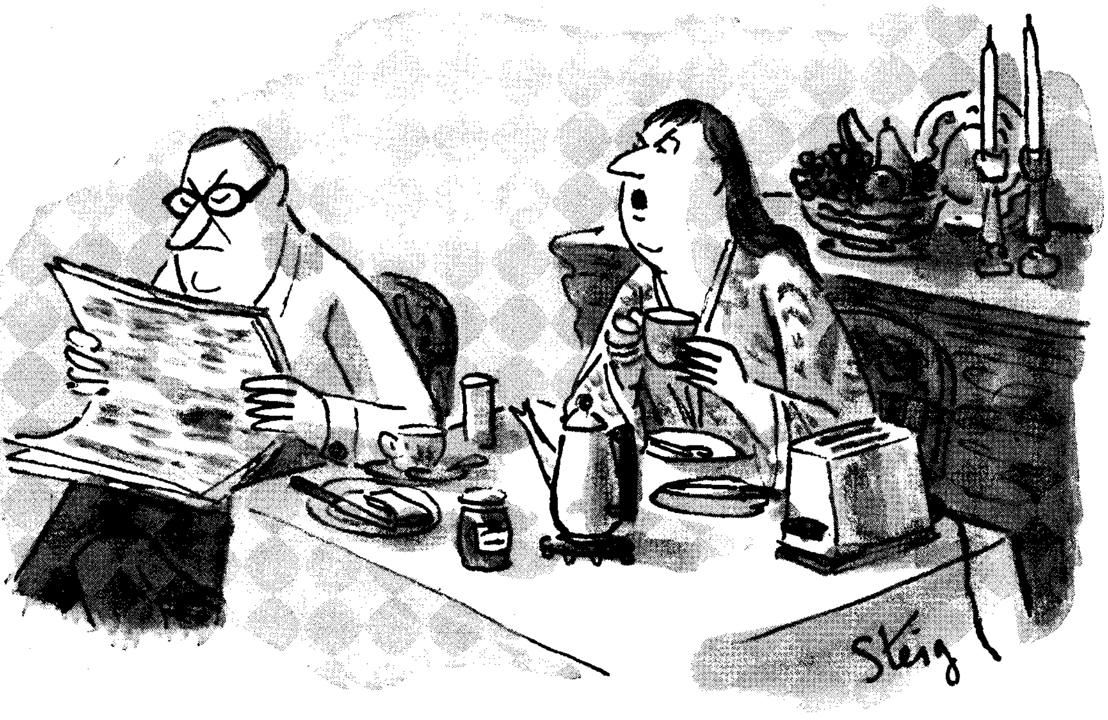
We asked whether there was a swimming pool for dogs, and Mr. B. said, "Kem Wilson and his wife and children went on a vacation motor trip around 1950. They thought hotels were silly, so he joined Wallace E. Johnson, who is now our president, and they started Holiday Inns. A lot of the inns are operated by franchise holders, who pay ten thousand dollars for a franchise. The inns have twenty-four-hour switchboards and, in large cities, barbershops, beauty shops, private dining rooms, and rooms for weddings."



We followed Mr. B. downstairs to see specimens of these attractions, and he introduced us to another, a young woman named Mary Prendergast. "Miss Prendergast is the chain's cover girl," he said. "She's on hand whenever a new inn is opened."

"I've been to twenty-five openings," Miss Prendergast said. "I cut ribbons."

We asked Mr. Baker what optional service is, and he said, "You can carry your own bags if you want. You don't have to tip yourself. One advantage of a chain like Holiday is that about twenty per cent of its business comes from referrals. We're seventy-six point four per cent occupied, as opposed to an average of seventy-five per cent in motels in general and a good deal less in hotels, but that figure includes resort inns of ours that are now off-season. As for size, among the motor hotels



"*I'm tired of living in the same house with my* enemy!"

• •

here in town we're second only to the City Squire."

What do *you* know! Mr. Preston R. Tisch, president of Loew's Hotels, and Mr. Frank Berkman, general manager of the City Squire, had just sent us an important-looking key with a message reading, "Be our guest at the City Squire's Hospitality Suite. . . . Use your key as often as you like. Bathing suits optional—if you would care to try our four-season swimming pool." Over we went, to Fifty-first Street and Seventh Avenue, and flashed our key at a reception-desk lady. "Fifth floor," she said, and there we were greeted by Mr. Jim Shanahan, a Tisch spokesman.

"What are the distinguishing features of the urban motor inn?" we asked.

"Free parking," Mr. Shanahan said.

"Swimming pool on the roof?" we asked.

"Well, it doesn't have to be on the roof," Mr. Shanahan said. "The pool in Loew's Midtown Inn is on the roof proper, but the one here is on the roof of a fifth-floor setback that is right down the hall." He guided us past two saunas, or Finnish-style dry-steam rooms—one for ladies, one for men—to a twenty-four-by-fifty-four-foot pool, up to five feet deep. "Enclosed, heated, all-weather," he said. "Year-round, unlike an exposed rooftop pool. Two trained lifeguards on duty, both girls. You can leave your kids with them. They're very, very beautiful girls, well up on judo."

We both went out to a big terrace sun deck and looked up at the remaining seventeen stories of the building's two wings. "Seven hundred and twenty-four rooms, all with Colonial furniture custom-made by Drexel," Mr. Shanahan said, and, having been joined by Mr. Berkman, we visited several suites, each of which contained two rocking chairs. "We don't expect the President, but we do expect a great many Europeans," Mr. S. said. "Research has shown that Europeans like the West Side."

"They like to be near Times Square," Mr. Berkman said. "Most of our rooms have two double beds. You can put the children in one."

On another floor, we met Michael Ailion, the Squire's director of sales.

"We opened only three weeks ago, but we're going like wildfire," Mr. Ailion said. "Two hundred reservations a day, not counting people who just arrive. Loew's also owns the Americana, across the way, and its referrals come in here."

We asked how about dog kennels.

"No kennels," said Mr. Ailion. "But we will take dogs. Personally, I feel that a well-trained dog is as good in a room as a human being."

We said goodbye.

•

INCIDENTAL INTELLIGENCE: The telephone number of General Dynamics' Electric Boat Division, producer of Polaris submarines, is HI 5-4321.

Paul Mellon

THE late Chester Dale, who was president of the National Gallery of Art from 1955 until his death, last year, has been succeeded by Paul Mellon, whose father, the late Andrew W. Mellon, provided the funds for the Gallery's building and stocked it with his collection of Italian and French sculptures and a hundred and twenty-five paintings, including three Botticellis, three Raphaels, two Bellinis, three Titians, two El Grecos, four Goyas, nine Rembrandts, five Gilbert Stuarts, and a total of a dozen and a half Reynoldses, Gainsboroughs, Romneys, Raeburns, and Lawrences.

We called on the new president the other afternoon, in his rooms at the Hotel Carlyle, and found him a modest, friendly, soft-spoken, unusually polite man of fifty-six, who, we learned, is in his second term as president. "In 1931, my father gave his pictures—and, as he acquired others, gave *them*—to the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust, which eventually turned them over, along with the building funds and an endowment, to the National Gallery," Mr. Mellon said. "I was, and am, a trustee of this foundation—I'm now its board chairman—and after my father died, in 1937, I became the Gallery's president. In 1939, I resigned to go abroad for a protracted trip, and in the summer of 1941, soon after the Gallery's opening, I went into the Army. At that time, my then brother-in-law, David K. E. Bruce, was serving as president; he was followed by Sam Kress, who, on his death, was succeeded by Chester Dale. Will you have a drink, or tea, or something?"

We chose tea, and after Mr. Mellon had given the order to a maid, we asked for a word on his military career. "Well, I joined up as a private," he said. "It just seemed to me the right way to do it. I was interested in horses—I'd gone in for foxhunting and racing at Cambridge University, where I took a degree in history after graduating from Yale—and I wanted to get into the cavalry. The only person I knew in the Army was General Patton; I had foxhunted with him. He encouraged me to volunteer, since in that way you could take your choice of branches. I spent two years at Fort Riley, in Kansas—became an instructor in horsemanship at the cavalry school there after going to Officer Candidate School. Later, I was sent, as a first lieutenant, to England, and I ended up as a major in the Office of Strategic Services."

Besides being head of the E. and C.—as the A. W. Mellon Educational and Charitable Trust is called by the family, he said—Mr. Mellon is chairman of the board of the Bollingen and the Old Dominion Foundations, both of which he established, and a trustee of the Avalon Foundation, which was created by his sister, Ailsa Bruce. He handed us reports of these philanthropies, and from them we learned that the E. and C. has made grants of more than seventy-nine million dollars to the National Gallery and almost thirty-seven million dollars to the University of Pittsburgh during the past thirty-two years; that Old Dominion, which specializes in education, conservation, and mental health, gave fifteen million dollars to Yale a few years ago and appropriated three million dollars for Vassar, Princeton, St. John's College, and M.I.T. last year; and that Bollingen, which publishes books and makes research grants in the fields of anthropology, archeology, the history of religion, cultural history, mythology, psychology, literary criticism, and aesthetics, has recently lent support to a cloud of scholars that includes Leon Edel, Irving Howe, and Alfred Kazin. Avalon runs more to the aid of hospitals and boys' clubs, medical research, rehabilitation, and community services. "The trustees of all four are independent thinkers," Mr. Mellon said. "I don't dictate policy or interfere with decisions on grants. Old Dominion and Bollingen, in particular, reflect my basic interests rather than implement my ideas."

We asked Mr. Mellon how he feels about art, and he said, "At Yale, where I wrote poems for the *Lit*, I was mainly interested in English literature. I had the unforgettable privilege of studying under, and making friends with, Chauncey Tinker, Billy Phelps, Bob French, Fred Pottle, and Bill De Vane. I had no particular interest in paintings, although I had been exposed to them through my father's collection. It was through horses that I really got interested in art, at Cambridge, where I began in a very small way to collect English hunting pictures and color-plate books on racing and hunting. I still collect them—mostly those published between 1770 and 1840—and I've expanded my English picture collecting to include landscapes, seascapes, portraits, family groups, and animals."

Mr. Mellon's own art, when it is not on loan, is spread around two houses at Upperville (one of them, a Georgian monument designed by the late William Adams Delano, functions exclusively as a library and gallery) and houses that Mellon occupies in Washington and Osterville, on Cape Cod. "I find it a little confusing when people ask where I live," Mr. Mellon said. "My wife and I consider the farm in Upperville home, but I spend four days a month in Pittsburgh, in connection with the E. and C.; T. Mellon & Sons, a family organization, of which I'm a governor; the Mellon National Bank & Trust Company, of which I'm a director; and the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research, of which I'm chairman. I'm in New York another four or five days a month—mostly on Bollingen, Old Dominion, and Avalon business, and to look at pictures. I have an office in Washington, where I am most of most weeks, and I get to the farm weekends and whenever else I can. Page Cross, the architect, is building a house for us on East Seventieth Street. I used to have a house on the same site, but it got sort of bedraggled. I have racing stables here and in England, and a breeding farm in Virginia, where I'm building up a good band of brood mares. I'm more interested in the breeding part than in the racing."

We asked Mr. M. how active he is in business, and he thought for a moment, then said, "I'm active in business in an overseeing capacity. I have excellent advisers. Fundamentally, I have never been terribly interested in business, but I do like to know what's going on. Now will you have a real drink?"

MADISON SQ GARDEN
MOSCOW CIRCUS
MADISON SQ GARDEN SEPT 8 - OCT
NO MUSIC

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OVERHEARD after a showing of the movie "David and Lisa," mildly irritated pair of spike heels to escorting brace of scuffed brogans: "But you said it was going to be a Biblical picture!"

Progress Report

ON the two-hundred-and-ninth day before the opening of the New York World's Fair, one of a new fleet of subway trains—ten spotless gray-and-blue cars—travelled for the first time from Times Square to the World's Fair station, at Willets Point, and we were on it. With us on the trip, which took twenty minutes, was a horde of Transit Authority officials, World's Fair directors, exhibitors, and publicity men, and members of the press, all bound for the latest meeting of the Fair's board of directors. After emerging from the East River tunnel, the train remained aboveground, making it possible for the passengers to see what a public-address system called "the panorama of New York." This included a view of the world's largest railroad-passenger-car yard, at Sunnyside, as well as the more familiar midtown skyline.

The board was meeting in a tent pitched in the middle of the uncompleted Shea Stadium's ballfield, and it struck us that the unfinished stadium could be considered a symbol of the question we thought was in everybody's mind right then: "Will the Fair be ready by opening day?" The minute the meeting began, however, we discovered that there was no such question in anyone's mind but ours. In the next two hours, we heard from twenty-two speakers, and from Lowell Thomas (narrating a World's Fair Progress film), that not only was no one worried about the Fair's being finished on time but everyone was delighted with everything about the Fair, and not only delighted but thoroughly optimistic—or, as Thomas Deegan, Jr., the chairman of the Fair's executive committee, put it, "very sanguine." Among the Fair's directors sitting in the audience we spotted former Governor Thomas Dewey and Arlene Francis, both looking cheerful.

Mayor Wagner said that the expected seventy million visitors to the Fair would mean "a great deal to our economy and to our businesses here." William A. Shea, after whom the stadium was named, assured the meeting, with "sincere and deepest humility," that in spite of that honor, he was not dead, and praised several people for their efforts on behalf of New York major-league baseball. Dana Mozley, a member of the sports staff of the *News*, expressed the hope that the Little League World Series might be played in New York. Homer J. Merchant, a vice-president of United Airlines, presented the board with a check for a hundred and thirty-five thousand dollars for a hundred thousand tickets to the Fair, and was presented, in turn, with a plaque. The Fair's comptroller, Erwin Witt, made a short speech about the excellent financial status of the Fair. Guy F. Tozzoli, director of the World Trade Department of the Port of New York Authority, remarked that the Transportation Section—two million square feet—was a hundred per cent rented, and that he was "happy with the membership" of the Terrace Club, beneath the helicopter landing strip of the Port Authority Exhibit Building. Deputy Mayor Paul Screvane contradicted pessimistic economic rumors about the Hall of Science, and former Governor Charles Poletti smiled happily as he spoke about the international exhibits. Judge Samuel Rosenman assured us that everything was fine in the Lake Amusement Area. "You can have gaiety and amusement without any obscenity," he said.

After enthusiastic reports on state industrial exhibits, on transportation to the Fair (land and sea, public and private), on the New York City botanical exhibit, on plans for the permanent improvement of Flushing Meadow Park, and on the vigor of the Fair's public-relations staff, we were instructed by Commissioner Robert Moses that there was "no time for merely captious criticism." "The critics build nothing," he declared fiercely. "We shall open on April 22nd."

Identified

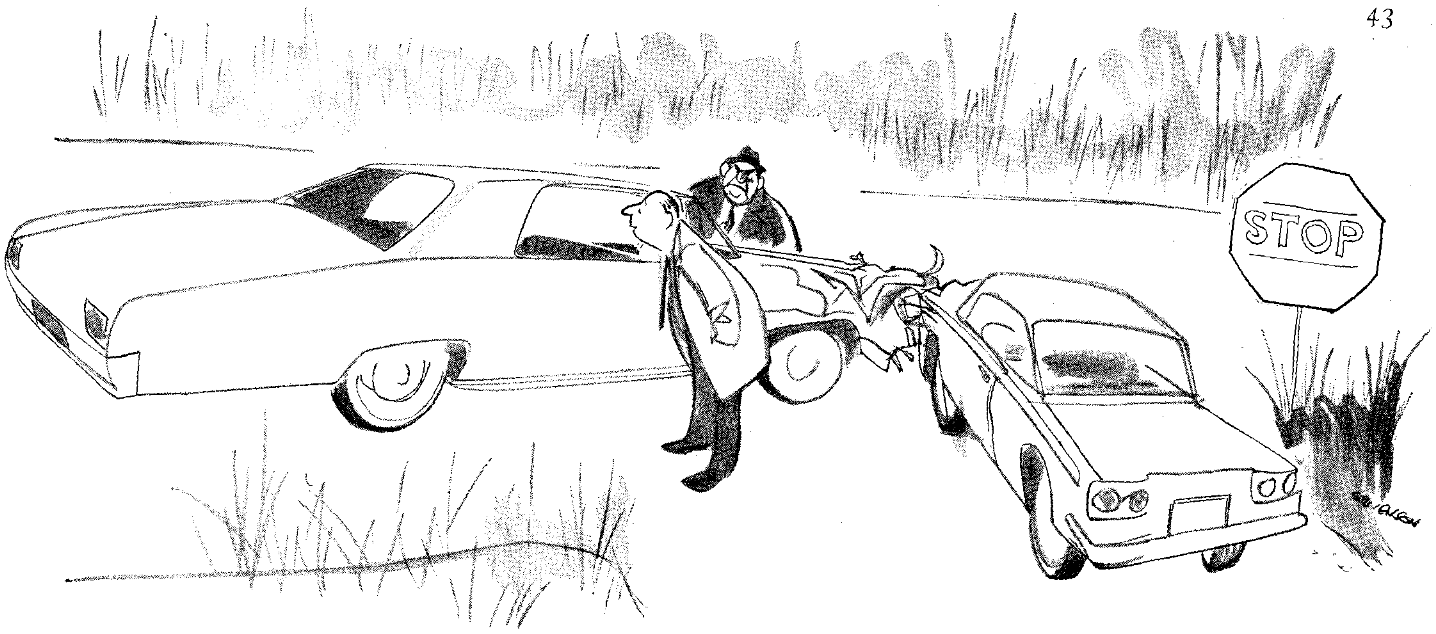
A YOUNG lady social worker from Boston recently joined the staff of the New York Hospital, and was given a small blue identification card with her name and address on it. This proved of no help to her when she tried to cash her first pay check at a bank, and since she had no driver's license, she was in danger of starving to death for lack of liquid funds. Then, resourcefully, she neatly printed six arbitrary numerals along the top of her identification card. After that, her checks were cashed without any ado, the bank tellers dutifully copying down the bogus numerals. She likes to think of her six figures' being copied by the central bank clerk, punched into monster I.B.M machines, and immortalized on magnetic tape.

Record Cabinet

OUR man Stanley slid into the office one day last week, snapped his fingers rhythmically three or four times, and dropped these notes on our desk:

"Visited L'Interdit last night—chic New York *discothèque* (means 'record cabinet' in French). Arrived at Hotel Gotham at nine-thirty, descended long flight of carpeted stairs, ignored French no-entry traffic sign on door ('L'Interdit' means 'The Forbidden'), and entered. Small dark *boîte* (means 'box') with red walls, tiny tables, tiny dance floor. Floor empty. Too early for dancing. Sounds of dinner music in air. No musicians visible except in Marisol collage-sculpture of jazz combo on one wall. Investigated tiny control booth hidden behind Marisol. Discovered source of digestive music: two turntables operated by tall, studious-looking, beautiful lady *disquaire* (means 'disc jockey') named Annette. Twenty-five years old. Speaks with charming trace of West Indian accent. 'The idea is not to leave a second of silence between numbers,' Annette explained. 'Excuse me.' Annette turned to controls, put new record on one turntable, placed pickup arm on correct band. As old record ended, Annette tuned out first turntable, tuned in new record. Success. No silence. No overlap. New selection also digestive. Outside booth, diners still dining. Learned Annette works from 9 P.M. to 4 A.M., six days a week. Never a second of silence. Each band approximately two minutes. Very busy changing. 'I come in and grab the first record and put it on,' said Annette. 'Then I begin to plan the next selection. Sometimes I get the whole evening planned in my mind, sometimes not. You want to avoid sudden changes in rhythm. Every number should relate to the last one.' Before taking up turntables, Annette studied to be concert pianist. Prefers Latin-American beat herself, but careful not to foist personal favorites on fans. 'That's why people come here—for variety. Who wants to hear one band all night? Excuse me.' Annette turned back to turntables. Success again. Male vocalist. Less digestive. 'Watch me get them up with this,' said Annette. 'You always start them with a foxtrot after dinner.' Peeked through small observation window. One couple dancing. Two couples dancing. Three, four, five. Success.

"Felt tap on shoulder. Thin, handsome man with charming South American accent. Romulo Aguirre, manager of L'Interdit. Twenty-nine years old. Perfect host. 'Everyone calls me Romy.' Made excuses to Annette, followed Romy across room to his table. Learned that Romy started as lawyer in family firm. Hated law but proud of family. Grandfather's grandfather was first Argentine envoy to U. S., in 1817. Grandfather was first fully accredited Argentine Ambassador to U. S., in 1915. Generations of lawyers. Brother a lawyer. (One cousin wanted to be doctor. Entire family shocked.) Came to New York as tourist two years ago. Frequented Le Club, private *discothèque*, first in city. One night, out of



"Say, you sure selected attractive interior styling."

blue, was asked to help manage it. 'I said, "Why not?"' said Romy. 'I'd been to *discothèques* in Paris, where they started. I love people, I love music. And I wanted to prove myself on my own. At twenty-seven, it's time to prove yourself.' Success at Le Club. Left Le Club to open L'Interdit in April. Great success. Mother still not reconciled. 'My mother's generation in Argentina thinks that night clubs are full of gangsters and women smoking marijuana. But look around you. Just young people with clean faces having fun.' Accepted invitation to look around. Dance floor packed now. Everybody young, clean, having fun. Crowds waiting at bar for chance to get tables. Crowds waiting on stairs for chance to get to bar.

"Conscious of Annette speeding up rhythm. First Twist record. Mood changing. Sap rising. Made excuses, went back to control booth. Annette looking unhappy. 'The first week I was here, everyone thought I was tape, and no one bothered me. Now they come in with requests. But I can't play them right away if they don't fit in with the mood I'm building. Not everyone understands that. Sometimes I wouldn't mind being mistaken for tape again. Excuse me.' Outside, Twisting still more frenzied. 'I don't even have to look out the window, usually, to sense the mood,' said Annette as new record began. 'Sometimes I come in and I just feel I'm going to put them in the palm of my hand. I just capture them. But if I'm boring them, they let me know it. If they look like the kind of people who like something different, I may put on a bunny hop, or even a Charleston. Excuse me.'

"Made own excuses, pushed back across dance floor to rejoin Romy. Learned that there are plans to open two more *discothèques* in New York this fall. One private, one public. L'Interdit, originally private, now public, will go private again. Asked why it went public. Legal technicalities. Now solved. *Discothèques* all over Europe, South America. All the rage with international set. *Young* international set. L'Interdit, when private, charges a hundred dollars annual dues for people over thirty, thirty dollars for people under thirty. 'I'm young,' explained Romy. 'I know not everyone can afford a hundred dollars. But thirty—everyone can afford thirty. Ah, listen to this record—beautiful, beautiful!' Mood changing once more. Annette slowing down rhythm. Girl vocalist singing 'Happy Days Are Here Again.' Beautiful. Dancers now clinging dreamily. 'To be a *disquaire* takes genius,' said Romy. 'You have to love music, be a good dancer, and understand people. We started with a hundred and fifty records; now we have four hundred. Friends bring in what they like. If I hear a beautiful song on the jukebox, I buy it. Ah, listen to this one!' Listened for a moment. Beautiful.

"Made excuses, shoved way back to control booth. Annette looking studious. Asked her if she ever made simple mechanical mistakes. She said she once played a 33⅓-r.p.m. record at 45 r.p.m. 'It was a slow rock. No one guessed anything was wrong. They kept dancing away outside. It was beautiful.' Tempo speeding up again. Young man appeared in door. Well dressed. Charming French accent. '*Pardon.* Later on, when you play something slow, will you please play "More," by Steve Lawrence? I am very much in love with someone.' Annette all smiles again. Beautiful song. Beautiful manners. Proper form of request. Excused herself to put on Trini Lopez Latin-American Twist record.

"Made own excuses, fought way back across floor to ask Romy about attitude of musicians' union toward *discothèque* concept. Learned that L'Interdit O.K., because live musicians are employed upstairs in hotel proper. Tempo in room reaching new pitch. Bandleader on record calling out, 'One more time?' Dancers on floor yelling back, 'Yes! Yes! Yes!' Barrier between man and machine crumbling. Shook Romy's hand, made excuses, shoved way back to control booth. Annette bending over turntables, humming along with record. Outside, dancers singing along with record. Atmosphere contagious. Waved goodbye to Annette, to Romy, to dancers, to Marisol. Dashed up stairs, raced out onto sidewalk, cakewalked all the way home."

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SIGN in a shopwindow of the Burlington Arcade, in London: "Mink is the new colour for crocodile."

NOCTURNE

PEACE, what is it? I keep wondering. I don't mean simply not fighting; no, not fighting isn't what I mean at all. Now I am beginning to lie awake at night and worry about it—well, if not at night, precisely, at least early in the morning. Often it is around, say, four o'clock in the morning; often it has been, as now, a morning in autumn, when the rain begins—not the lightning-thunder kind, which I detest, but the quiet sort, beginning with a stirring in the leaves. Perhaps it is only the leaves, after all? No, it is rain, which is raining all around; now we are in rain as if we were at sea. I have an older daughter who likes rain; she can stay home and read on her unmade bed then. I have an older son who ignores all natural phenomena but dries out quickly. My younger children, the two boys, are not involved in my early-morning wakefulness. Or are they?

It's raining really hard now. This means that summer is over. There will be fall rains now, long ones that strip the trees and paint the yard with fantastic fiery colors—leaves, which will, of course, be tracked into the house tomorrow. But what about the children—is it raining in? Should I check their windows? I'd rather stay in bed and listen and think deep thoughts, but I suppose I'd better see if everything is all right. I swing my feet out of bed and give my sleeping husband a reproachful look. He sleeps soundly. I may even say something about it to him tomorrow: "I hope you had a good night's sleep." Even if he were awake, he wouldn't think about getting up to close the windows. Men are not brought up that way. Men are brought up with nothing but noble ideas, in splendid, heroic fashion. Only women know that it may be raining in, or blowing, and the children, having kicked the covers off, are lying in a fatal draft. A woman promises to love, honor, and obey, and get up before daylight to close the windows. I could lie here drowsily and listen to the rain and never get up. But my feet are on the floor now, and they are *not* moving around to find my slippers, as anyone else's feet would. I haven't any slippers. Haven't had for years. Possibly since I was a bride. I don't mean to sound bitter; it's just that since the first child was born I haven't had *time* for putting on slippers when I get up at night. As for that favorite negligee in my trousseau, it hangs in a spare closet, still perfectly good. When the children are grown and out of the house, I will buy some slippers—mules?—put on that negligee again, and resume the casual, social breakfast time I used to have with my husband. And *never* again wear a spotproof, washable terry-cloth bathrobe. I mean to be glamorous again *someday*. But how will that negligee—white taffeta, with ruffles all down and around—look on me then, when I'm a senior citizen? On a special diet probably. Maybe I won't even be allowed to *eat* breakfast—or only if I remember to take my medicine first. And across from me will sit my sleeping hero; how will *he* look then? Ha! We're in the soup, kid.

Yes, this is settling down into a real rain. I notice that it is going through the rhythms of "Cargoes," and I remember being told about those three stanzas when I was very young, in school. How far into the past our peculiar references go! The rain is really the poem in reverse, because it started with the third stanza, "Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smokestack," and has now shifted into the first stanza, the "Quinquireme of Nineveh" stage. Get up.

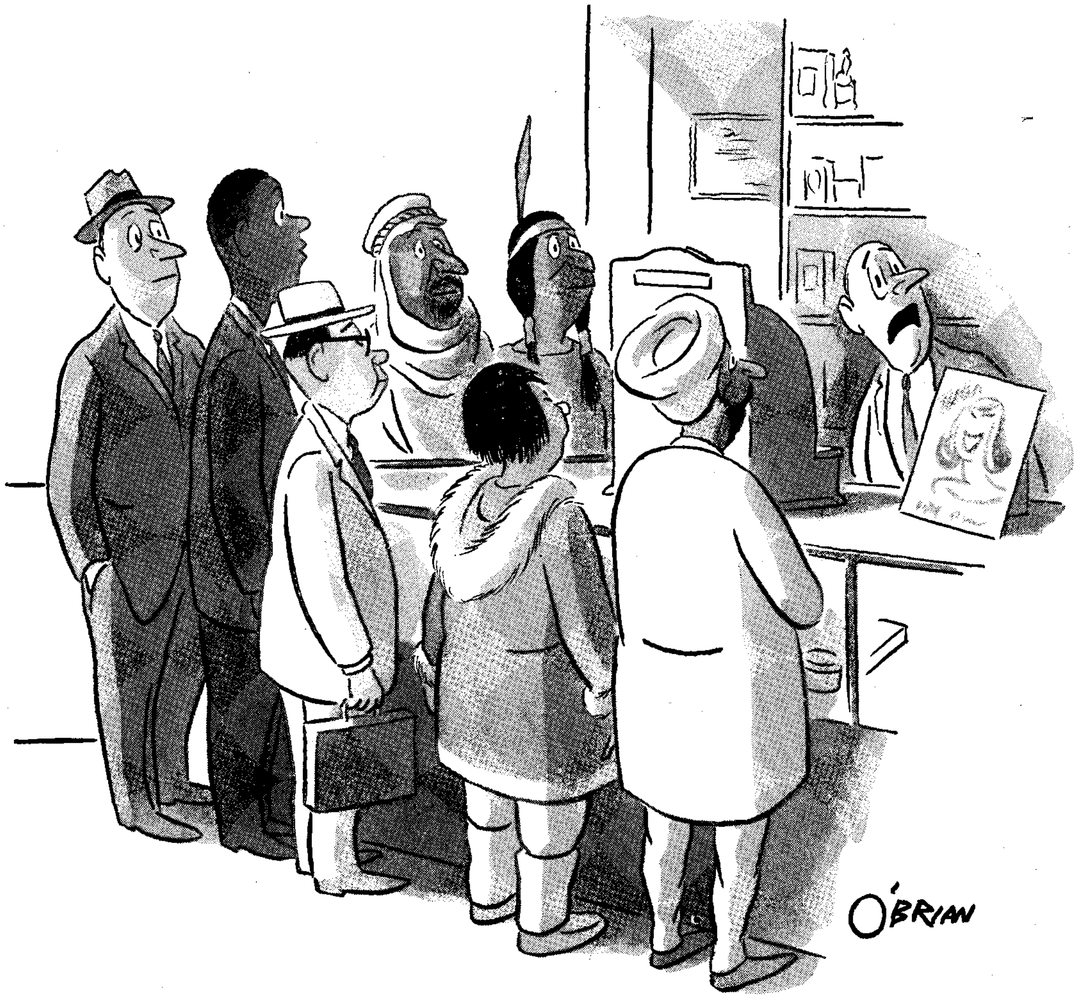
Not very long ago, when we were all at dinner during a sudden summer shower, I said to my daughter, "Run upstairs, please, and see if it's raining in."

As she started to get up, her father said, "Don't do it. That's impossible."

"What do you mean, impossible?" I asked him.

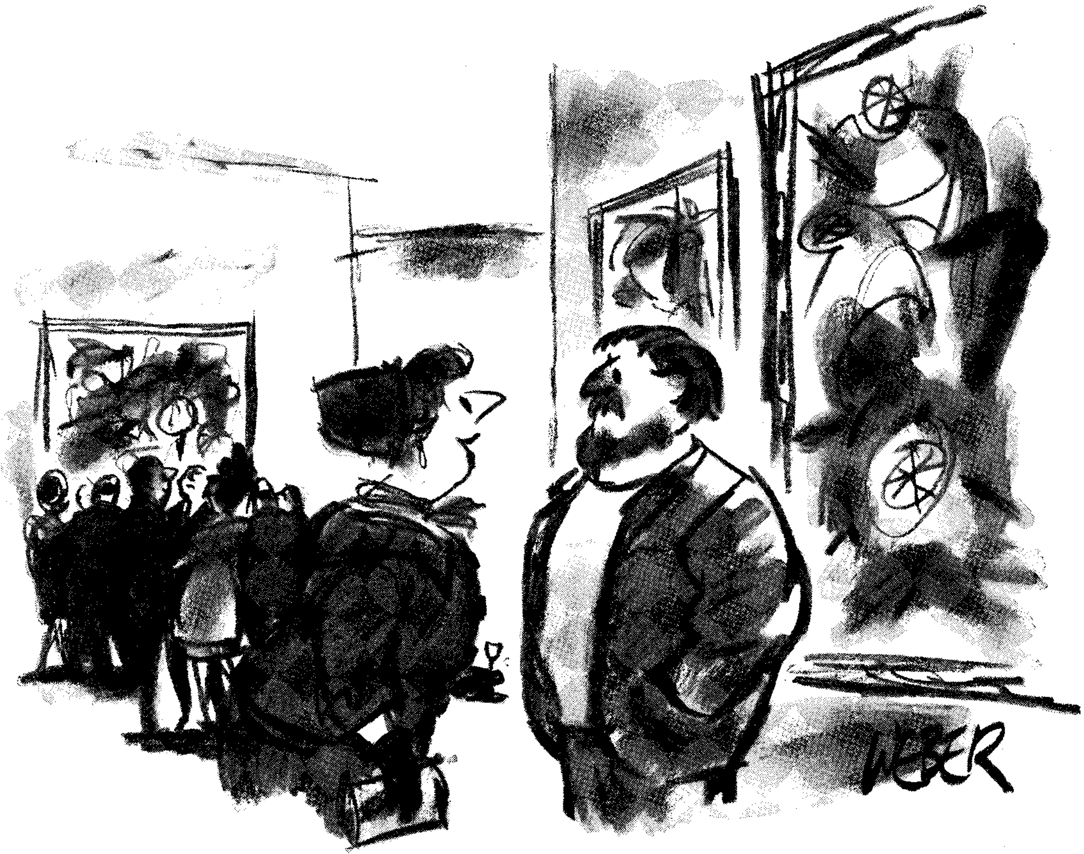
He swept us all, as someone has said, with a glance. "It doesn't rain *in*," he said. "It rains *out*." Instantly he was doubled over with mirth, and the older children joined him, but the younger ones looked at me doubtfully. They are not old enough yet to fix their own hamburgers, and they like to keep on my good side. "What *difference* does it make if it rains in?" their father, recovering, wanted to know, with all good humor. "What harm could it do? A little extra water in the house? We'll mop it up!"

I nodded to the older girl, who got up and went upstairs. How can a woman explain what damage can be done?



"Joe, these people say they want flesh-colored Band-Aids."

It is simply something little girls hear when they are growing up and never get out of their heads: if it rains, the windows must be closed.



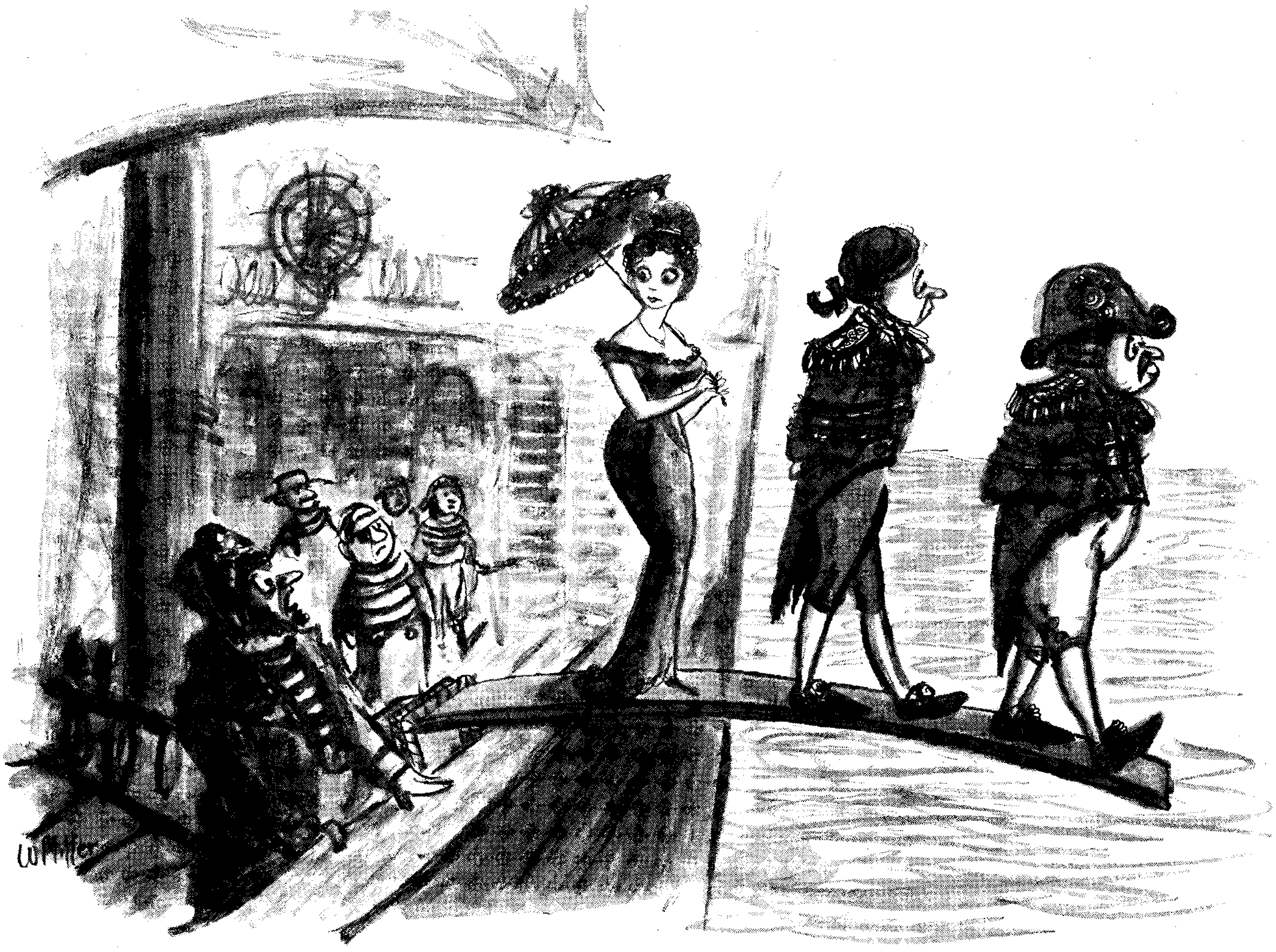
"Do you marry people or do you just live with them?"

Truthfully, it is a frightening thing for a woman to get up alone in a dark house at four o'clock in the morning. I've done it before, if a bark from a child's room brought me up fast, thinking "Croup!" Or a wail that meant a fever was climbing. Or another sound sent me scurrying with towels; *this* will go through the family. Or just a cry, "Mommy!" But then Daddy was close behind me, bringing more towels, helping with the alcohol rub to pull the fever down, murmuring all the right things. "Love is not all: it is not meat nor drink/ Nor slumber nor a roof against the rain. . . ." But, just as I thought, the boys have kicked the covers off and *are* lying in a draft. You pull the covers over them, because a chilly night wind is blowing in, swelling the curtains like little sails. And they are wet, of course. You *see*. As you pull the covers up, you note that the small boy is wearing his socks again. Just underpants and socks. He has told you about this a thousand times. Understand, he takes an evening bath, then puts on fresh underpants and socks, so that he won't have to spend the morning *looking* for them and probably be late for the school bus. *You* don't understand how much time is wasted in the morning going to the dresser and opening a drawer. You don't go into the older children's rooms, of course; that would be an invasion of privacy.

Suddenly the rain hurls itself onto the roof; the house is still, you are standing alone in the hall, and it occurs to you that you have done a completely irresponsible thing, a terrifying thing, which you have never thought about before. You have given birth to a family—married and brought children into the world and into this house, which has collected how many things through the years! There are a party dress or two, which the little girls wore, in a cedar chest; there are pottery ashtrays and crayon holiday greetings and a few papers from school with "EXCELLENT" written across the top or "Well done, but be more careful of your margins." What will you do with it all? What will you do with these children; what *have* you done? Shouldn't you have thought this all out before you married? Did you really believe you could raise children, run a house, cook nourishing food, pick out the right furniture? As a matter of fact, you couldn't. You learned it little by little, year by year, and you're not through yet. But did you learn the *right* things? Some of the chairs are getting quite wobbly. What irreparable damage may you have done to these children because you did not think out *how* to bring them up before you had them? What should you have done? Taken a course? You remember going to Mothers' Classes at the hospital when the first baby was born. There you learned, for instance, how to bathe a new baby without drowning it, and much to your surprise you continued to be able to do this when you got home, even though then you were handling the real thing and not a hospital doll.

Going down the hall, you pause again. The rain has slipped into the second stanza now, and undoubtedly means to stay there. This is the permanent rhythm of a rain that will go on for some time: "Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus." What will tomorrow bring? Pieces of games, jigsaw puzzles, and extra children all over the floor; snacks in the upholstery; one of the longest days in the year. No, wait a minute. *School.* That's one good thing. . . .

Now the glimmer of the night light leads me to my mother's room; here the windows have been partially closed anyway. The grandmother could not cover herself if she wanted to; she cannot reach the blanket at the foot of the bed, and she forgets the bell on the bedside table. It is a small cut-glass bell, one of the few things she has kept from among the cut-glass wedding presents. She lies with her head on two pillows; she cannot hear the rain and no longer concerns herself with the care of a house, the rearing of children. She is very old and very tired. Day after day she lies in bed, from which she will not again get up, smiles as she watches from her window the capers of children, the flashing of bicycles, the spring and summer shrubbery blooming and fading, and finally leaves drifting to the ground. Her window should come down a little more, though, because of the wind. "Call up that man"—meaning the doctor—"and ask him how much longer I'm going on," she will say tomorrow, perhaps, a little sharply. The poor man is doing what he can to keep her with us; she is



"Hey! Where do you think you're going?"

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not entirely sympathetic to the project. But then she will brighten up when a cross little boy comes into her room and explains that he is home late because some bossy teacher kept him after school. Why did she keep you after school? He raises his eyes to the unreasonable heavens. I forgot to do my homework, he says; why doesn't somebody *remind* me of these things? The grandmother would be more comfortable in a nursing home—immaculate, fashioned for her kind of living, with attendants in white constantly at her side—but then there wouldn't be the clatter of home, the ringing of the telephone, perhaps some fresh crisis, or the plumber and electrician ambling in to repair the most recent casualty and waving to her as they pass her room, and there wouldn't be these innocent, put-upon, misunderstood children flouncing into her room from a nagging world. She is approaching the end of her life, and if her bags are not packed, her strongbox is. It sits, her cellar and attic, at the foot of her bed. All of her life has been stripped to these few things: letters; pictures of her children, of whom I am the only one left; souvenir spoons from the Columbian Exposition; tintypes of her family, some tinted so that they seem rather flushed. She lies here waiting. Beyond the window, a car splashes down the road like a ship being launched, perhaps the only car out this night in the whole world. What a lot of fuss and nonsense a person goes through just to grow up and die. I brush past the cat, lying on a chair; she opens her eyes, notes that it is only me, the cook, and goes back to sleep. Outside the grandmother's room, I stand in the hall, summarizing the situation. The children are sleeping; the grandmother is sleeping; the cat is sleeping. In the boys' room, the dog is stretched on the bare floor, asleep. People and animals, the ones I am in charge of, are inside—warm and dry and comfortable—and in this house at this moment all goes well.

BUT I have forgotten to close the windows in the room from which I started. I go in and lower them quietly and then sit on the edge of the bed. I am drowsy. I do not kick off my slippers, remember, because I haven't any. Prince Charming has rolled over on his stomach now, sprawled in a position preferred by some babies. Shall I, reversing the usual procedure, wake him with a kiss? Better not; he has to get up early and go to the office. I pull a blanket over him and then lie down and cover myself. I think of "the quiet shutting, one by one, of doors." The quiet is here to stay. My eyelids droop; I shut my eyes. And then, instantly, I am wide awake again, sitting up, pressing my hands to my temples. I had almost forgotten! What is peace?

—KATINKA LOESER

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In the final chapter "Into Practice" a good opportunity is missed. Although we are wisely advised to start observations on the Sun, a variable radio source that is easy to detect, I feel sorry for the unwary amateur who following Mr. Hyde's advice proceeds to build, at considerable expense, a radio interferometer and then sits down night after night taking readings every few seconds hoping to observe lunar occultations of radio sources or to resolve the discrepancies between the Cambridge and Sydney radio source surveys.—*Book review in Nature, an English scientific journal.*

So do we.

THE GIRLS OF KILLÍNI

I AM back home now; my holiday is over, and Greece far away, but if I close my eyes the road still winds endlessly before me and I still hear the noise of the broken car—exactly as though someone were furiously grinding coffee a foot away. I should never have taken it. It gave me trouble before I even got off the ferry that carried me from Brindisi to Igoumenítsa. The announcer on the ferryboat asked the passengers to go down to the garage deck, and when I did, I saw that my car—a small green coupé—had a flat tire. A bad omen, I couldn't help thinking as I drove out of the ship onto the pier.

"Pardon me, but do you know you have a flat tire?" an Englishman said.

"Yes, thank you. I noticed it on the ship, but I didn't have time to change it."

A young German, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts, pointed in the direction of my right front tire and made a hissing sound, then flattened his hands one against the other.

"Yes, I know. Thank you."

A Greek customs man drew my attention to it, then an official from the passport office.

"Thank you . . . thank you," I said, nodding each time.

"Are you going to Athens?" the official said.

"Yes, I am."

"You take my brother."

Was it an order or a question? The man had a nondescript look about him. If his brother was anything like him, I didn't want his company. "I am going to Athens *eventually*," I said, "but not today. I am going to Patras first, and then to Olympia."

"You take him to Patras."

"No. You see, I am stopping here and there."

He examined my passport closely. Luckily, it was flawless.

I drove the car forward off the cement into a yard, and there, the jack digging into Greek soil, I felt in Greece at last. For a while I was alone; then a young man in working clothes and with black, glossy, curly hair came over. He said that his father, who was a fisherman, had taught him some Italian. I asked if he knew of a place where I could have my flat tire fixed. "Yes," he said, and offered to accompany me there.

We drove, past gasoline stations and shabby, whitewashed little houses, to a small garage. "*Lásticha*," a sign read over the door, and I remembered a woman once had told me that that's what they called tires in Greek. I could see her smiling. She had thought it was so funny.

The job was soon done. The car now looked as good as any other. I paid the mechanic and offered to give a tip to the young man, but he refused it. "Have a drink with me then."

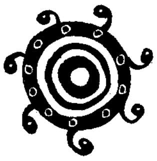
"You want to have a drink? All right."

In a nearby café, joined by a soldier and a little boy, we drank to Greece. The soldier, the young man said, was going to Ioannina, sixty-four miles away—could I give him a lift? He was a gentle-looking boy. He smiled pleadingly. "All right," I said.

We got into the open car. It was about eleven o'clock, the sun hot. The young man decided to pull the top up over the car. My passenger beamed with appreciation, and off we went. As we left Igoumenítsa, it occurred to me that the car had stolen nearly all of my attention and I had hardly seen the town at all.

After a few vain attempts at conversation in English, Italian, and what little I remembered of the ancient Greek I learned at school, I gave up talking to the soldier. Suddenly he said, "*Parlez-vous français?*" I looked at him in amazement, and began speaking to him in French, only to find that his knowledge of it stopped at those three words.

We followed a river valley. From time to time, we could see the river glisten. The country round us was so parched by the long summer drought, the whitish mountains on each side were so bare and stark, and the air so hot under the pale-blue sky I wondered how the river could have as much water as it did. In that rock-dry land, it seemed fresh as rain seems when the sky has been cloudless for so long that small children have forgotten what rain is. The Greeks thought every river sacred. I understood why.



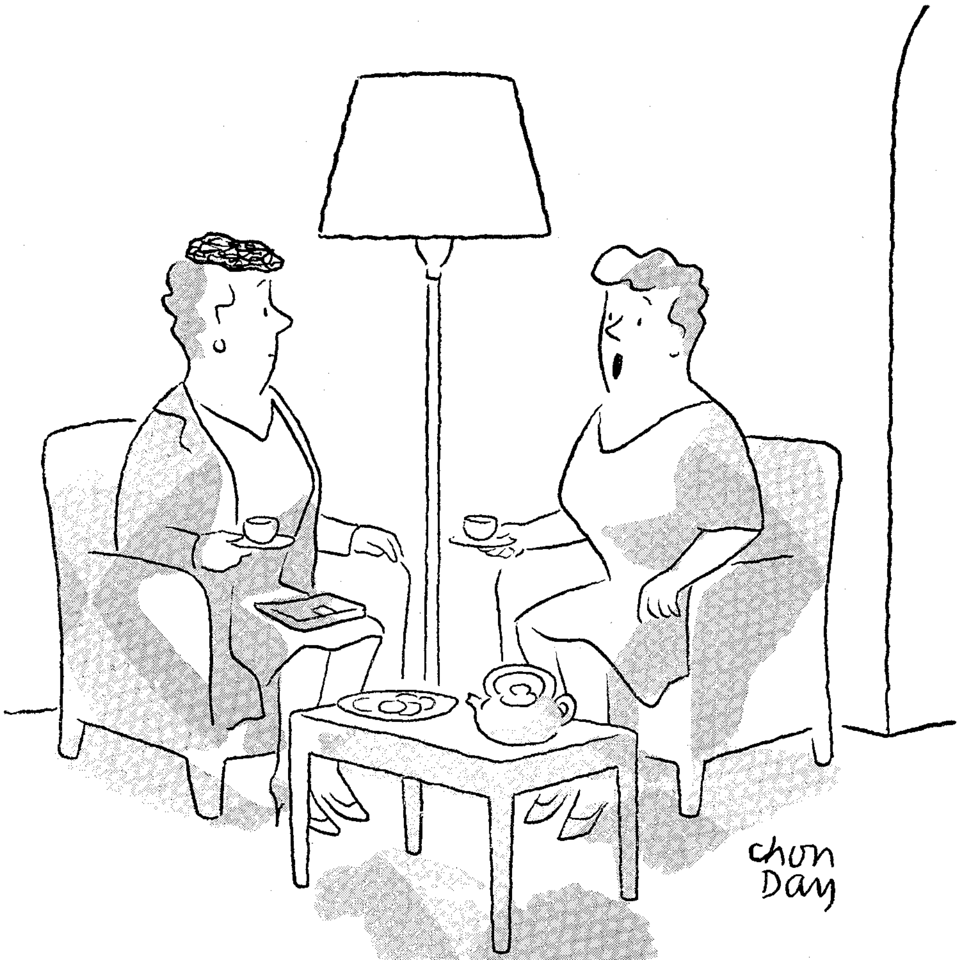
The road began to climb. Two children, seven or eight years old, from the side of the desolate road, beckoned to us for a ride. We stopped; the soldier got out to let them into the back seat. In they came, bringing a wild, gamy smell with them—my kind of passengers. They twittered, and answered a few questions the soldier asked them. A few miles up the road, at a point just as desolate as the one where we had picked them up, the children asked to be let out. They had arrived. But where I could not tell. I saw no houses, no huts or fields, just the bare mountain made of spongy rock. In the rearview mirror I saw them jumping across a ditch, onto a mountain path.

The young man in Igoumenítsa had told me to stop for lunch in Vroussina. "There's very good water there," he had said. The thought of water made me say to the soldier "Vroussina?" more than once. He answered with his fingers—there were always handfuls of kilometres. But at last, at the foot of a mountain, we came to a row of trees on a stream and to a few huts, shaded by the trees. There were some bare wooden tables outside a door. The waiter invited us into the kitchen. Huge copper pans were on a stove. A limber-looking cook uncovered them one by one and told us what was what. The variety of the food astonished me. I chose stuffed tomatoes and stuffed eggplant. They came along with a pitcher of water, very cold.

I had trouble starting the car. "Gently, gently," the soldier said. "*Sigá, sigá.*" Nothing sounded gentler, and I thought what a marvellous language Greek still was.

We left Vroussina and climbed again. Far to the north, I could see the mountains of Albania, white and barer, if that was possible, even than the mountains of Greece. As we neared the top, with more and more chains of mountains coming into view, my passenger took out of his pocket a movie magazine, and read uninterruptedly all the way to Ioannina, where I left him.

What made me go by Ioannina, its lake, and the ruins of Dodona without stopping? I don't know, but sometimes the road has the better of me; it engulfs me like a tunnel, and I follow it, eager to come to the end. Thus I drove south toward Arta over a road under repair, and only stopped where it was blocked by a huge, low-slung hauling wagon used by the road builders. One of its eight pairs of wheels had been knocked crooked and was stuck. A big truck was hitched to it, but could not make it budge. A road foreman and a dozen laborers were around it, discussing what to do. Several cars and trucks were lined up at each end of it, indicating that the road had been blocked for a long while. I recognized some cars and people from the ship. Except for an old English lady who went up to the workmen and said, "I have great confidence in you," they were all looking at the wagon with despair. There was no way of getting past it, even with my small car—on the left there was an uncompleted bridge, and on the right the steep slope of a stream. The



"Still, when it comes right down to the Presidency, is being divorced and remarried any worse than having the flag raised mechanically every morning?"

• •

German who had talked to me on the pier spoke to one of the workers and came back saying it might take five hours to clear the road. He got into his car and turned back toward Ioannina, followed by two other cars. I went down to the stream and paddled in it, near where the leaves of a big tree—its trunk almost horizontal—touched the water. Ten minutes later, I went back to the road. The driver of the truck hitched to the wagon was just about ready to have another try. This time, he cleared the road, and I sped on south toward Arta, past Arta and its gulf, past Agrinion, along a gorge walled in by high red cliffs, to Missolonghi. Here I stopped, hoping to find the house where Byron lived and died. But, though I believe it still exists, I couldn't find it. I coursed about the miserable town thinking of him.

As I made my way out of town along the Delphi road, a small young woman with a black kerchief and a shawl, standing by a doorway, beckoned to me with her index finger to come in. I drove on, but the finger had caught my imagination like a hook. Long after I left, I felt its pull drawing me back to the squalid little house in Missolonghi.

The road rose on a high cliff above the Gulf of Patras. I could see the city—white specks—far across the bay. Several hundred feet below me, the waves were breaking on a deserted, sandy little beach. The sun was setting on the sea. I stopped for a moment, then went on, undecided whether I should take the ferry across the bay to Patras or remain on this side and go to Delphi. I knew there were just a few more miles before the ferry.

Two patrolmen signalled me to stop. All they wanted was a ride to Andírrion, the village from where the ferry left. I picked them up, highhanded hitchhikers though they were. Pointing to his watch, one of them said the ferryboat left in ten minutes. It seemed like an invitation for me to take it, and though I felt an urge to go to Delphi, I drove to Andírrion and the pier. The boat—a landing barge—was there, loading the first cars. It seemed I had to cross. Somebody told me to get ready. I'll go to Olympia first, I thought, and then to Delphi. A minute later, I backed onto the barge.

In Patras, the boardwalk was all lit up; so were the ships at bay; and there were open-air cafés, their rows of tables—most of them taken—practically continuous, unless one considered the restaurants with their white tablecloths an interruption. Tied to the pier was the ship that had brought me to Igoumenítsa. It had beaten me to Patras by two hours, and now it was loading for the return journey. I had driven from Igoumenítsa to Patras to save money and to see more of Greece. But going over the interminable stretches of dug-up road between Ioannina and Agrinion, I had cursed myself for not staying on the ship. It had passed Ithaca without me. Now I'd got here, though, I wasn't sorry I had come on my own.

A little boy offered to shine my shoes. While he was at it, some French girls passed by. One of them, with golden sandals, stopped, showed him her foot, laughed, and went on. I thought he would be annoyed, but he was beaming.

With difficulty—the season was still high, though past its peak—I found a room. It faced the hills back of the city, which were lighted by the moon. At a restaurant on the promenade, I sat at a table laid for two. The sight of the vacant seat and of the couples and groups at the other tables made me conscious of my solitude. After supper, I went to a café at the end of the breakwater. The ship was leaving for Italy. For a moment, I wished I were on it—but I suppose that at least for a moment one wishes to be on any ship going out to sea.

THE next morning, I started for Olympia. The road at first skirted the sea. I hadn't yet bathed in Greek waters, and I had heard so much about their clearness that I looked for a place to stop and swim. But again the road seemed to draw me away. Soon it left the sea, and a look at the map told me I wouldn't see the shore again till I came back. "Olympic Beach, 13 Km.," a sign read on my right, but I ignored it. On I went, toward Olympia, as though someone I loved were waiting for me there.

Two girls on the roadside, packs upon their backs, came into view. Hitchhikers. An easy pickup. I stopped. They were from Paris, but on their guard and very shy despite their metropolitan background. The country became hilly, green and silver with olive trees and vineyards. There were thickets on the tops of hills, small precipices made by streams and held by ilexes and laurels, here and there an oleander in bloom. I left the girls in the village of Olympia, where a few houses with restaurants, cafés, and shops skirted the road.

The ruins were a short walk from there, in a little vale between two hills, at the confluence of two rivers. In the shade of light-green pines the ancient temples lay. Once, they would have dwarfed the pines, and now the pines dwarfed them. The pillars lay as if to rest; only the bases stood, and here and there the bare foundations, excavated. I wandered with my guidebook into the sacred grounds, fingering the pages, trying to find the names—this was the Prytaneum, this the Philippeion; that temple was of Hera, this one was of Zeus. This was the Pelopion; there the athletes ran. I closed the book and wandered, then opened it again to read the record of destruction by men and nature both. Earthquakes and armies had vied to bring Altis down.

I climbed the outer wall onto an olive grove, and suddenly I came on the River Alpheus, which till then I hadn't seen. Its stony bed stretched wide. A small, secondary branch bounded the olive grove. I jumped across it and walked to the main branch. The current here was swift. I undressed and waded into it. At its deepest, the water reached my waist, but the current was so swift I could barely stand. Soon I let myself be carried by the stream; weightless, like a twig, I floated down. If I moved a hand or even a finger, I felt the river's strength, the thrill of water against me. I would gladly have followed the river to its end, but at last I swam to shore and walked back to my clothes.

I lingered some more amid the ruins, charmed by the light-green pines that dappled earth and sky. A short distance away, I saw the girls who had driven with me. One smiled at me. She was resting on a low stone wall, looking beautifully tired. The other stood near her, looking tired and without rest.

In the museum, I saw statues that were feats of beauty. The early smile of Greece was there. I met the girls again. The one who had smiled at me in the ruins smiled at me here. Her smile was less subtle than the ancient smile, but nearer to me. It stole me from the statues, and though a moment later she had joined her friend, I couldn't look at the statues any more. The loneliness of tourists was upon me.

It made me stop eagerly for the first hitchhikers I saw after I left Olympia. They were two scholarly Dutch girls. Their knapsacks filled the back of the car, and they sat in front, one on the other's lap. They got off at Pyrgos, fifteen miles away. Past Pyrgos, I saw the sign "Olympic Beach" again, but I had had my swim, and I went on like one who can't stop anywhere. I didn't even stop in Patras, though it was getting dark. I drove on toward Aíyion. I would sleep there, I thought, and in the morning sail to Itea, and go to Delphi.

Past Patras, two more hitchhikers hailed me. Boys. I didn't stop. "I might have picked them up," I told myself. "Aíyion is only twenty miles away." A moment later, around a corner, I saw another hitchhiker, and I stopped for him. He was a boy of about eighteen, with straight, darkish-blond hair. He said, in English with a German accent, that he had just left the other two, and that they planned to meet again in Athens. He had been in Greece two months. He said the only money he had left was a German check for about twenty-five dollars—no other money at all. He hoped to cash the check in Athens.

"What are you going to do until then?" I asked him. Athens was a hundred and thirty miles away, and it was suppertime.

"I don't know," he said, shrugging his shoulders, then falling into a pitiful silence.

"This is going to cost me something," I said to myself.

"In Athens," he began, and then he pantomimed what he had been about to say by sticking his right index finger into his bare left forearm.

"An injection?" I said.

"No, I gave blood. I got eight hundred drachmas." He said he had stayed in student hostels, spending about seventy-five cents a night. In the country he slept in the open air, inside a sleeping bag he kept tied to his knapsack. He then began talking about the Greeks, and of how friendly and hospitable they were.

"Have you met any Greek girls?" I said.

"I danced with them," he said. "After the dance they always went back to their tables. Not like the French girls of Killíni."

"Killíni?"

"Yes, the Olympic Beach. All of Paris is there, under tents."

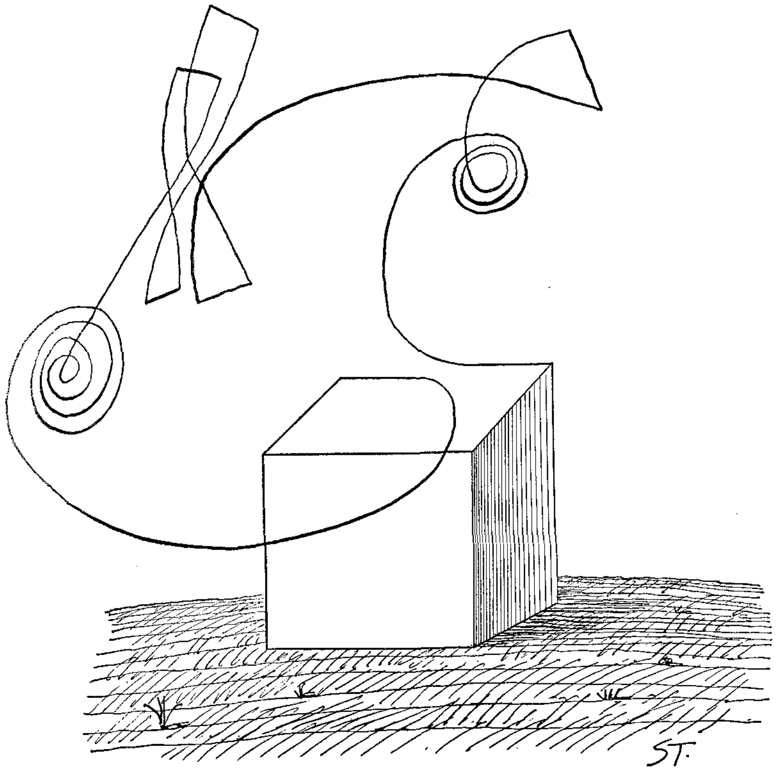
"I met two French girls going to Olympia, but they were nearly inarticulate—oh, very, very shy."

"In Killíni they weren't shy," he said, and went into exclamations. "They swim and dance late into the night there at Killíni. I never saw so many pretty girls. You should go there."

"I missed the Olympic Beach," I said. "I went right by it this morning and this afternoon. But then, I am not a student any more."

"Not just students there," he said.

We were approaching Aíyion. Suddenly, going down a hill, a grating noise came from the back—a grating, rasping noise as of something turning and not catching. At the same time, the car lost speed. I knew what that noise was. I had heard it before, in Italy. It came from a metal part, the coupling or sleeve—each mechanic I went to had a different name for it—between the axle and the right back wheel. The axle, which fitted into it, turned, and the coupling didn't any more. Its teeth, or



splines, were gone—worn off—and the turning of the axle was no longer transmitted to the wheel. It turned now only because we were going downhill. When the coupling had worn off before, I had had it changed, but after a thousand miles or so, still in Italy, the thing had happened again. "Change the axle, too," I had said to the mechanic. "The axle must be worn, or the coupling would have lasted longer."

"The axle looks all right. Changing the axle in this car is a big job—you have to take the whole gearbox apart. This coupling's going to hold. The one you got before was imitation, made of butter," he had said, scratching it with a screwdriver and making deep lines in it. His coupling was genuine, he had assured me. He might have been talking about wine.

"All right, if you say so," I had said. "But let me have two spare ones in case I get stuck. I am on my way to Greece." I had bought them, and had them in the car. I had watched him put in the new one. It looked simple enough.

We coasted down the hill and slowly came to a stop. "I don't want to hold you up," I said to the German boy. "Do go if you like." But he stayed and helped me push the car to a clearing. I jacked it up, got out a flashlight, and with a wrench unscrewed two of the four bolts that held one end of the coupling in place. The boy unscrewed the other two. I disconnected the coupling and replaced it with a new one, then began to screw the bolts back in. "Let me do it," he said. I was glad to have his help. In forty minutes, we were ready to go on.

I invited him to dinner. The restaurant we went to was in the main square of Aíyion. It had tables under a plane tree whose trunk was wider than my car. During supper, the boy opened his knapsack and gave me some folders of Greek places. He also pulled out Nietzsche's "Thus Spake Zarathustra" and showed it to me. It looked as though it had been read over and over.

"Do you think democracy is well established in Germany?" I asked him.

"I think so," he said. He didn't like the militarists. "My father died on the Russian front before I was born," he said.

After supper, I found a room in a hotel. He was going to sleep on the beach, and in the morning I saw him—or, at least, I think I saw him—huddled up in his sleeping bag, on the sand.

I PARKED the car near the pier and went aboard the ferryboat for Itea without it. I would pick it up when I came back from Delphi, in the evening. It would be good to be without the car a little while.

From Itea I shared a taxi with five others to Delphi, eight miles away. We crossed a valley thick with olive trees, then rose over it along a zigzag mountain road. At the top of the climb, we reached the new village of Delphi, and just beyond it, on a steep slope at the foot of mighty cliffs, the Delphi we had come to see. Way down at the bottom of the slope, sunk between groves of olive trees, a stream flowed southwest toward the sea. As in Olympia, nothing was left standing, though recently the Treasury of the Athenians and part of the Tholos had been reërected. They looked shaky. Here in Delphi, nature, and in particular the forces of the underworld, to which this site first was dedicated—earthquakes, gushes of steam or water, and landslides—had played a bigger role than men in the destruction.

A tourist was busy cracking almonds on a rock. He climbed a tree and shook it. Dozens fell. The soft, velvety-green capsules opened as they hit the ground, disclosing the brown shells. In February, I thought, when almonds bloom, this slope would be a fleecy white.

As I was looking at the ruins, people with cameras motioned or whistled at me to get out of their way. They didn't want me to spoil their pictures, but they spoiled my pleasure. The taking of pictures was forbidden in the museum, and twice—before and after lunch—I went there. The second time, a sleek blond girl was looking at the statues. She was wearing a fine, veil-like golden kerchief round her head, a soft silk blouse with interesting pleats, a smooth gray skirt, and sandals. American, I guessed, and couldn't help thinking that of all the women I had seen so far she best embodied the Grecian form, the very shapes that she was looking at.

A section of the museum was separated from the rest by a fibreboard partition. This had various little holes, and I peeked through one of them. The girl came and looked through another. One could see several statues. The nearest and most prominent was a few feet away. "Is that a lion?" I said.

"A sphinx," she said.

"Oh yes, a sphinx, of course. I suppose they are restoring it."

"I wish they'd leave things as they are," she said, with an English accent.

So she wasn't from America after all. "I know," I said. I think I would have agreed with anything she might have said.

Together we left the fibreboard and looked at other statues. She didn't seem at all eager to be alone.

"Is that Apollo?" I said, in front of a marble head.

"I think it's a woman's head."

"Oh yes, of course," I said, ashamed of having made a second error.

She showed her admiration with her expressive hands.

"You would have inspired Phidias to even greater heights," I said.

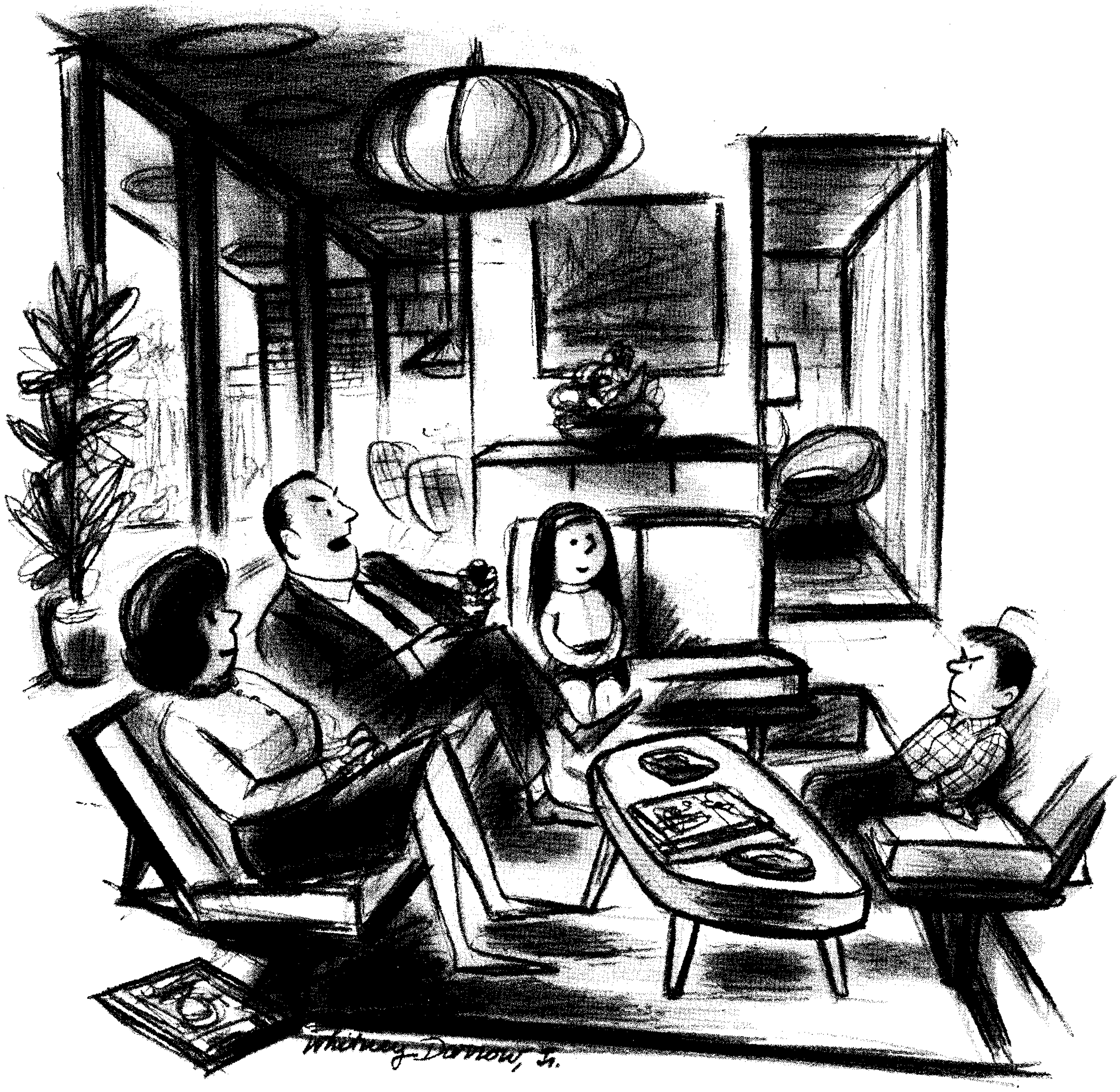
IN MONTECITO

In a fashionable suburb of Santa Barbara,
Montecito, there visited me one night at midnight
A scream with breasts. As it hung there in the sweet air
That was always the right temperature, the contractors,
Who had undertaken to dismantle it, stripped off
The lips, let the air out of the breasts.

People disappear
Even in Montecito. Greenie Taliaferro,
In her white maillot, her good figure almost firm,
Her old pepper-and-salt hair stripped by the hairdresser
To nothing and dyed platinum—Greenie has left her Bentley.
They have thrown away her electric toothbrush; someone else slips
The key into the lock of her safety-deposit box
At the Crocker-Anglo Bank; her seat at the cricket matches
Is warmed by buttocks less delectable than hers.
Greenie's girdle is empty.

A scream hangs there in the night—
They strip off the lips, let the air out of the breasts,
And Greenie has gone into the Greater Montecito
That surrounds Montecito like the echo of a scream.

—RANDALL JARRELL


Whitney Darrow, Jr.

"If you're just going to sit there and sulk, you can leave the conversation pit."

• •

It was nearly three-thirty, and at three-thirty I knew the Itea bus was leaving. Yet I didn't go. I didn't want to close that conversation. Near the exit, she told me she had driven from England with a friend.

"Is he looking at the ruins?"

"No, she's waiting for me in the hotel. Soon we must leave for Athens."

"Would you have dinner with me there tomorrow or the day after?"

"Thank you, it's very kind of you to ask me," she said, and told me her name and that of the hotel where they were hoping to stay. "In Athens I have many friends to see, and there's the one I'm travelling with now. But if I am free and if I can find a room at the hotel, tomorrow at half past seven I'll be there."

"If not, don't worry," I said. "Perhaps we'll meet in some museum."

We shook hands. I went in one direction, she in another. I looked at my watch. If I hurried, though I had missed the bus, I could still make the ferry with a taxi. I felt buoyant after the lucky encounter. In the village, a chartered bus was about to leave for Itea. It took me there free of charge. I am travelling hand in hand with luck, I thought, getting to the ferry just in time.

WE landed in Aiyion after sunset. From there, back in my car, I drove toward Athens in the moonlight. It was a Sunday, and there was music in many of the cafés along the way, especially near Corinth.

In one of them, as I went by, I saw a woman dancing. Another, so beautiful I stopped, was sitting, very composedly, with the orchestra. Wavy black hair framed her face and neck. I turned round and parked the car. The café was unenclosed and modest. Around the platform on which the girl was dancing there were a dozen tables. A big woman—the owner—brought me a pint of beer. The girl in the orchestra was singing now, her voice blending with the wailing, penetrating, slightly Oriental music. The music, the dancing, and the singing affected a drunken

old man so that he rose and began dancing, too. He didn't move around as the girl did, but stamped his feet and pivoted and jerked. The audience laughed. The owner half-heartedly and unsuccessfully tried to get him out. The girl floated around the platform with the music. She danced as in a waltz, covering much ground, or pirouetting, and then her skirt would lift.

I went on, past ancient Corinth, its acropolis looming in the distance, past modern Corinth, and over a bridge. Below it, at a depth that made me start, I saw the canal connecting the Gulf of Corinth with the Aegean. Soon the sea was on my right, and so calm it seemed a mirror for the moon.

I arrived in Athens at about two o'clock. Except for cars speeding through the night, the city was deserted. From time to time, a sudden opening revealed the Acropolis, bathed in moonlight.

My brother had told me of a hotel, and so had *she*. "I'll be bold, and go to her hotel," I said. Everything connected with her had charm, I thought, and I drove there. I stopped beside it. It was in a central, run-down, unpretentious street, and seemed itself quite unpretentious, well within my means. But what if I meet her, I thought. She might not like to meet me quite so soon after I left her. Unwillingly, I went on and looked for the hotel my brother had told me about. I drove down the street it was on three times before I found it, and then I told myself, "Go to the other." On I went. A moment later, I heard a well-known noise and felt the car losing its traction.

I had expected it to happen, but not quite so soon. The other coupling had lasted me much longer. Was this one made of tin? I pushed the car near the curb and left it, then walked to the hotel I had just seen, one block away. There I was given an ugly ground-floor room on a courtyard. One sheet wasn't fresh. In vain I asked for a clean one. Too tired to look for another hotel, I went to bed, half dressed.

Early in the morning, I was awakened by noises in the courtyard. I left the room and changed the coupling. By now I had become expert; it took me no more than thirty minutes. But this was my last coupling, and if I didn't have the axle changed, I knew that pretty soon I would be hearing that noise again, and then I really would be stuck. I inquired about a garage that might have spare parts for my car—a relatively new and not very common Italian make. A parking attendant told me of one, and I drove there.

The mechanic was a thin, middle-aged Italian. "We'll have to change coupling and axle," he said, to my relief. "There's so much play, soon the teeth won't catch any more. The axle is to blame."

WITHOUT the car, I felt like Mercury. I had begun to feel like Atlas. Carrying a light canvas bag in one hand and a straw basket in the other, I walked to her hotel.

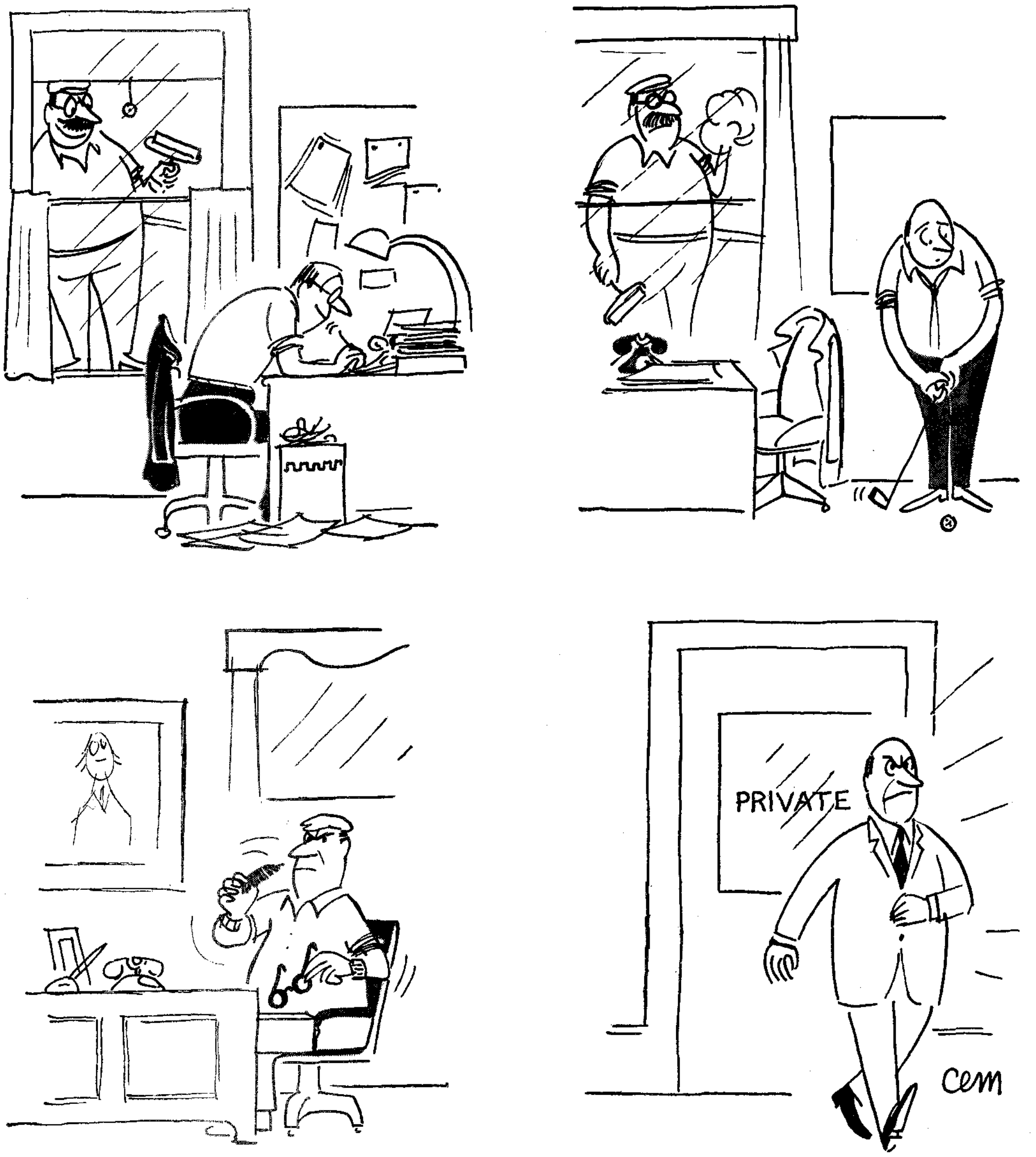
In the daytime, the street looked even more run down than it had the night before. It might have been fashionable once, but now it had a meat market on one side and a fruit market on the other. There was a succession of hardware stores, with masses of tools leaning against or hanging from their open wooden doors. The asphalt of the sidewalks was all cracks, pits, patches, and humps. Could she be in this hotel, I asked myself. I went into the lobby; not much of a lobby—just a narrow hall with on one side a space for the desk and the elevator. "Do you have a room?" I said to the porter, a dark, patient-looking man.

He nodded, then looked me over. "There's one on the top floor that doesn't cost too much," he said, in fairly good English.

I hadn't asked for a cheap room. He made me feel shabbier and poorer than I was. "May I see it?" I said.

We rode up three flights on the elevator, then walked up one to the attic. The room was small, but when he opened the window I saw the Acropolis. "Oh, yes," I said. "I'll take it."

A door next to mine led to a roof terrace with a view of Athens. The enormous city, like a great oasis, stretched almost to the brim of the vast hollow it was in. The brim itself was



formed of bare and barren mountains of white rock, broken to the south by the sea. The Acropolis looked like an elevated island in the center. Overhead was a summer, halcyon sky. I opened my window wide and went to lie on the bed. With the pillow bunched under my head, I could see the Parthenon. But it was time I got a closer view, and I went out.

The street the hotel was on led past ancient ruins to the north slope of the Acropolis. Here I lost my way in pretty little alleys—corridors, really—that sometimes had an exit and sometimes ended up at a doorway. If I looked up, I could see the rocky, wall-like face of the Acropolis, but it seemed inaccessible. I went past a little boy who offered to accompany me. I was too proud to accept, but soon I found myself going past him again, and then he led me, as though I were blind, along a footpath in between people's houses to a narrow road, and soon I joined the road most people take.

Like a castle, the Acropolis had only one access. A path led past the ticket man to a marble stairway and the Propylaea. Through this I reached the rocky ground inside the walls. There was no earth, or dust, or pebbles there—just the bare, smooth rock on which the Parthenon and the Erechtheum rose. For a long time, I sat on the base of the Parthenon, like a tired swimmer who at last has reached his rock. The Caryatids of the Erechtheum stood straight across from me.

Later, I wandered about the Acropolis and went into its museum. I looked at the pleats on Athena's clothes, at the lovely braids hanging down her breast, at the potent goddess smiling down on men. Such a superior smile! Not pleased—amused. Not amiable—enticing. If, reading the "Iliad," I had learned to hate her—she backed all the wrong men—I loved her now.

The next day, at three o'clock, I went to the garage. The mechanic arrived half an hour later. "We couldn't do anything," he said. "We don't have the parts." He didn't think they could be found anywhere in Athens, and getting them from Italy would take several days and was quite complicated because of customs. "The axle was missing a washer," he said. "I put that in. It should be all right now."

I drove disconsolately out of the garage. I went to a few shops where they sold parts. None had what I needed. I called at a machinist's, and, showing him a worn-out coupling, asked if he could make one. He shook his head.

I went to the hotel and asked the porter what, until then, I had not had the heart to ask him—if the girl was registered there.

"No," he said.

"And you have plenty of vacant rooms?"

"Yes," he said.

"Yesterday and the day before, too?"

"Yes."

I went up to my room. At seven-thirty, down in the hall again, I asked him if she had come. She hadn't. I waited a little while, but nobody turned up.

I walked to the slope of the Acropolis where the previous evening I had spent some time looking for an attractive tavern for tonight and had found five or six. Now I chose the nearest one. What did it matter? I thought of her. Perhaps she was in one of the other taverns, having supper with her friends. When she told me she was travelling with a friend, she immediately had lost a little of her charm. To be utterly charming, girls must travel alone.

IN the morning, after a visit to the National Archaeological Museum, I went to another store where they sold parts for motorcars, but without success. I didn't want to think any more about the car. After all, it ran. Perhaps the washer the mechanic had put in would work magic.

There was one place that I particularly wanted to see—Cape Sounion; Poseidon's temple was there. Its very position on the map, at the tip of Attica, made it attractive. The road, too, seemed very inviting—the thick red line was as close to the blue of the sea as any I had ever seen. I told myself I had practically come to Greece to go to

Sounion. I couldn't resist taking a chance and driving there.

The road skirted the cliffs. I was so close to the sea it seemed almost like sailing. The asphalt was as smooth as in America. I had a strong tail wind. I got there. I parked the car at the end of the road, halfway up the cliff from whose top the temple dominates the sea. I opened the door. The wind swung it back with such might it damaged the body. Out at sea, a yacht was doubling the Cape. It had only a small sail unfurled, but it was speeding. I climbed up to the temple. It was so solid it had been there for twenty-four centuries. It looked so light it seemed a wonder today's wind had not blown it away.

Two-thirds of the way back to Athens, I heard that noise again. Slowly, the car came to a stop, in the open country this time—like Rome, Athens has few neighbors, and none of any size; there were only a few small groups of houses on this road. From time to time, a car rushed past at a great speed. I began walking back to the last houses I had seen, about a mile away. There was a little store—a kiosk. If I put silver foil between the axle and the coupling, I thought, there would be some friction and the teeth might catch, worn though they were. I bought a chocolate bar, and saved the foil.

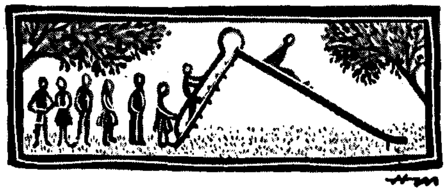
About an hour later, I was ready to start. "Gently, gently," I told myself. The car moved. Driving very slowly, shifting gears with utmost care, I reached the top of the next hill and coasted down. But then the noise came again. I stopped. I'll put some bits of wire where I put foil, I thought, and with the wrench began to unscrew the bolts again. It wasn't easy work. My wrist was aching, and I changed hands often. I disconnected the coupling. The silver foil was in shreds.

From a nearby house, a big, burly man with a mustache, in a T shirt, came to watch. I tied three loops of wire around the coupling, then tried to slip it back onto the axle, but it would only go part of the way on. I pounded on it, but it was no use. The man told me to take the wheel off. I shook my head. "No need of that," I said. But he insisted. I could see he was eager to work on it himself. "All right," I said, "if you want to."

He took the wheel off. He was quite right; with the wheel off, there was more room to work in. He started hammering the coupling on. He'll break something, I thought, but I didn't interfere. The coupling wouldn't go all the way in over the axle. He called his wife and spoke to her. She brought him a small carpet. He spread this under the car, and lay on it. He looked just like a mechanic, and I have an idea he was one, because finally the coupling fell into place. He put the wheel back on, then screwed the bolts in and tightened them. Again the car was ready to start.

"*Sigá, sigá*," he said.

I laughed. It moved. I stopped, got out, and thanked him. I wanted to give him twenty drachmas, but he wouldn't accept them. I had to grab his hand and close it around the money.



Gently, I departed, amid waves of goodbye. Driving slowly, I reached Athens. There I stopped in a store that sold mechanical equipment and got the address of a garage that might be able to help me. As I was driving to it, in the middle of a street near the hotel, my bits of wire gave way and I heard the noise again. I pushed the car out of the traffic, to the sidewalk. Then, feeling haggard and defeated, I went up to my room. But I couldn't rest. Out I went again, and pushed the car forward toward a square where I hoped to find a taxi that might tow me to a garage. Three little boys saw me and helped. With them pushing, the car seemed to be flying. In a moment we reached the square. There a taxi-driver with a rope towed me through heavy traffic to the garage.

A soft-spoken Greek ran it. He spoke Italian. He said he had an axle but no coupling. If I wanted, he would have a new one made, he said. Handmade parts were very expensive, he added. It would cost about fifteen dollars.

"All right," I said.

The car, he said, might be ready the day after tomorrow—not before.

VISION

I

Two hummingbirds as evanescent as
Themselves
Startled me at my study window
As sea bells

Heard slipping through the fog,
Or yells
Of children down the block.

Phenomena,
Prolegomena,
They were

So sensitively sent
Beyond my pane,
Seen through it,

I thought the hummingbirds were angels
In a world of morning
And flowers
Soon invisible.

II

Again they come
Two hummingbirds,

But my eye,
Prejudiced to angelic vision,

Saw them not as brown,
Which they were, brown machines;

They riffle and rifle the flowers,
Sense-drenched in September;

Sense-drenched I exult
In their lithe bodices—

Where will they go, above
The frail duration of a flower,

Powerful in frailty,
Come October, come November?

III

The hummingbirds of hope!
Hope they are of all
That is exquisite and beautiful,

Small, round, and smooth,
Burke's three categories for the beautiful,
Held in an instant

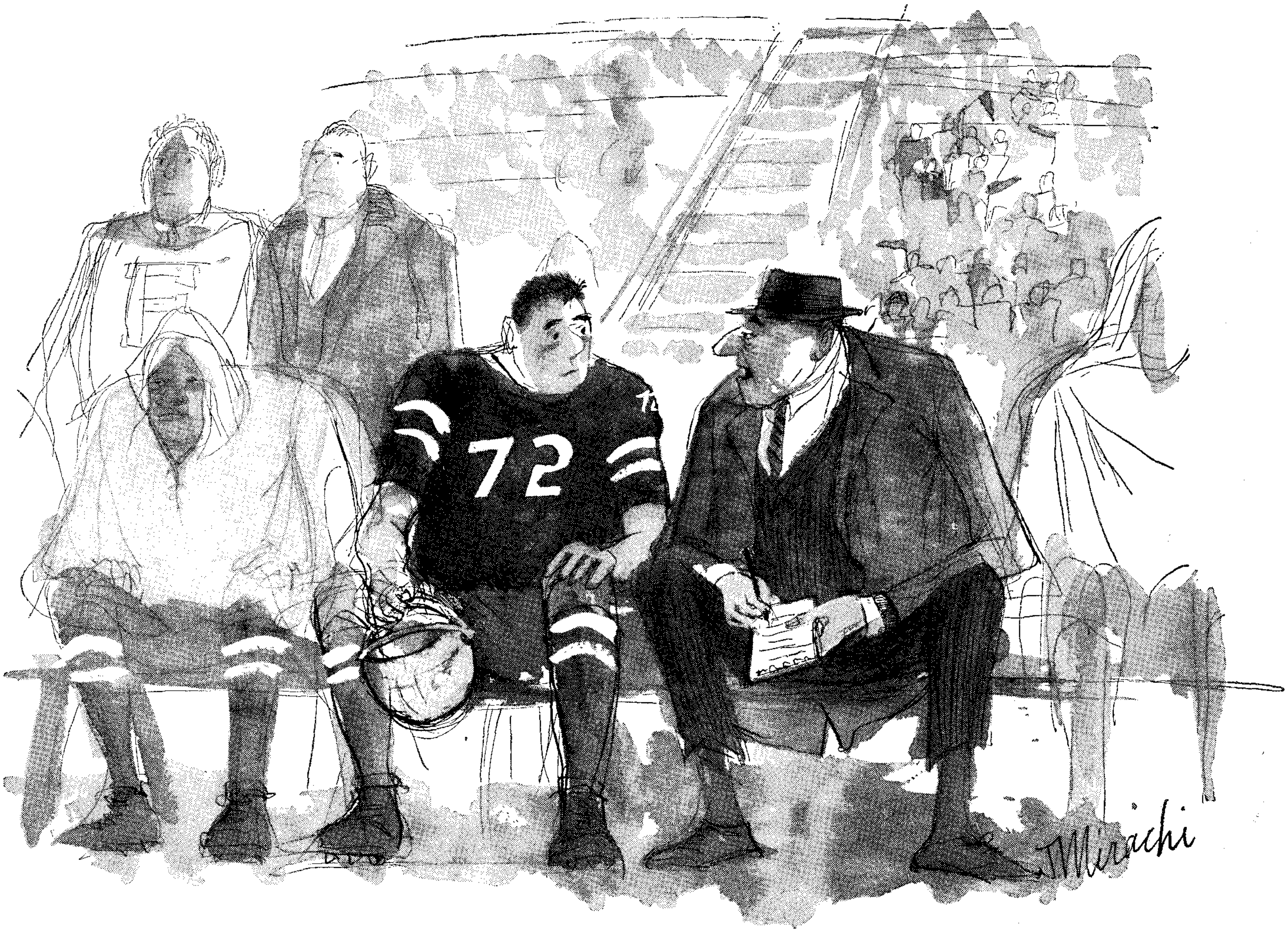
Before the eye which triumphs
In realization and sings
Insistence all through the being

Of the rich delight of this seeing,
Sings of purity and power,
And hope that is highest

When visions of the earth
Like intuitions before birth
Sing, sing with the hummingbirds.

—Richard Eberhart

• •



"All right, Wilenski. Go in there and make me tear up this suicide note."

• •

"All right," I said again, "I'll phone you," and left. It was dark now, almost nine o'clock. I went into the first cheap restaurant I saw.

I have a nice room in one of the most beautiful cities of the world, I thought. "Absolutely no need to be depressed," I said to myself—always a depressing thing to say.

THERE were still many ancient things I hadn't seen, and I spent the next two days seeing them. I telephoned the garage the second day. The mechanic sounded tired. "Yesterday I had to look all over Athens for a machinist who would make the coupling," he said.

"Did you find one?"

"I found one. He's making it today. You still want to change the axle?"

"Yes, of course. I thought you'd done it."

"No use doing it till I get the coupling," he said. "Changing the axle is a big job in your car."

"I know, but I've got to have it changed or I'll get stuck again."

"All right."

"I'll phone tomorrow."

I had come from Italy with two hundred dollars, planning to spend three days in Athens, ten in Greece. I had a hundred left. With pencil and paper, I tried to figure out if that would be sufficient. Just about, I concluded. I also had a checkbook, but the checks were negotiable only in Italy. I thought of Mycenae, Epidaurus, Bassae, Aegina, Killíni, and all the other places I would have to miss. Corinth I would be able to see only because that was on my way back to Patras and the ship.

I passed that afternoon on the Acropolis, the evening in my room and on the terrace. On the terrace, besides the view, there were two modern sculptures made of wire netting and iron rods. One was of a man in the shape of a chair, with drooping head and arms, looking very tired, the other of a shaggy faun crouching and playing a pipe. Two English girls had done them in the spring and left them there. For lunch and dinner I went to the cheapest restaurant I could find, and I ate only rice and tomatoes.

The next day, instead of phoning, I went to the garage. The car was over an opening in the floor, and parts of the engine were strewn around it. It had a dismal and dismantled look.

"A good thing you came," the man said, looking rather sad. "We are in trouble. I took the gearbox apart to change the axle, but the one I have won't fit. It's an inch longer. Yours is a 1959 model. This axle is a '61."

I brought my hand to my forehead.

He looked perplexed himself. "If you want a new axle," he said, "we'll have to have that made, too."

"Well, I want one."

"It'll cost you about twenty dollars more."

"All right," I said, very quietly. "Do you think the car will be ready by tomorrow?"

I don't have enough money to get back, I thought, leaving the garage. I took my checks to a bank. The clerk shook his head. "Italy and Greece don't belong to the same monetary area," he said.

"You mean lire aren't like dollars."

"Something like that."

I bought a loaf of bread at a bakery,

a few tomatoes at the fruit market, and had lunch on the terrace.

In the afternoon, I went to the Acropolis again, though it cost ten drachmas to get in, and sat on the side of the Parthenon, on the spot that had become a favorite of mine. Sitting there, I could forget the coupling, the axle, the money, and the car. I could forget her . . . and her . . . and her. I could forget myself, I thought, if only I wanted to. But I didn't, really. I looked at my watch and noticed that it wasn't going. I shook it, but it wouldn't start again. Time has stopped, I thought.

When I rose, I felt a stitch in my left side. I rested awhile. The pain wouldn't go. Appendicitis? God, I thought, this trip is turning into a nightmare. Slowly, the pain still in my side, I walked back to the hotel. In my room, I tried to read a book. I found it very dull, almost unreadable, though I knew it to be good. I had something to eat, and then I fell asleep.

I went to the garage in the morning. The man said the car would be ready the next day. But I hadn't really come to get the car. In the trunk I had a medical kit. I brought it back to the hotel. There I swallowed most of the antibiotics I had. The pain disappeared a few hours later.

The next day, the car was ready—I could tell from the smile on the mechanic's face. The bill was bigger than I expected. But he wasn't fierce about money, and he brought it down a bit. Not enough to make much difference for me, though. I paid, shook hands with him, and drove out, knowing I didn't have enough money to return to Italy. I only had enough to pay for the hotel and a little more—not enough to buy the ferry ticket. I'd better wire home for money, I thought. But then I might have to wait and wait and wait, and it might never come.

Suddenly I remembered the German boy I had picked up and the gesture he had made with his right index finger on his left forearm. I would give some blood. I had given blood before, though not for money, in Canada, to the Red Cross, during the war.

I drove to the American Express. I didn't dare ask them where I could sell my blood. I asked instead for the address of the main student hostel. A very efficient Greek girl wrote it down for me, then showed it to me on a map. I drove there. It was a modern white building on a square. I hesitated a moment in the doorway. A janitor told me not to stand there. I felt like a student again. I went over to the information desk. They knew, all right. They answered immediately, as though it were the most natural question one could ask. The address they gave me was that of a private clinic.

It was a long way from the center of town, almost in the outskirts, fairly high. There was a gate and a garden and a big glass-fronted building. Nuns ran it. A nun was sitting at the reception desk. She pointed to a corridor and told me to go in at a door that said "Laboratory." There a small nun with a tiny voice asked me, in English, what illnesses I had had. Then she told me to lie down on a high, hard, and narrow cot. A woman doctor came. I bared my arm. The nun swabbed it. I felt the needle.

"Now relax," the doctor said in English with an Irish accent. "Close and open your fist," she said again and again.

"All right," she said, a few minutes later. "Get up slowly now."

I sat up, and fainted. I remember dropping, and strange, soft, feathery sensations, as though I were being wafted by the current of a stream and fronds of weeping willows were brushing my forehead.

I was awakened by a prick on my shoulder—an injection. I was on the cot. There were three nuns around me, and the doctor.

"Well, you fainted," the doctor said, "but you are all right now." She smiled. "Who are the French girls of Killíni?"

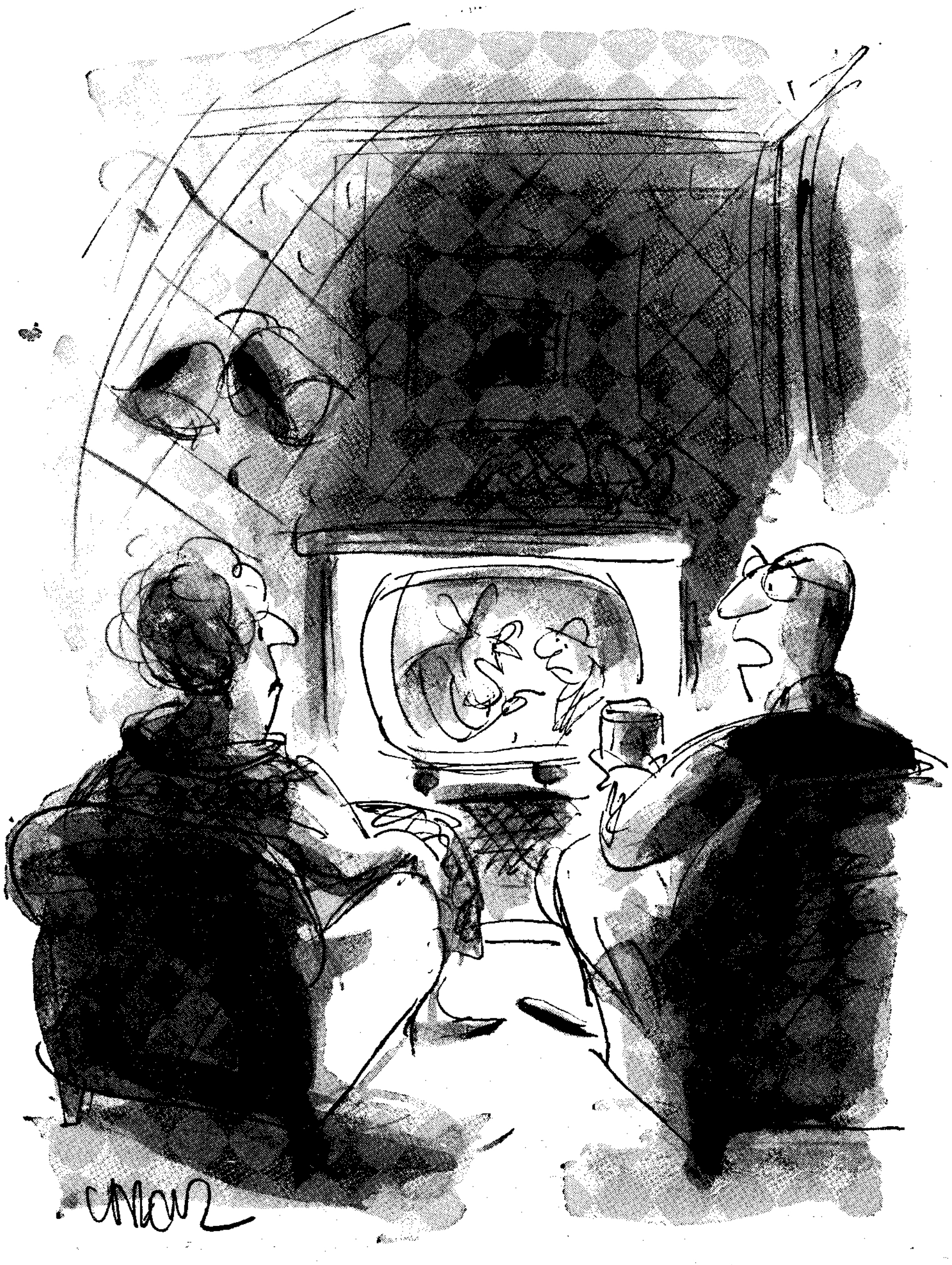
"Oh," I said, "did I—"

"That's what you said."

The nuns were all smiling. "Drink this," one of them said, handing me a glass of chocolate milk. "Stay still for fifteen minutes. Then go to the cashier—"

"Then eat a steak," the doctor said, "and don't come here again."

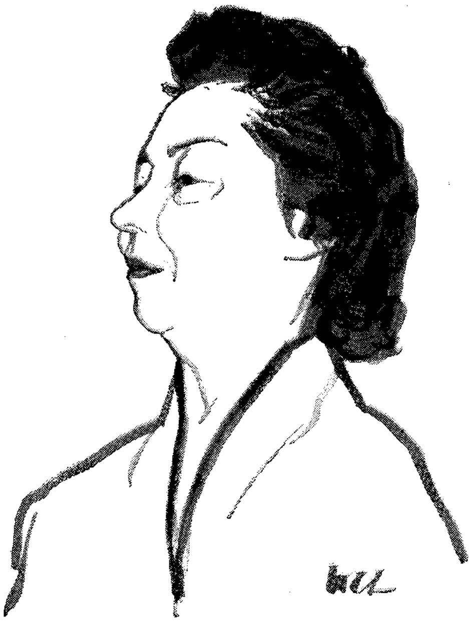
—Arturo Vivante



"Maybe you're not capable of a willing suspension of disbelief."

PROFILES

HORS CONCOURS



Mme. Marie-Louise Point

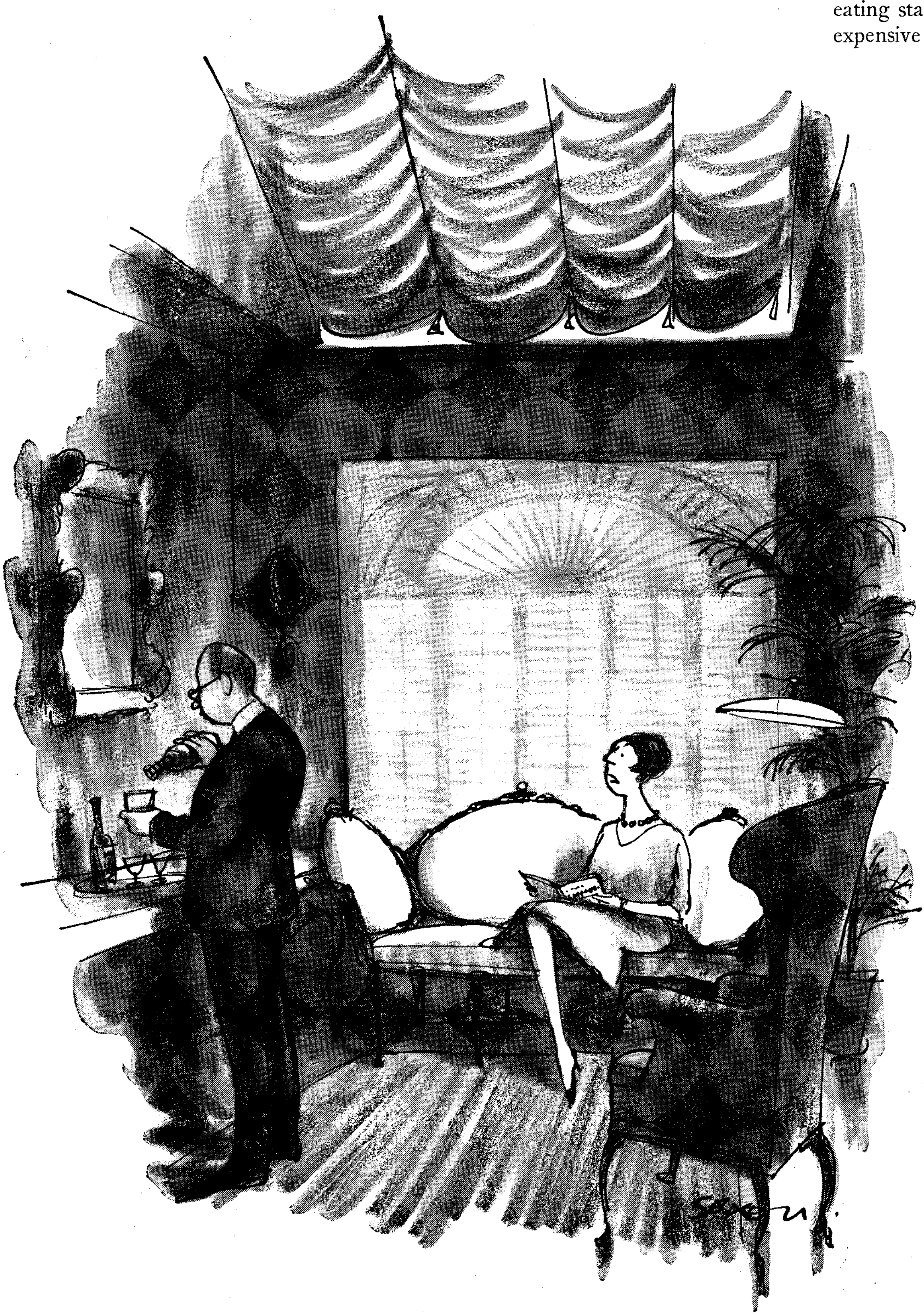
BY and large, Anglo-Saxons regard gastronomy with suspicion. To descendants of the Puritans it is all but inconceivable that a man should spend hours talking about the great meal he plans to have, enjoying the meal, and then talking about how wonderful it was. In fact, while there is still hunger in the world, the mere notion of a great meal gives many people a feeling of actual guilt. By and large, the French are different. It is no longer true, as it once was, that large numbers of Frenchmen live to eat. The younger people have learned that to eat well means to eat wisely, and the sensible American eating habits, with their emphasis on fruit juice, salads, and grilled meat, have been widely accepted, along with some practices that may not enhance gastronomy, such as deep freezing. However, if most Frenchmen today eat less than their fathers and grandfathers did, almost every Frenchman will nevertheless still go on a culinary spree once in a while, and have that great meal—and he will talk about it for weeks afterward, too. In France, food and wine are still major topics of conversation, and gastronomy is still seriously respected.

"Gastronomy," writes Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin in "The Physiology of Taste," the classic work on the subject, "is the intelligent knowledge of whatever concerns man's nourishment." According to him, it is closely bound up not only with cookery ("because of the art of adapting dishes and making them pleasant to the taste") but with natural history, physics, and chemistry (because of, respectively, "its classification of alimentary substances," "its investigation into their composition and properties," and "the different forms of analysis and decomposition that it makes them undergo"); with business and political economy ("because of the sources of revenue that gastronomy creates and the means of exchange that it establishes between nations"); and even with politics (because "meals have become means of governing, and the fate of whole peoples is decided at a banquet"). One of the greatest French practitioners of political gastronomy was Charles Maurice de Talleyrand, Minister of Foreign Affairs to Louis XVIII. Prior to his departure for the Congress of Vienna, he told the King, "Sire, I have more need of casseroles than of written instructions," and the King, a true gastronome, nodded understandingly. With the help of Antonin Carême, his celebrated chef, Talleyrand often achieved at the dinner table what he failed to accomplish at the conference table. Anatole France quotes Carême as having said, "The fine arts are five in number, to wit: painting, sculpture, poetry, music, architecture—whose main branch is confectionery," and, indeed, Carême, who had studied classical architecture, made regular blueprints for his enormous galantines, *pièces montées*, and fruit baskets. He was not alone in his exalted opinion of his métier. In France, cooking has always been considered an art—"the most indispensable art," as someone called it. Carême once wrote about an anonymous "gastronomic painter" (presumably, the man knew less about gastronomy than about painting, or Carême would have called him a "painting gastronome") who pointed out that art critics used culinary terms in discussing painting—"*cuisine*," "*couleurs*," "*pâte savoureuse*," "*jus*," "*tons crus*," even "*rissolés*." To Carême, it seemed natural enough that a French art critic should recognize the close affinity between the art of cooking and the *beaux-arts*. Brillat-Savarin, who worked thirty years on his masterpiece, calls cooking "the oldest of arts [and] the one that has done most to advance civilization, for the needs of the kitchen were what first taught us to use fire, and it is by fire that man has tamed Nature herself."

The Greeks had more than a word for the art of cooking. Homer, in the ninth book of the Iliad, describes how Achilles entertained Patroclus, Ulysses, Ajax, and Phoenix in his tent with what Brillat-Savarin describes as "a heroic feast of bread, wine, and roast meat." The Greeks were the first people to have a literature of gastronomy (Plato, Athenaeus, and others made references to cooking), and most French students of the subject have recognized the historical significance of Greek cooking, but latter-day French critics doubt whether the Athenians ever knew great cooking in the French sense of the term. (In France, "great cooking" is entirely distinct from mere "cooking," and even from "good cooking.") There is also some doubt in France about the quality of the cooking of the ancient Romans. Brillat-Savarin speaks well of the Romans, "who put the whole world to gastronomical use . . . [bringing] guinea fowl and truffles from Africa, rabbits from Spain, and pheasants from Greece . . . the apricot from Armenia, the peach from Persia, the quince from Sidon, the raspberry from the deep slopes of Mount Ida, and the cherry, one of Lucullus' spoils, from the kingdom of Pontus." But supplies alone won't make a great meal. The markets of London compare favorably with those of old Rome, but they are rarely put to gastronomical use. Carême, who made a very thorough study of Roman cooking (he drew on such sources as Pliny the Elder, Apicius, and Petronius), wrote that it was "fundamentally heavy and without refinement." Carême himself was hardly a practitioner of what one would call light cooking. Preparing fifty-odd rich entrées for a dinner party of Talleyrand's meant nothing to him. We still have the formidable menu of an unforgettable lunch Carême prepared one day in 1817 for forty guests—three large, closely printed pages, with a hundred and twenty-four different dishes, almost all of them opulent and some quite spectacular. Nowhere in the works of prominent French authors on gastronomy and the culinary art is there any mention of China, where great cooking—though not in the French style—was known even before Homer wrote his Iliad. Doubtless the Chinese did for the culinary art in the East what the French did for it in the West. But great Chinese cooking is now a thing of the past, and French gastronomes, who know more about the subject than the experts of any other nation, acknowledge only one form of great cooking today—the French.

Cuisine has always been the most French of all arts, and Carême, like Brillat-Savarin, believed it to be also the oldest of the arts. Carême, who lived from 1784 to 1833, is looked upon as the founder of *la grande cuisine*, which means classic French cooking in the great style. *La grande cuisine* was further developed by the great Auguste Escoffier (1847-1935), who is unforgotten as "*le Roi des Cuisiniers et le Cuisinier des Rois;*" it was modernized by Prosper Montagné, who is remembered as the author of the "Larousse Gastronomique," an encyclopedic cookbook; and it was ultimately refined and perfected by Fernand Point (1897-1955), who was acknowledged as "*le Roi*" by his peers, the great chefs of France. French cuisine, which has always skillfully utilized the resources of all countries without being influenced by any other country's cooking, has itself had a lasting influence on the cooking and eating habits of all other countries. In fact, all over the world French cooking has become synonymous with good cooking. In France, moreover, the philosophy of good eating is regarded as an abstract science, and good cooking a major art, not only by a minority of connoisseurs, as is true elsewhere, but by the population at large. A nation's eating standards are set not by its most expensive restaurants but by the quality of its home cooking, and French girls are still brought up in the tradition of their *grand'mères*, who wouldn't have dared marry without knowing how to make a good *omelette aux fines herbes* (not easy, because it must be made within a few seconds). The French workingman loves his *bifteck* and *frites* as ardently as French epicures between the wars esteemed Fernand Point's *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*. France is the only country on earth that has a whole flock of institutes devoted to the serious study of food and wine, with no commercial strings attached—an Académie des Gastronomes, for instance, and an Académie du Vin de France. The nation not only produces a different cheese for every day of the year—more, in fact, since there are now over four hundred different cheeses in France—but also has *maîtres fromagers* and *officiers de bouche du taste-fromage*. In France, the great chefs have never been considered servants—not even exalted servants—as they have always been in other countries (with the exception of ancient Greece and Rome, where they were men of some importance); rather, they have been considered artists, on a level with the country's great musicians, painters, and writers, and a good cut above politicians, generals, and millionaires.

Gastronomy is not only a respected avocation in France but sometimes a



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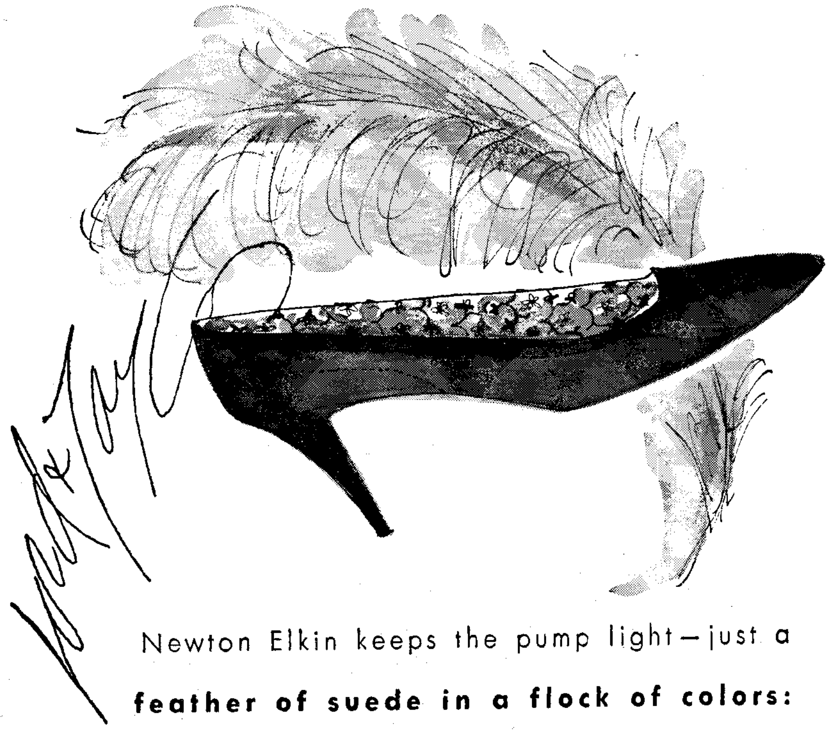

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full-time profession. Members of gastronomic groups are men of knowledge and experience who pursue their pleasurable researches with dedication, and who carefully avoid the spotlight, because for them great eating is a matter of art for art's sake. (The famous eating circles of the past, such as Les Grands Estomacs, that were devoted to Gargantuan opulence have been succeeded by fastidious connoisseurs, such as the Club des Cent, an exclusive gathering of a hundred men, who consider themselves the supreme arbiters of French gastronomy. A great many enthusiastic eaters who have tried to get into either the Club des Cent or its offshoot, the Club des Purs Cent, must have been snubbed, since there exists for gastronomes a Club des Sans-Club, with its own yearbook.) Nevertheless, gastronomy receives plenty of public attention in France, where prominent writers who specialize in the subject are widely admired. At one time or another, almost all great French writers have written about the art of good cooking and the joy of good eating, and, by the same token, almost all the classics of gastronomy and the culinary art were written by Frenchmen: Guillaume Tirel, known as Taillevent, was perhaps the first, circa 1380, and after him came La Varenne, Menon, Grimod de la Reynière ("Almanachs des Gourmands," 1803-12), Viard, Beauvilliers, Carême, Brillat-Savarin, Urbain Dubois, Gouffé, Baron Brisse, Philéas Gilbert, Tendret, Montagné, and Escoffier. Only in France could a manufacturer of automobile tires win fame and fortune by publishing, at considerable expense and as a sort of glorified public service, a guidebook on his country's restaurants—the *Guide Michelin*, which is regarded by all authorities as the best work of its kind on earth, being honest, impartial, accurate, and fastidious. The editors of the *Guide* have become the guardians of the national gastronomical conscience.

Almost every Frenchman knows his country's celebrated restaurants, just as an American knows his baseball teams and an Austrian his opera singers. The *Guide Michelin's* annual selection of three-star restaurants is awaited in France with as much suspense as the outcome of the World Series is in the United States. In Vienna, a popular myth notwithstanding, only one inhabitant out of nine has ever attended the State Opera, but even those who have never been near the place consider themselves its co-owners. It is doubtful whether one Frenchman out of

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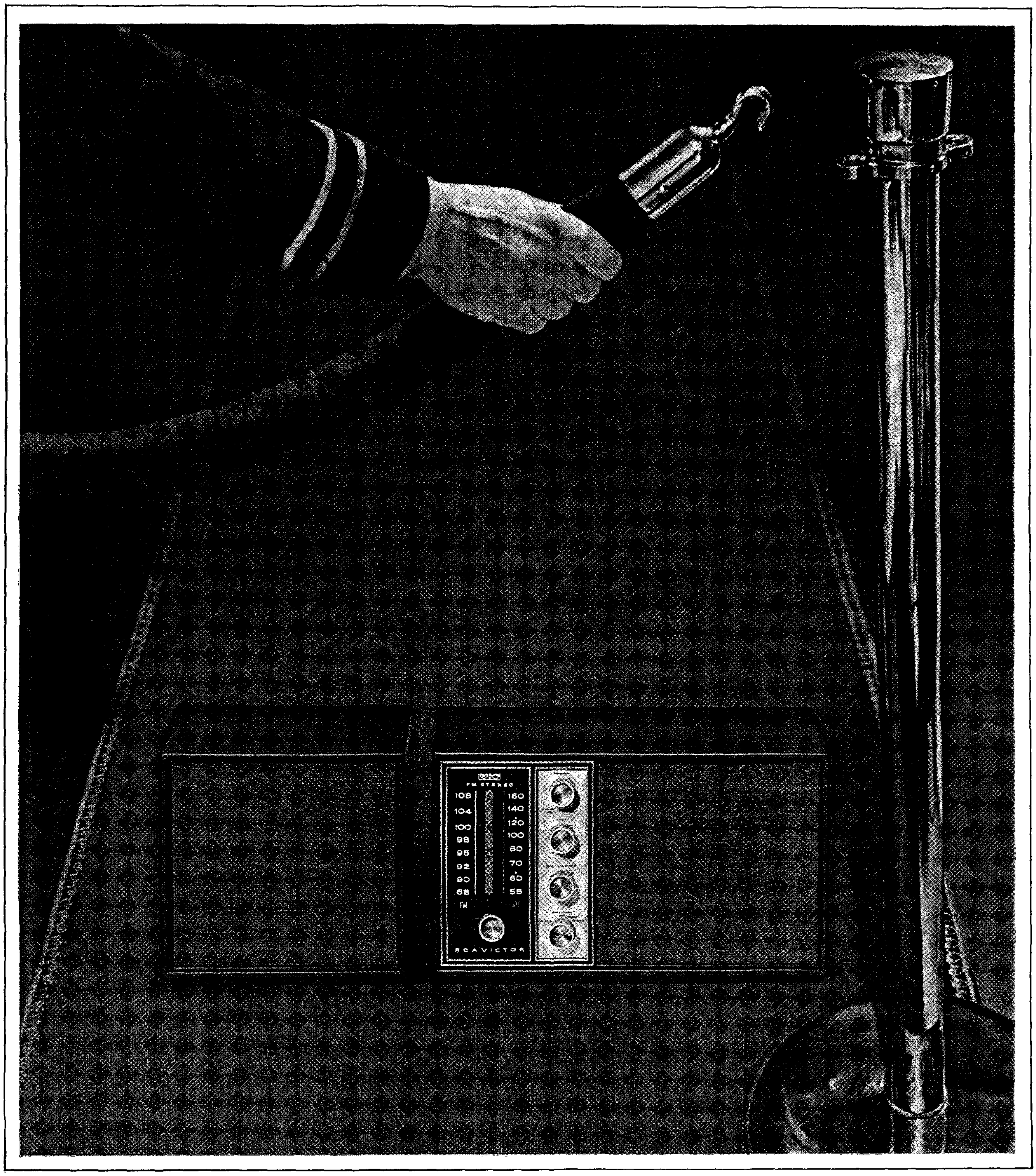

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nine has ever stepped into one of his country's gastronomic shrines, since most Frenchmen cannot afford the meals they offer, but everybody in France is familiar with their names: Fernand Point's Restaurant de la Pyramide, in Vienne; Alexandre Dumaine's Hôtel de la Côte-d'Or, in Saulieu; Lapérouse and Lasserre, in Paris; and so on. The holy temples of *la grande cuisine* belong to the nation just as the Louvre does or the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. Good eating is simply a way of life in France, and the men who provide good food are widely known and deeply revered. Thus, it is common knowledge that twelve restaurants out of the forty to fifty thousand that exist in France (no one knows exactly how many there are at any given moment, because their number is constantly fluctuating) were allowed three stars—the top rating—by the 1963 *Guide Michelin,* and also that the Restaurant de la Pyramide, in the rather dreary town of Vienne, in the Département de l'Isère, seventeen miles south of Lyon, is still considered the greatest of the great temples of French gastronomy.

Full-time gastronomes, epicures of long standing, anonymous *inspecteurs* of the *Guide Michelin,* and even competitors in the restaurant business customarily sigh wistfully at the memory of a meal at the Pyramide. The *Guide Michelin* has never awarded anything less than three stars to the Pyramide, and recently one of its senior editors confided to a friend in a very, very weak moment, "If we should ever contemplate awarding a fourth star to any restaurant—at the risk of starting another French Revolution—the Pyramide would get it." Last December, the respected annual *Guide de l'Auto-Journal,* which now ranks second in importance to the *Michelin* as a restaurant guide, declared of the Pyramide that it "*demeure sans conteste la première table de France.*" In the same issue, the *Auto-Journal's* editor-in-chief, a nationally known gastronome, wrote, after a meal there, "In the euphoria following my *déjeuner* at the Pyramide, I've classified the great restaurants of the world. First: Point's. Second: None. Third: None. Fourth: Select one from among the three other stopovers of my gastronomic pilgrimage." These would be extraordinary tributes under any circumstances, but, as it happens, one circumstance renders them totally unprecedented, and that is that they were paid to a woman—Mme. Marie-Louise (Mado) Point, Fernand Point's widow, who for

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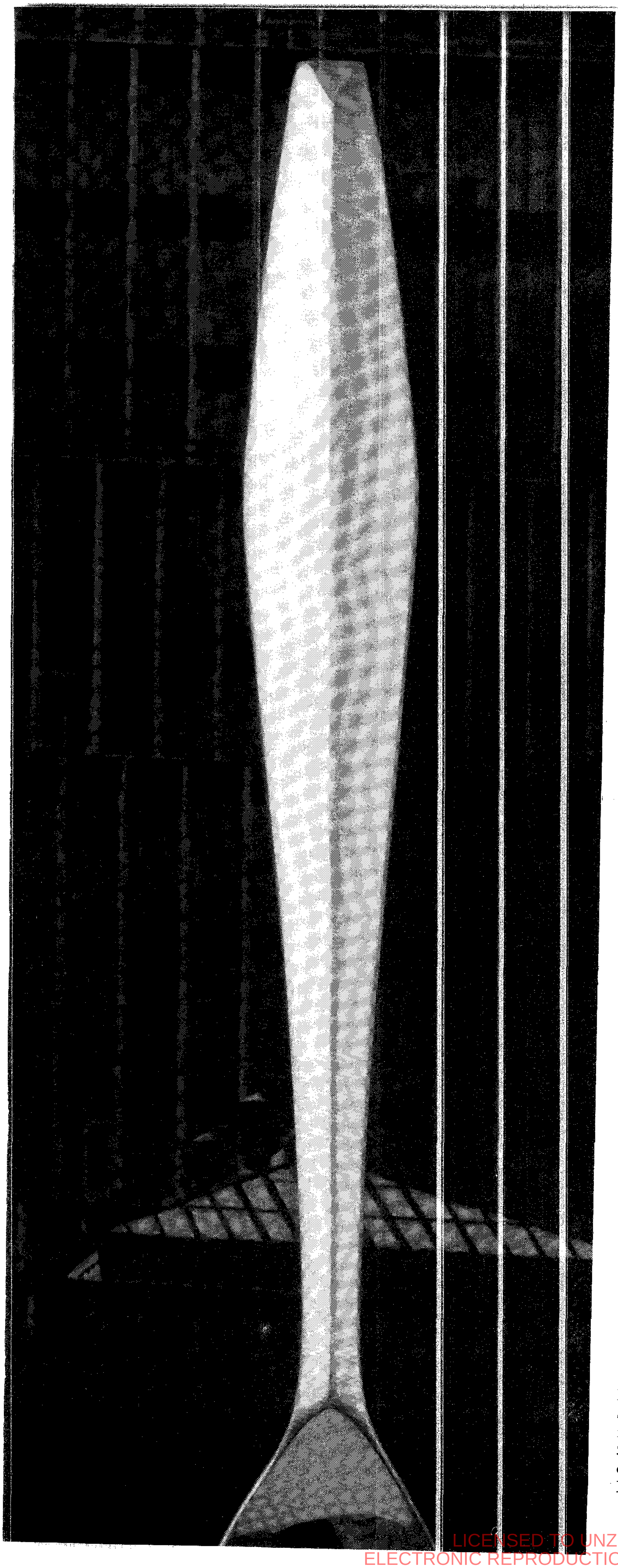

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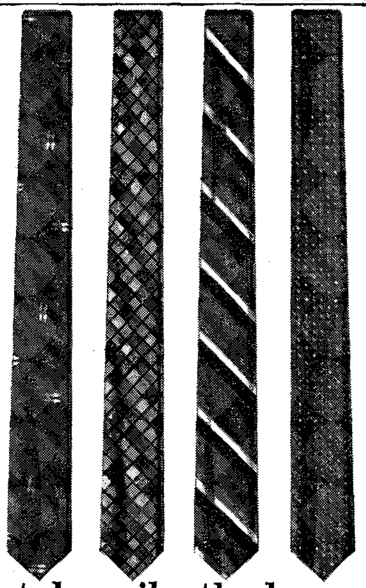

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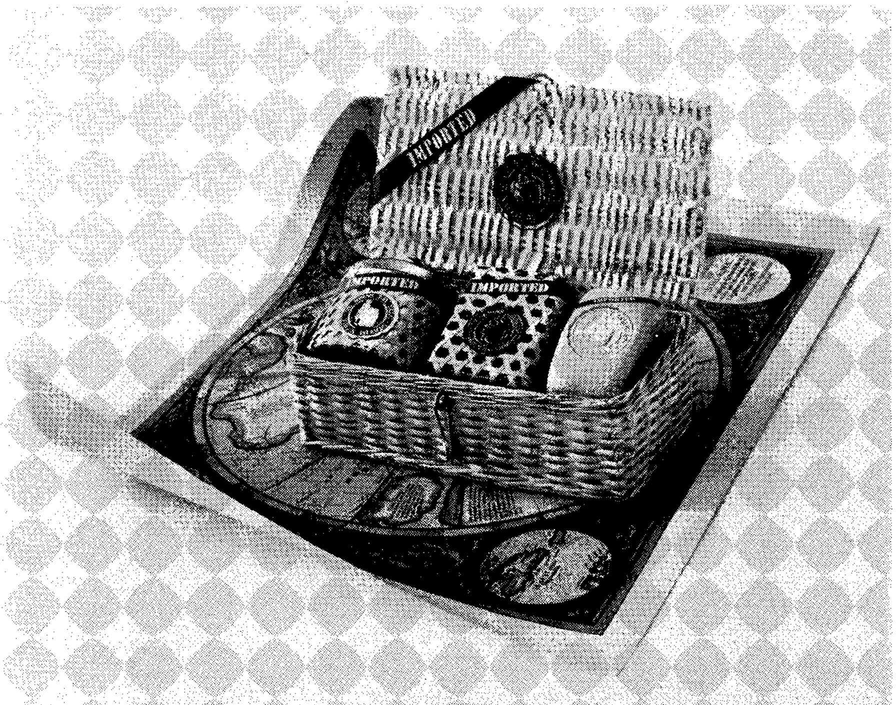

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the past eight years has managed the Pyramide singlehanded.

IN France, *la grande cuisine* has always been regarded as strictly a man's business. Women have their place in the kitchen as long as they practice *bourgeois*, or home, cooking—and no French connoisseur lightly dismisses the value of a woman's home cooking—but where the exalted creations of *la grande cuisine* are concerned, Frenchmen agree with Louis XIV, who liked to have women at his table but preferred men in his kitchen. The celebrated chefs of the past two hundred years have all been men. There have been some well-known women cooks in the last fifty years, particularly in Lyon, the region of culinary momism, where elderly epicures still talk about Mère Guy, Mère Fillioux, and Mère Bejean. But all these mothers practiced very good home cooking rather than *la grande cuisine*. Even Mme. Brazier, whose restaurant, the Mère Brazier, on the Col de la Luère—a hill not far from Lyon—was awarded three stars by the 1963 *Michelin*, has never competed with her famous male colleagues. Instead, she serves her customers, many of them bankers and silk manufacturers from Lyon with a well-developed epicurean mother fixation, the favorite dishes of their youth—*quenelles de brochet* and *poularde demi-deuil*—which she prepares very well indeed.

The art of the restaurateur—as distinct from that of the chef—has also traditionally been practiced by men in France, ever since, according to Brillat-Savarin:

> Around 1770 . . . there finally came along the first intelligent fellow who decided for himself that . . . if he should cut off a fowl wing to please the first comer, there would not fail to be another arrival who would gladly accept the leg; that the carving of a choice slice in the obscurity of the kitchen would not ruin the rest of the joint; that nobody minded a slight increase in cost when he had been served well, and promptly, and properly. . . .

Such a fellow was

> . . . anyone whose business consists in offering to the public a repast which is always ready, and whose dishes are served in set portions at set prices, on the order of those people who wish to eat them.

And

> . . . this intelligent fellow became the first *restaurateur*, and created a profession which is always a successful one if he who practices it possesses sincerity, a sense of order, and skill.

Among the first of these intelligent fellows was a certain Boulanger, who

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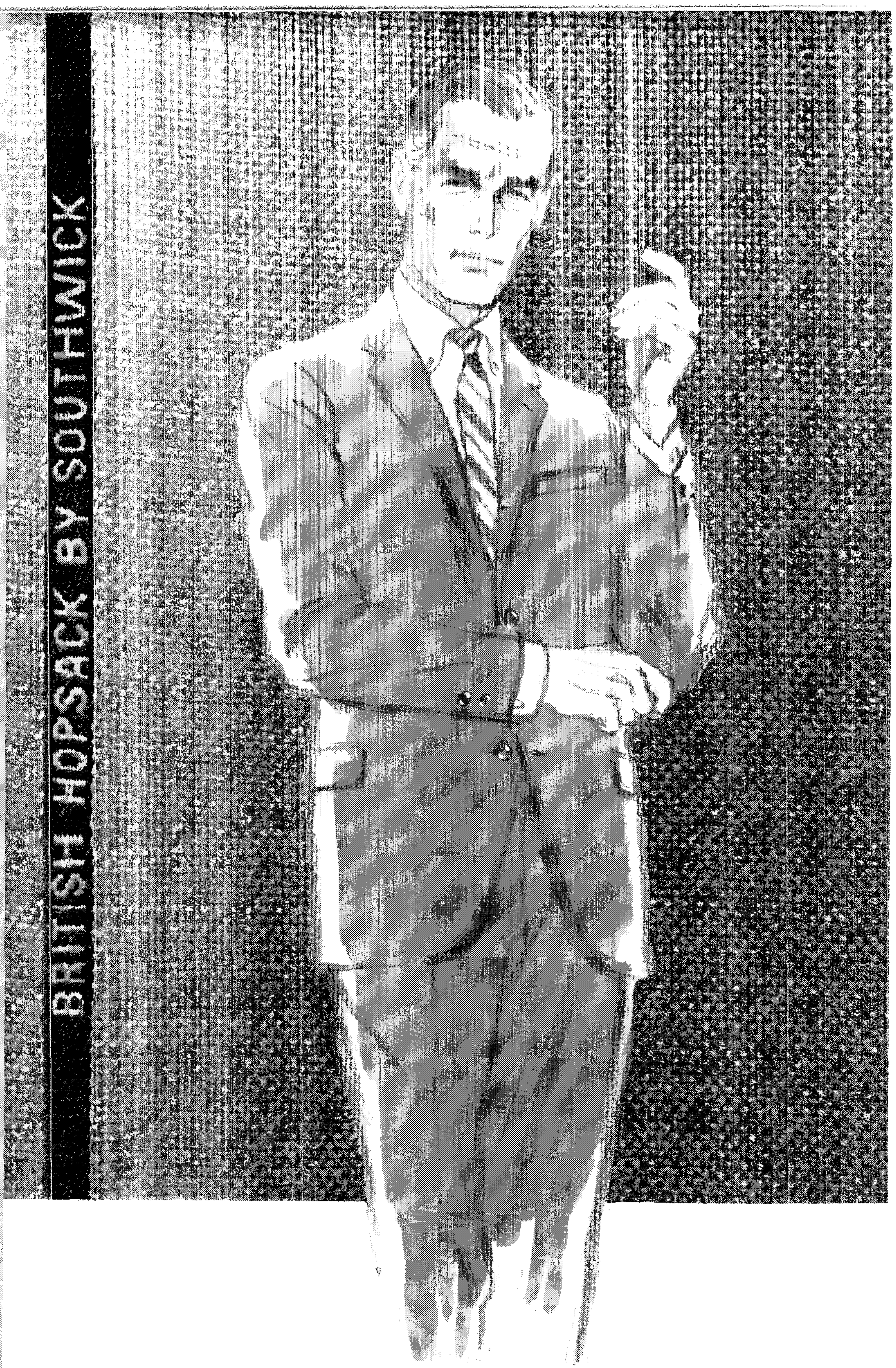

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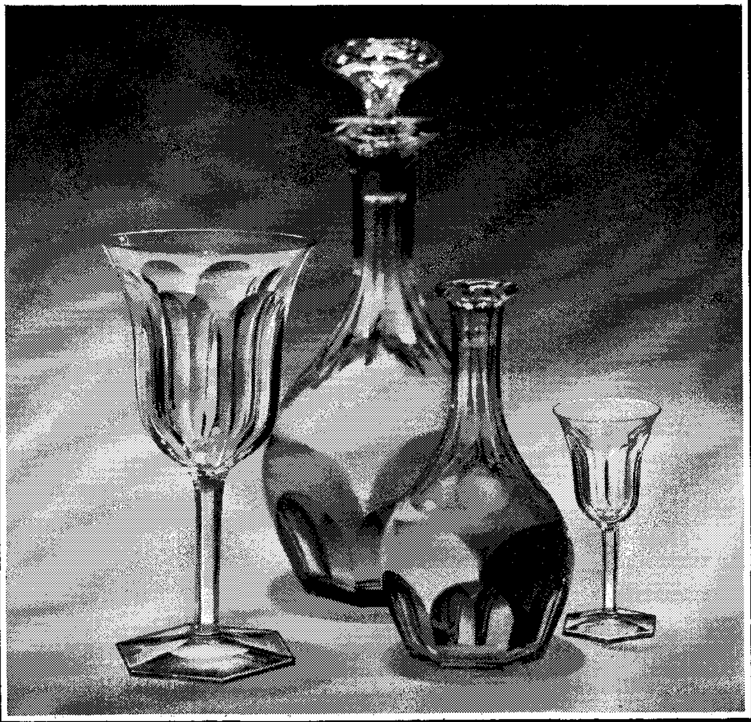

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in 1765 began to sell soups on the Rue Bailleul as "*restaurants*" (i.e., restoratives), hanging out a sign that read, "Boulanger sells magical restoratives." Evidently, he knew his business, and so did the Messrs. Barthélémy, Maneille, and Simon, who in 1786 opened near the Palais-Royal a restaurant that they named Aux Trois Frères Provençaux, though they were neither brothers nor Provençal. Brillat-Savarin praised their cod with garlic. In the early part of the nineteenth century, the Véry brothers offered delicious truffled entrées; a restaurateur named Baleine took great care with his fish dishes; and a certain Henneveu offered both good food and, according to Brillat-Savarin, "mysterious private little rooms on his fourth floor." All of them were men—not one woman among them.

When Fernand Point, the greatest practitioner of *la grande cuisine* in our time, died, at home, in Vienne, on March 4, 1955, Frenchmen everywhere mourned the death not only of a great Frenchman but of a great restaurant; among gastronomes the regretful concensus was that Point's Pyramide was *finie*. Since the French consider cooking an art—partly an imitative art and partly a creative one, though in the past fifty years very few chefs have invented new dishes, most of them having been satisfied with the existing ones—they identify a particular variety of cooking with a certain artist, as they do when they think of painting or composing or violin playing. Moreover, unlike disciples in some of the other branches of art, the pupils of celebrated chefs, who often perform admirably under their masters' guidance, seldom do well when they are on their own; many young and not so young men now call themselves "*élèves de Fernand Point*," but with the exception of Paul Mercier, who was Point's chief disciple and his long-time deputy at the Pyramide, none up to now has become recognized as a great chef. As for a chef's widow, she is in the same position as the widow of a poet or composer; since creating a gastronomic meal is like writing a poem or composing a symphony, she cannot be expected to carry on her husband's work. Fernand Point's genius had created the Pyramide, and, when he died, Frenchmen agreed that while Mme. Point *veuve* might continue the Pyramide for a time, as a reverent tribute to her husband, no restaurant can live on the glory of the past, and sooner or later the end would come.

Yet in the March, 1962, issue of the influential monthly *Cuisine et Vins de*

France, the journalist Michel Lemonnier wrote:

> Fernand Point was a sovereign and at the same time the praiseworthy servant of an art and of a refinement to a degree which certain people perhaps would deem excessive, but in so doing would be signing their own death warrant, since it is clearly in large part also a matter of our entire culture. . . . Mme. Point renders to him the greatest homage possible: she is devotedly attached to the tradition and preserves it in such a manner that *la maison* has remained at the peak of its perfection.
> To describe this *grande maison*, I can accurately speak only of Mme. Point, unobtrusive though she is. Imagine, if you can, the possible fate of such an institution after the loss of the man who had created its grandeur, just imagine how such an establishment might carry on, without allowing itself to be destroyed through lack of confidence, were there no energy sufficient to maintain and continue, in spite of everything, with no decline of standards whatever, the glory of so distinguished a past. That energy, that determination was Mado Point. Fernand Point himself, an honor to his profession and to his country alike, could not fully have achieved his ideal had he not had at his side his wife to support and perfect him.

Fernand Point's peers, the great chefs and restaurateurs of France, agree. Alexandre Dumaine, who until his recent retirement was generally considered to have succeeded to the title of greatest living chef in France, remarked to an acquaintance the other day, "Mme. Point was always her husband's full-fledged partner. Together they developed that special blend of exalted hospitality in which everything is just perfect—the service, the food, the wines, the *ambiance*, the sense of enjoyment before, during, and after the meal. Today the Pyramide is the greatest restaurant in France, as it was a quarter of a century ago, and Mme. Point is incontestably *la grande dame de la gastronomie française*." Claude Terrail, the owner of the celebrated Tour d'Argent, in Paris, recently wrote to a friend:

> Whenever I find myself driving to the Midi, I never fail to stop at the Pyramide. I have for Mme. Point the most lively admiration, for she is the *continuatrice* of the achievement of Fernand Point, who was to me a close friend and the true symbol of *la grande cuisine* and French gastronomy. What a hostess! What a lady she is! And what graciousness!

And Roger Topolinski, who owns Lapérouse, the famous old Left Bank restaurant, observed in conversation not long ago, "During those sumptuous gatherings at the Pyramide, Mme. Point was always on hand to direct the splendid proceedings. And so it came as no surprise to me, after the premature loss

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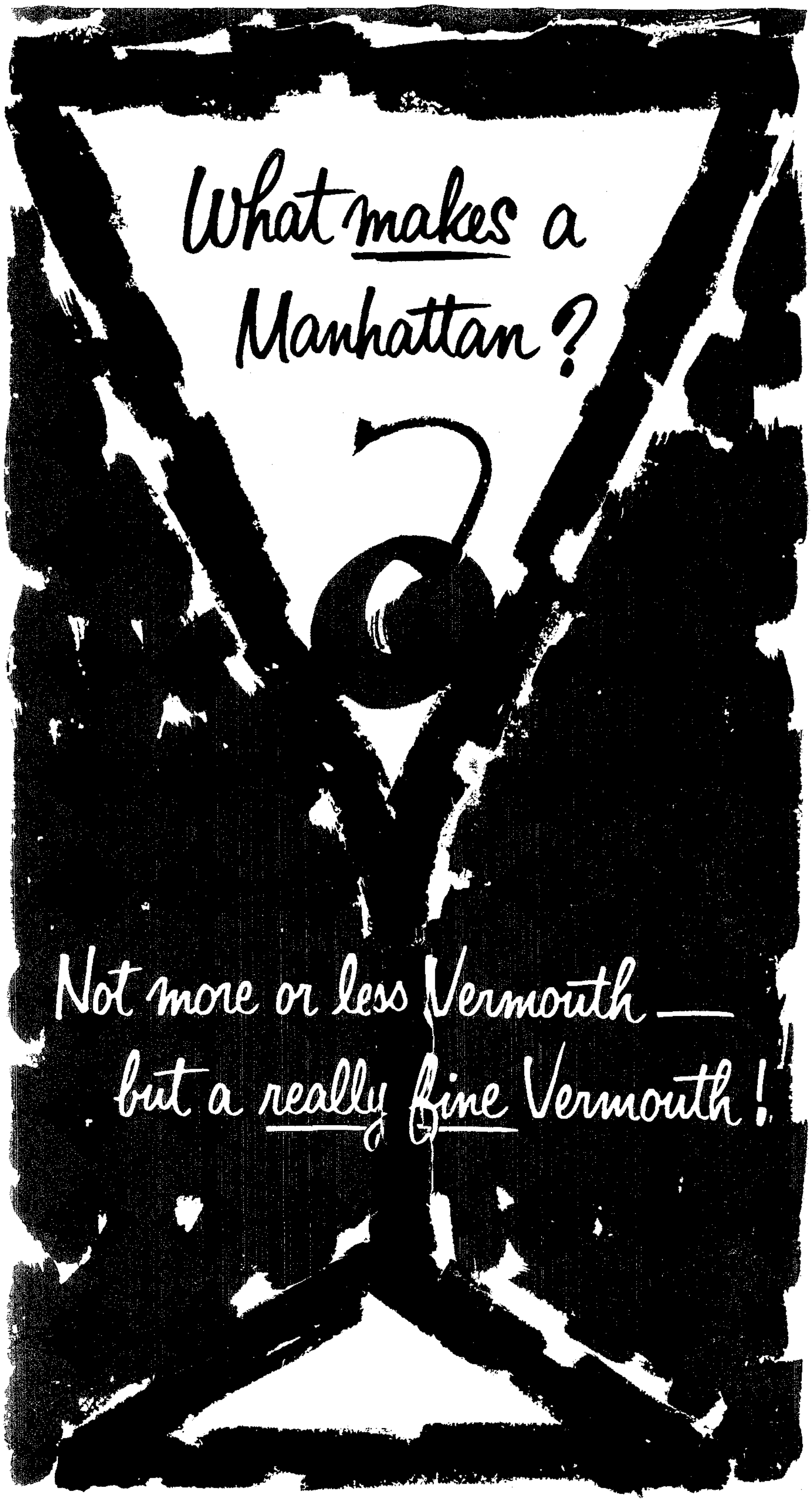
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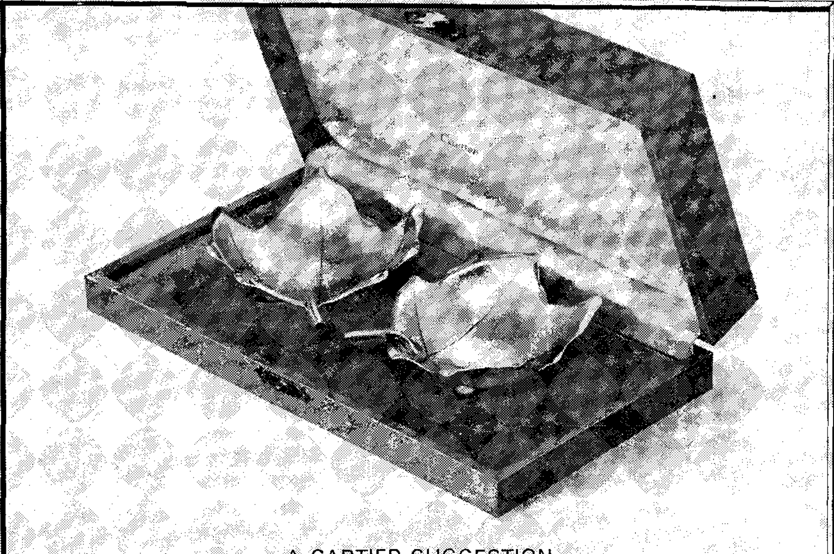

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of the great Fernand Point, that she undertook with a firm hand the direction of the Pyramide. Mme. Point has *la première place* in all France. What greater eulogy than this could one make to her, she who has made good the weightiest of responsibilities? It is with pleasure that one bows before *la grande dame de la restauration française.*"

A similar sentiment was expressed recently by Henri Soulé, the owner of New York's Le Pavillon, who stated, in the third-person style that he shares with another great Frenchman, "Henri Soulé, veteran of *la restauration*, pays homage to Mme. Point for having continued the traditions of the great master, our lamented Fernand Point. I have great admiration for Mme. Point. I salute her genius and her courage."

Some time before Fernand Point's death, his old friend Paul-Louis Couchoud, a physician, philosopher, and writer who was born in Vienne and returned to spend his last years there, told his hosts, at the conclusion of one of those great meals at the Pyramide that Point tried to make "*une petite merveille*," that such a meal should not be paid for with hard cash—it just didn't seem right. Fernand Point ought to place a top hat in the entrance hall, he said, so that the grateful guests could put offerings there before leaving—the women their bracelets and rings, the men their watches and wallets—and then deferentially tiptoe away. Point considered the suggestion in silence for a minute, and then replied, in his slow, musing way, "Yes—and then somebody leaves and takes the top hat along with all the offerings in it."

That Fernand Point had created the gastronomic glory of *la première table de France* was common knowledge in the homeland of *la grande cuisine*, but only those who were friends of the house knew that all along his wife had been "*l'âme de l'affaire*"—that it was Mme. Point's taste and style that gave the greatest epicurean temple this side of Paradise its elegant cachet. Jean Cocteau, who was one such friend of the house, once said, "*Mado Point est très racée.*" In other quarters, it was recognized that she also had a sound sense of economics. Fernand Point always acknowledged the important role that his wife performed in the running of the Pyramide. They complemented one another ideally. No major decisions were made until after Fernand had talked it over "*avec ma petite femme.*" They discussed everything together, from old clarets to new china.

Mme. Point was the first person to

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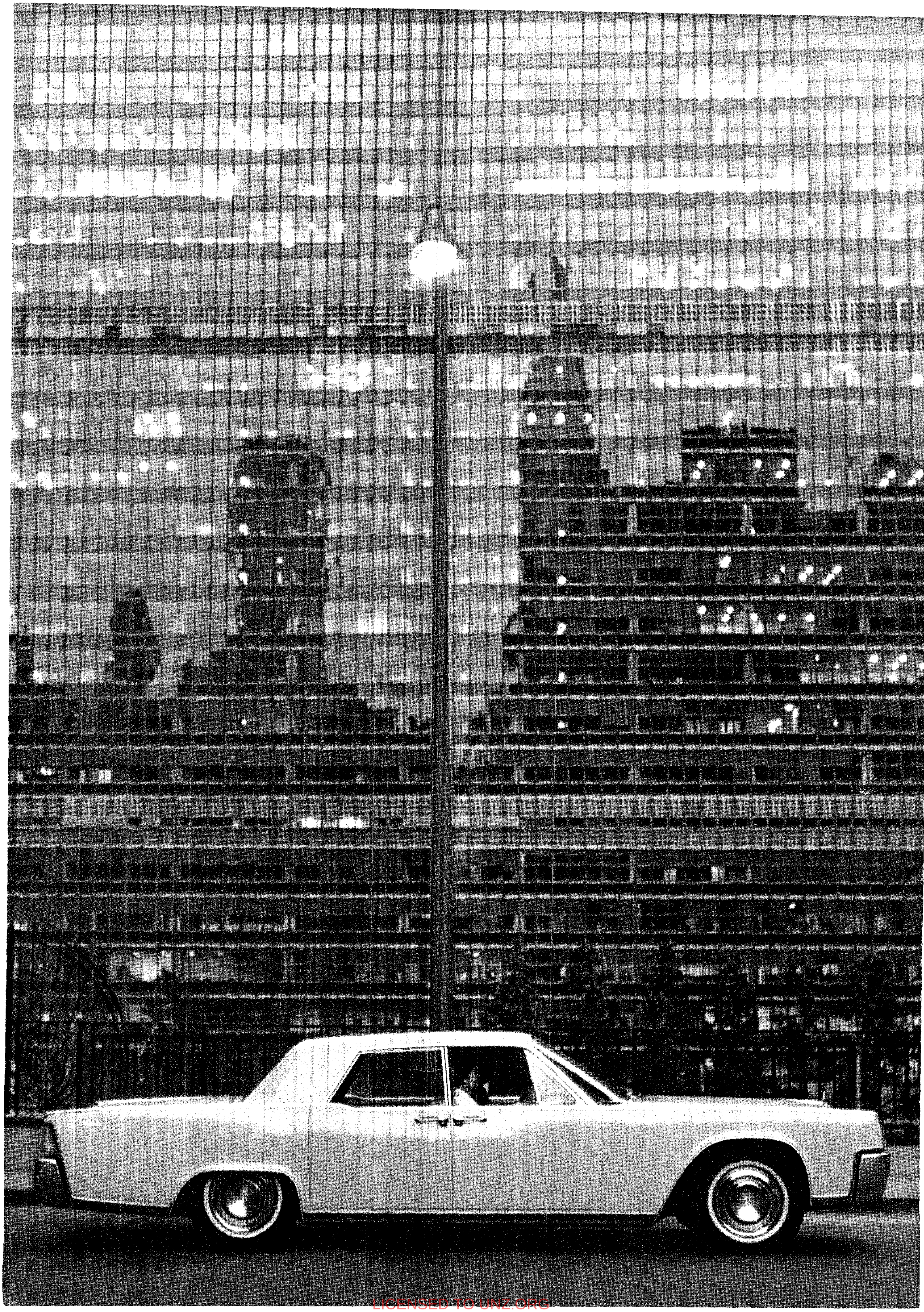

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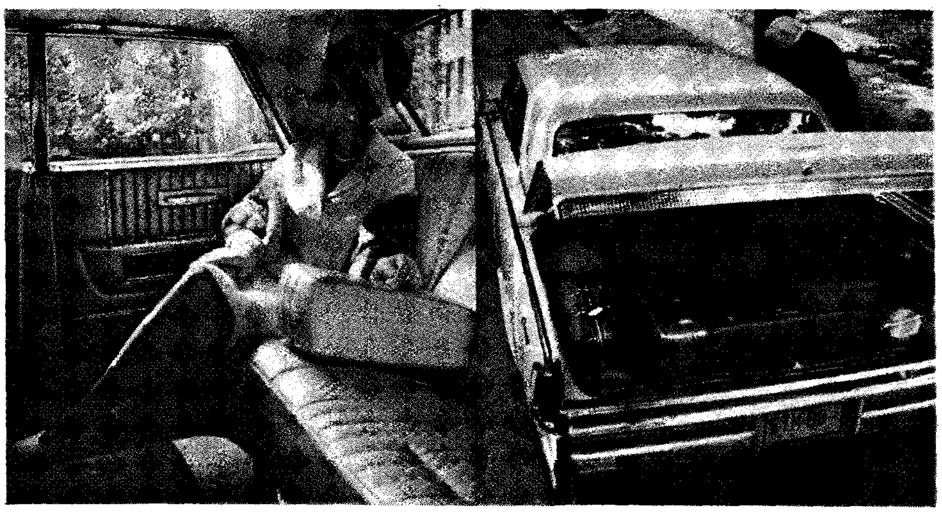

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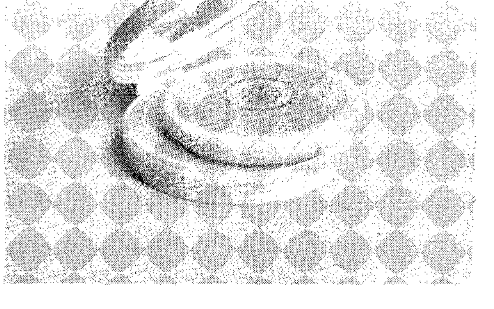

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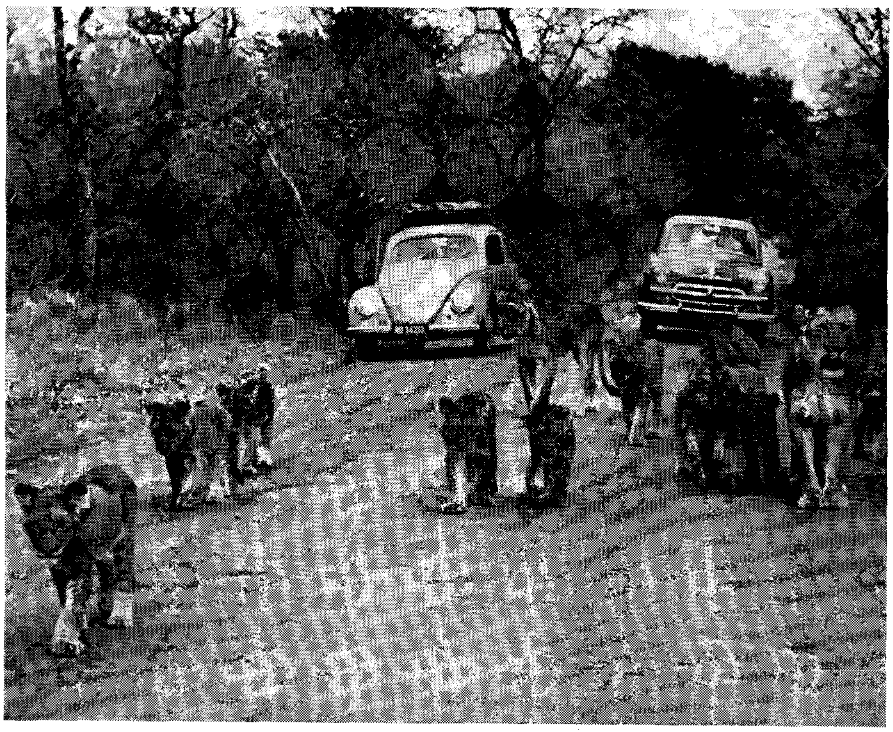
recognize her husband's unusual talent. He, for his part, quickly came to respect her instinctive feeling for beauty. Together they assessed the thinness of the Baccarat glasses and the smell of the napkins dried in sunshine and fresh air, pondered about new dishes, and tasted and bought wines. A comparison with the celebrated team of Escoffier and César Ritz comes to mind. Since gastronomy has always been an expensive art, it is doubtful whether Escoffier would have been able to display the full potentialities of his great talent without the collaboration of Ritz. Ritz, through his management of the Hotel Ritz, in Paris, and the Carlton and Savoy, in London, provided the rich and fastidious aristocratic customers who would pay for Escoffier's extravagant creations, and simultaneously provided Escoffier with the necessary elegant frame for his art. In a more intimate way, Mme. Point performed the same function at the Pyramide. She patiently built up a clientele of connoisseurs who appreciated her husband's art and were happy to pay for the privilege of enjoying it. Fernand Point often told his friends that he would have gone broke right at the start without his wife's practical approach to the problems of his profession. He himself never inquired about the price of the *poulardes de Bresse* that were delivered daily to the Pyramide; all he did was stipulate that they must be the very best *poulardes* in the Bresse region, which produces the best poultry in France. In the reckless prewar years, he sometimes made an exalted dish out of woodcock, which called for three woodcocks per portion—one to serve and two to make the sauce and the garnish. He left it to his wife to figure out the cost of such a production. While Point remained secluded in his kitchen, communing with his Muse, his wife was in charge of the restaurant. She acted as maître d'hôtel—receiving people, taking their orders, and supervising the service—and for friends and special guests she would perform the ritual of serving the main dish, artfully dividing a large turbot or salmon trout, carving game or poultry with grace and ease. She also took care of reservations, personally wrote out not only the checks but the menus, and functioned as cashier, bookkeeper, secretary, purchasing agent, winetaster, and manager. And she was always her husband's closest adviser, his greatest admirer, and his most outspoken critic. Yet, for all her executive talent, she has never been the career-woman type; she is very feminine and very chic in a peculiarly French way. A woman of medium height and



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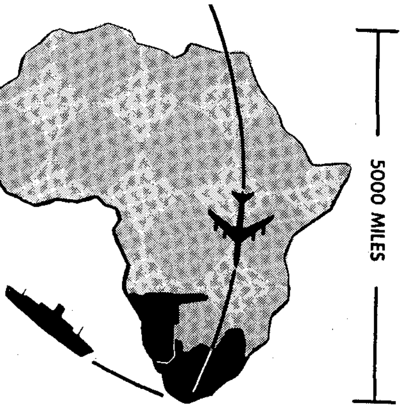

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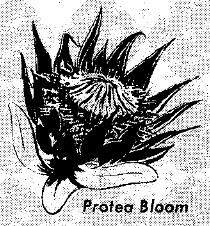

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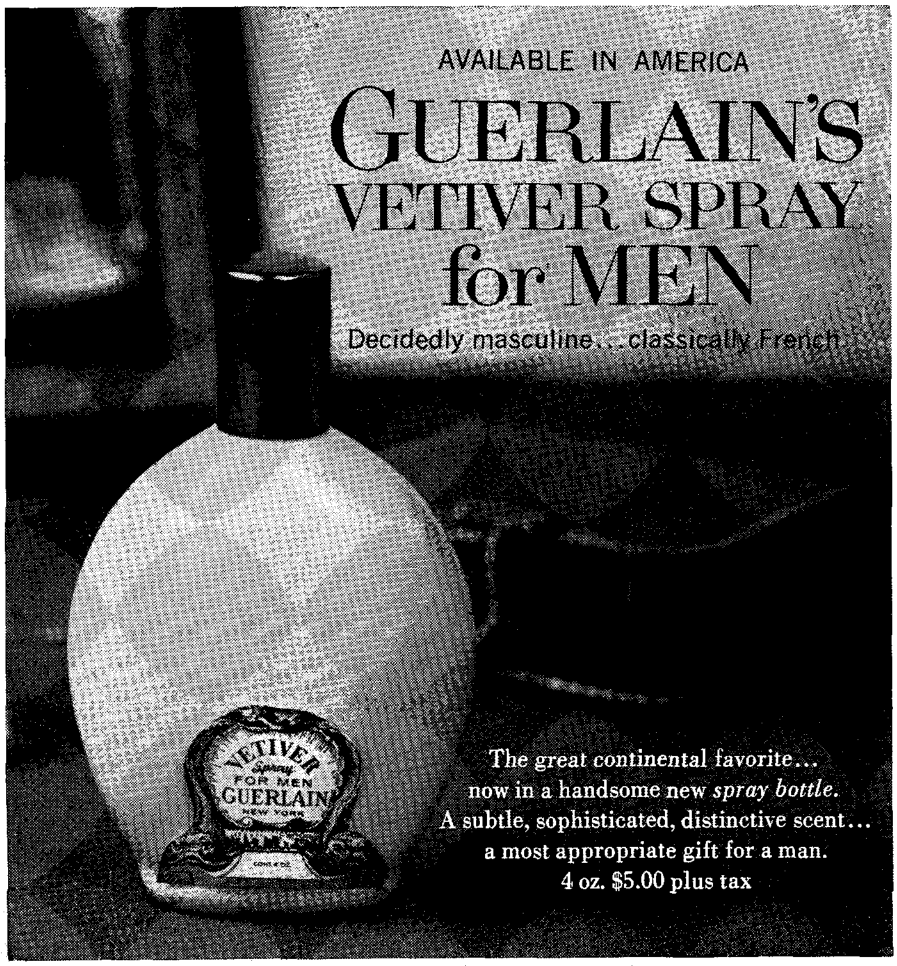
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erect bearing, with dark-brown eyes and reddish-brown hair, she used to wear tailored suits, but nowadays she prefers the soft, elegant silks of Lyon.

Mme. Point has often said that she feels as if she were an actress in a theatre where they had first nights twice a day—at noontime and again at dinnertime. No matter how difficult things are, there must be "*toujours le sourire*." Is that man eating alone over there perhaps an anonymous *inspecteur* for the *Michelin*? Will everything go well with the *barbue Lagrené*, a magnificent creation of *la grande cuisine* that must be served with precise timing if it is not to be ruined? A few mistakes, and word will spread that "the Pyramide isn't quite as it used to be." She is well aware that gastronomes, like opera lovers, tend to exaggerate their feelings of nostalgia and to talk endlessly of the glories of the past. Even when they do have a great meal, they are likely to claim that "this is nothing compared to the old days." "How can one prove the contrary?" Mme. Point says. "Music at least can be recorded, but unfortunately no one has yet devised a way of recording tastes and flavors." Mme. Point has greeted most of the Pyramide's customers since the spring of 1931, when the restaurant was opened in its present guise. Charming and reserved, poised and elegant, she has received kings and cabinet ministers, poets, painters, and everybody else with the natural dignity and relaxed grace of a lady of the manor. While her husband composed and conducted the gastronomic symphony, she set the tone of the performance. The Point family has always lived on the two upper floors of the Pyramide, and Mme. Point gives her customers a feeling of being guests in her home—the home of civilized people who appreciate the elusive delights of perfect simplicity. "You don't just go to the Pyramide, you are permitted to go there," a Frenchman remarked the other day, summing it up.

The day after her husband's funeral, Mme. Point called the restaurant employees together and said she had decided to continue the Pyramide "in the spirit and tradition of Fernand, and as a memorial to him," provided she could be assured of their full coöperation. The employees—there were twenty of them at the time—were not surprised. They knew perfectly well that for the past several years, during which Fernand Point had been ailing, Madame had managed the restaurant all by herself. (The employees never refer to her as "*la patronne*" when they talk among themselves. It's always "Madame.") They promised to do their jobs as well as they had done them when Fernand Point had been alive—and better. They had to. They were facing a formidable handicap. "It required courage to take over a gastronomical monument," Alexandre Dumaine says. "Mme. Point had no doubt that if she failed, she would fail abysmally. But she had the necessary honesty, experience, and determination to carry out her task."

At the beginning, it was indeed an uphill struggle. During the summer of 1955—her first alone at the Pyramide—rumors spread that the place was no longer what it had been. A French writer tried to trace the rumors, but got nowhere. "When I asked one of the critics what, specifically, was wrong with the Pyramide, he admitted that he hadn't been there but said he had heard the story from a friend, who, in turn, admitted that *he* hadn't been at the restaurant but had heard . . ." Nevertheless, the damage was done. People began to speak of the Pyramide in the past tense. It's really too bad, but, after all, what else could you have expected, with Point gone? That summer, there were many empty tables at the Pyramide. Mme. Point now confesses that she was getting desperate, but her self-control is enormous, and at the time few people knew how she felt. Every afternoon, she paid a visit to Vienne's old, austere cemetery. A friend saw her there once, pacing back and forth in front of her husband's grave, which is just beneath the town's two-thousand-year-old Roman ramparts. "Her fists were clenched, and she seemed to be talking," the friend recalls. "Maybe she was talking to herself, maybe to Fernand. Anyway, I heard her say, 'I'm going to pull through, I'm going to pull through.' And I knew she was going to do it. *Malgré tout*—in spite of everything."

Mme. Point now says the tide turned one day when a man who had been at the restaurant alone for *déjeuner* introduced himself before leaving as an *inspecteur* of the *Guide Michelin*, congratulated her, and said that the food had been better than ever. He added, "Madame, the *Michelin* receives fewer complaints about the Pyramide than about any other three-star restaurant." In October of that year, *L'Auto-Journal* noted:

> *Maintenue et perfectionée par la bonne Hôtesse et par le chef que Fernand Point avait choisi et formé . . . la Pyramide offre toujours des délices aux voyageurs. . . .*

And it went on to give the *voyageurs* some advice on how to get the most out of one's meal at the Pyramide. First: The evening before, eat very little. Sec-

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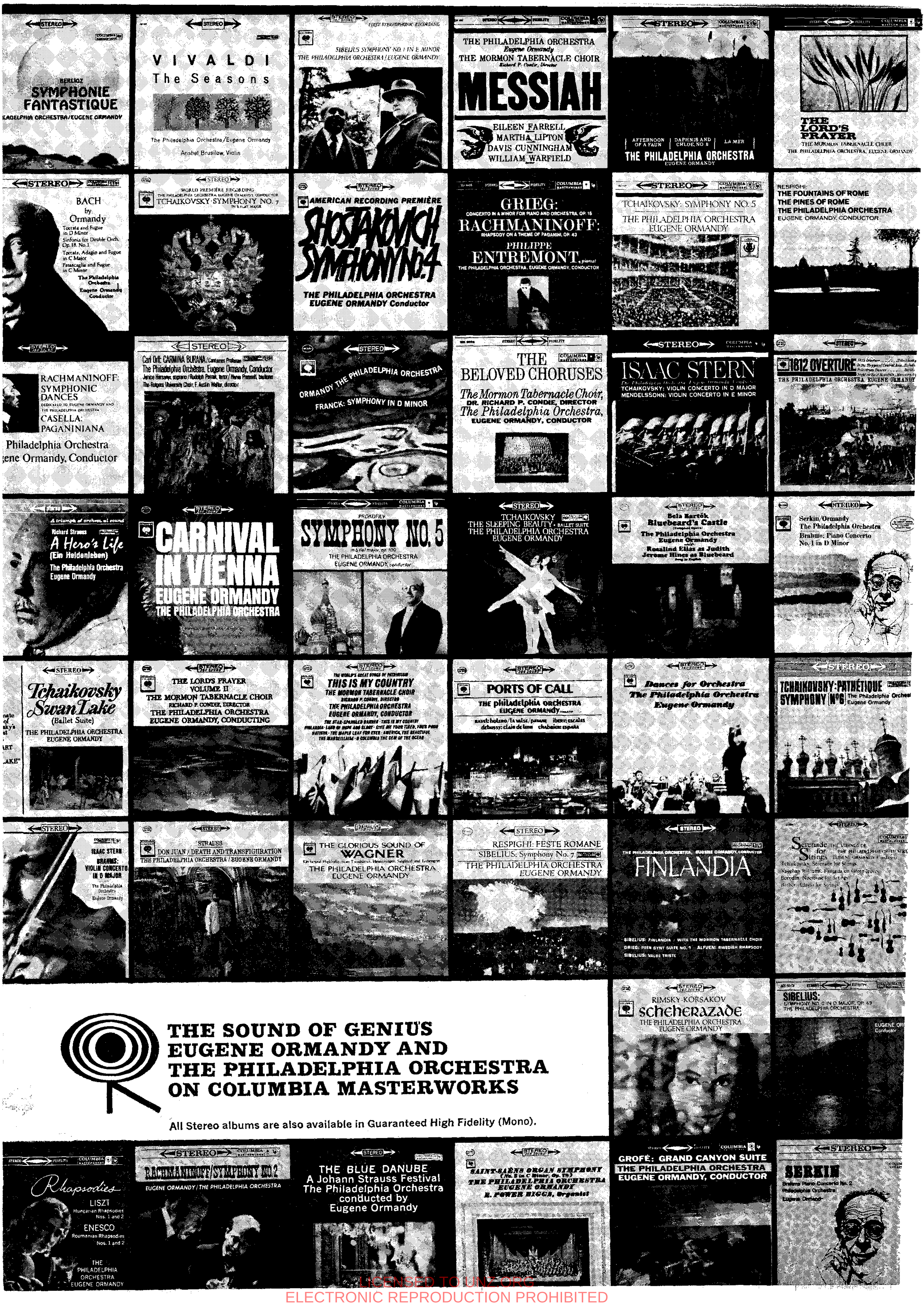
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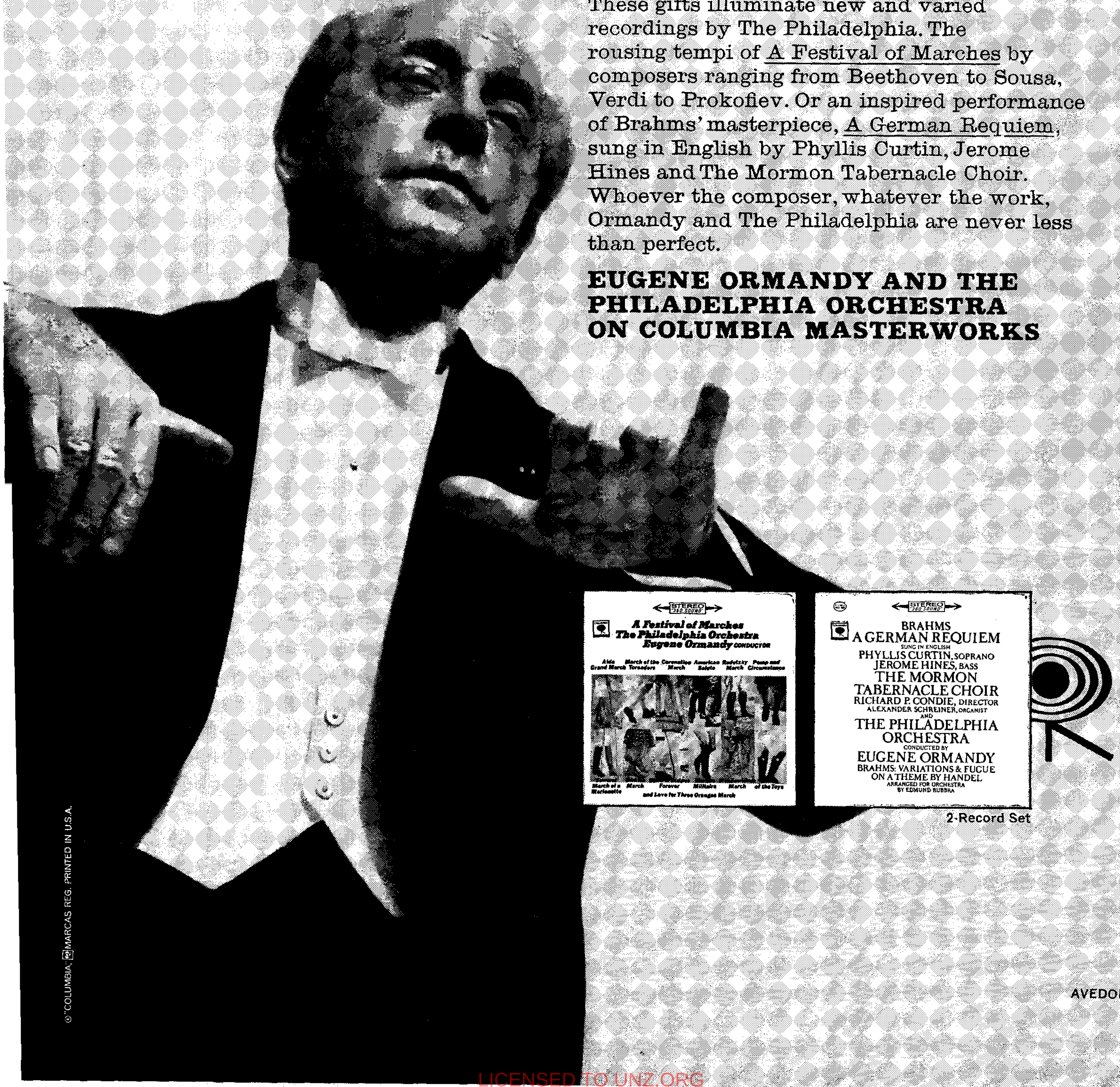
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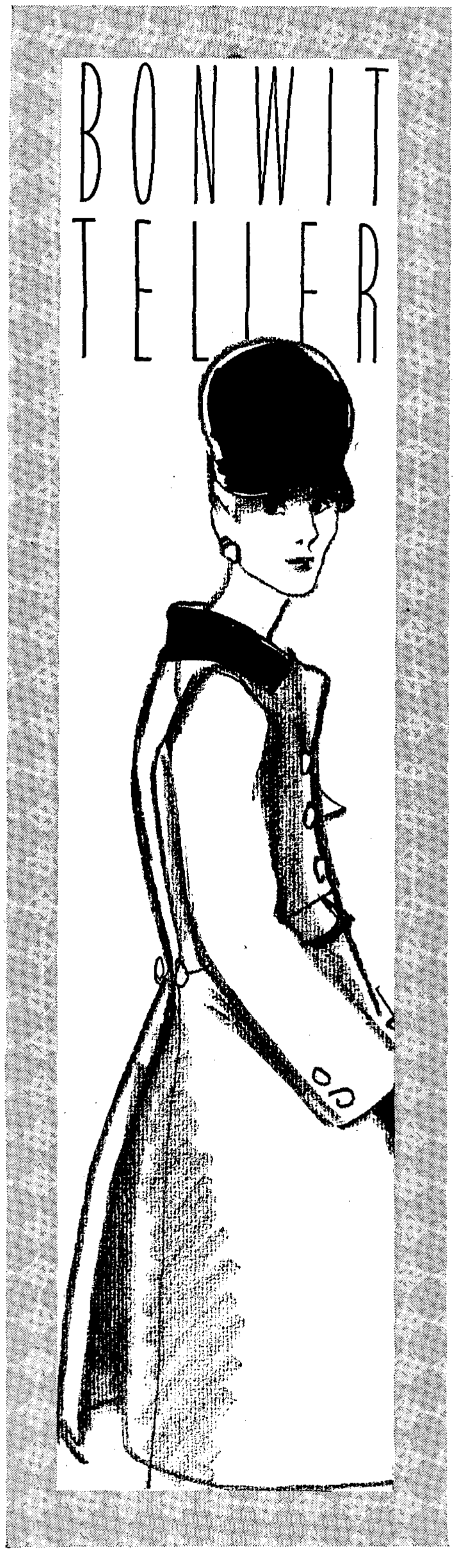

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ond: Don't order an apéritif. Third: Order only one white wine, the Condrieu, and a Beaujolais afterward. Fourth: Ask for the hors d'oeuvres, the *truite farcie braisée au Porto*, the *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*, or *volaille de Bresse grillée* with the *gratin Dauphinois*. In *Le Monde*, a gastronomic expert ended up an enthusiastic report on the Pyramide with the sentence "*Depuis de nombreuses années, Madame Point a dirigé effectivement la maison*," as if this explained everything. The following spring, the 1956 edition of the *Guide Michelin* awarded the Pyramide three stars, just as always. Mme. Point had confounded the critics and delighted the gastronomes. "She took a calculated risk, and she won," one of them said.

Two years after her husband's death, Mme. Point gave a lunch for the members of an illustrious club called the Traditions et Qualité, which is made up of leading French chefs and restaurateurs—men who devote their lives "*à la gloire de la cuisine française.*" About fifty of them came, by rail, road, and plane, from all over France, "*en hommage*," as the menu stated, "*et à la mémoire de Fernand Point.*" The menu read:

Apéritif Bourguignon

Chaud-Froid de Volaille de Louhans
Salade Printanière
Condrieu 1952

Saumon en Pâte Sauce Choron
et Barquette D'Ecrevisses
Pouilly-Fuissé 1945

Gigue de Chevreuil Grand Veneur
Paillasson Truffé
Champignons Pyramide
Romanée-Conti 1943

Asperges de Cavaillon
Saint-Marcellin
Moulin à Vent 1955

Ananas Voilé à l'Orientale
Marjolaine
Mignardises

Corbeilles de Fruits
Pommery 1949

Moka

Liqueurs

Over the liqueurs, a short speech was made by Alexandre Dumaine, the *doyen* of the *corps gastronomique*. It was devoted largely to praise of the meal they had just eaten, and Dumaine, a sober, soft-spoken man, still grows lyrical when he thinks of that lunch. "It was just perfect," he told a friend recently. "Each dish was a revelation. As Mme. Point served the *saumon en pâte* with her inimitable elegance, the talk at the long table stopped, and everybody looked at her. There we were, *maîtres de cuisine* and experts in a highly competitive profession, men who

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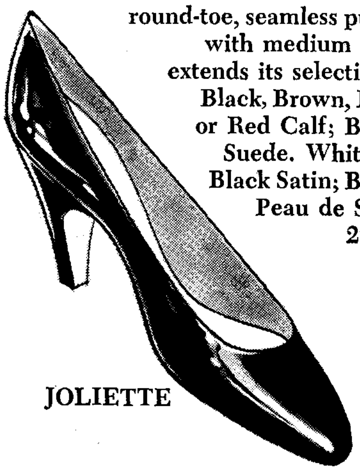

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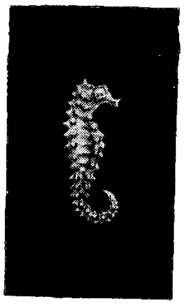

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knew our business well, but all of us recognized that the Pyramide was still *hors concours*, as it had been at the time of Fernand Point. That *déjeuner* was a symphony—beautifully composed, beautifully orchestrated, beautifully performed, and beautifully conducted. Somebody near me said, 'I would like to be a *pensionnaire* in the home of Mme. Point until the end of my life,' but he knew that that would be impossible. You couldn't live day after day amid such perfection. As we left, we realized that Mme. Point, in her subtle way, had taught us a few things we hadn't known."

QUITE a few great restaurateurs have learned their calling from their parents, but *la grande dame de la gastronomie française* is completely self-taught. The daughter of a shoemaker plying a successful trade in Saint-Félicien, a small town in the Département de l'Ardèche, she was born Marie-Louise Paulin, on September 10, 1900. No one ever called her Marie-Louise; she has been Mado as long as she can remember. Like most Frenchmen, her father was fond of the *cuisine bourgeoise*, and Mme. Paulin could make a solid *blanquette de veau à l'ancienne* or a *poulet rôti en casserole*. She faltered, though, when it came to a steak.

"Papa loved his *bifteck*, but Maman was a poor hand at cooking a steak and often ruined it," her daughter recalls. "And the only wine we had was the ordinary *vin du pays*." In those years, Mado didn't even know the meaning of *la grande cuisine*.

In 1909, the family moved to Vienne, fifty kilometres to the north, where Mado attended the local public school, and her former classmates are not surprised by her current prominence; they remember her as attractive, intelligent, ambitious, and always at the head of her class. In 1920, some time after finishing secondary school, she went to Lyon to learn the profession of *coiffeuse*. She returned to Vienne later and bought a small hairdressing salon in the Rue Poète Martial. Having modernized it and redecorated it in elegant fashion, she opened it as the Salon Mado, and in no time it was the leading establishment of its kind in the region. Mado made regular trips to Paris in order to keep up with the latest hair styles; she had three assistants; and before long customers were coming from as far away as Lyon to have their hair done by the chic *patronne*.

In 1923, word got around in Vienne that a young *cuisinier* named Fernand Point, who had worked at the Bristol

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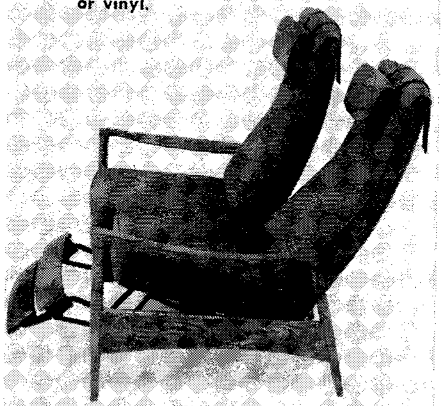

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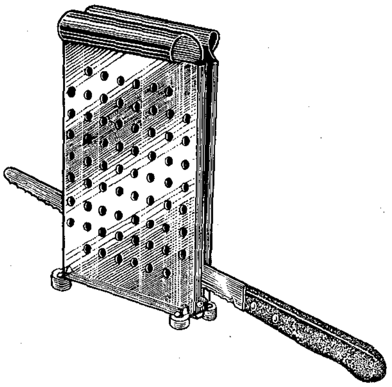

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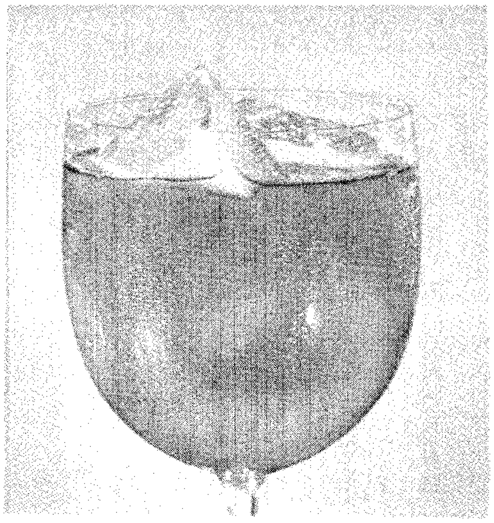

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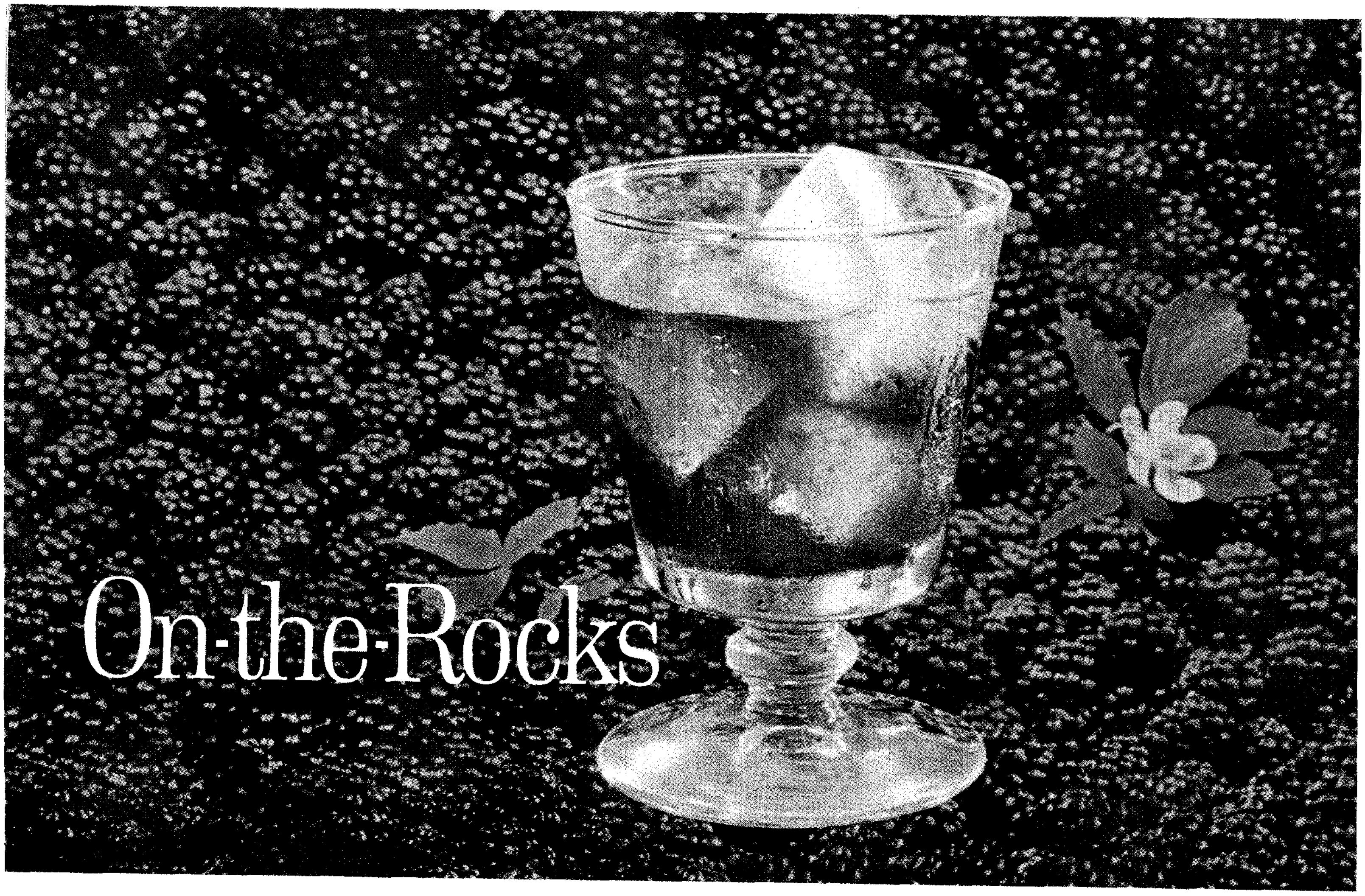

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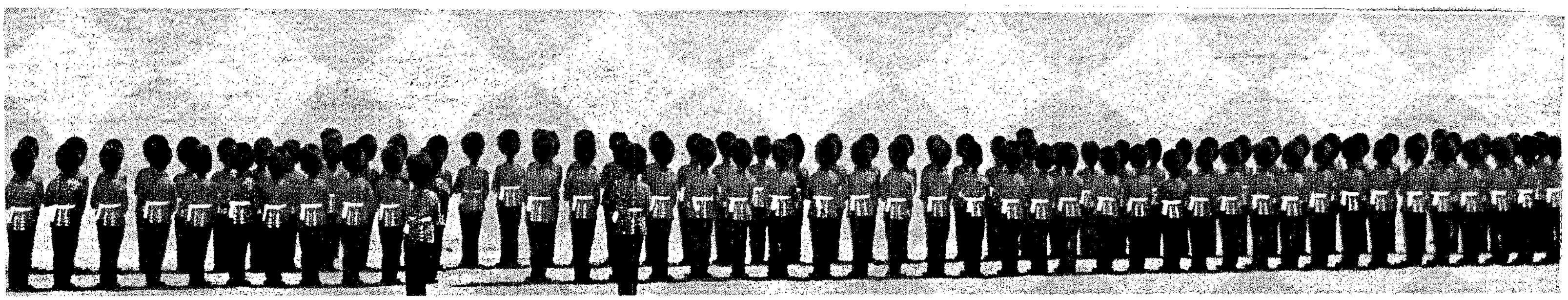

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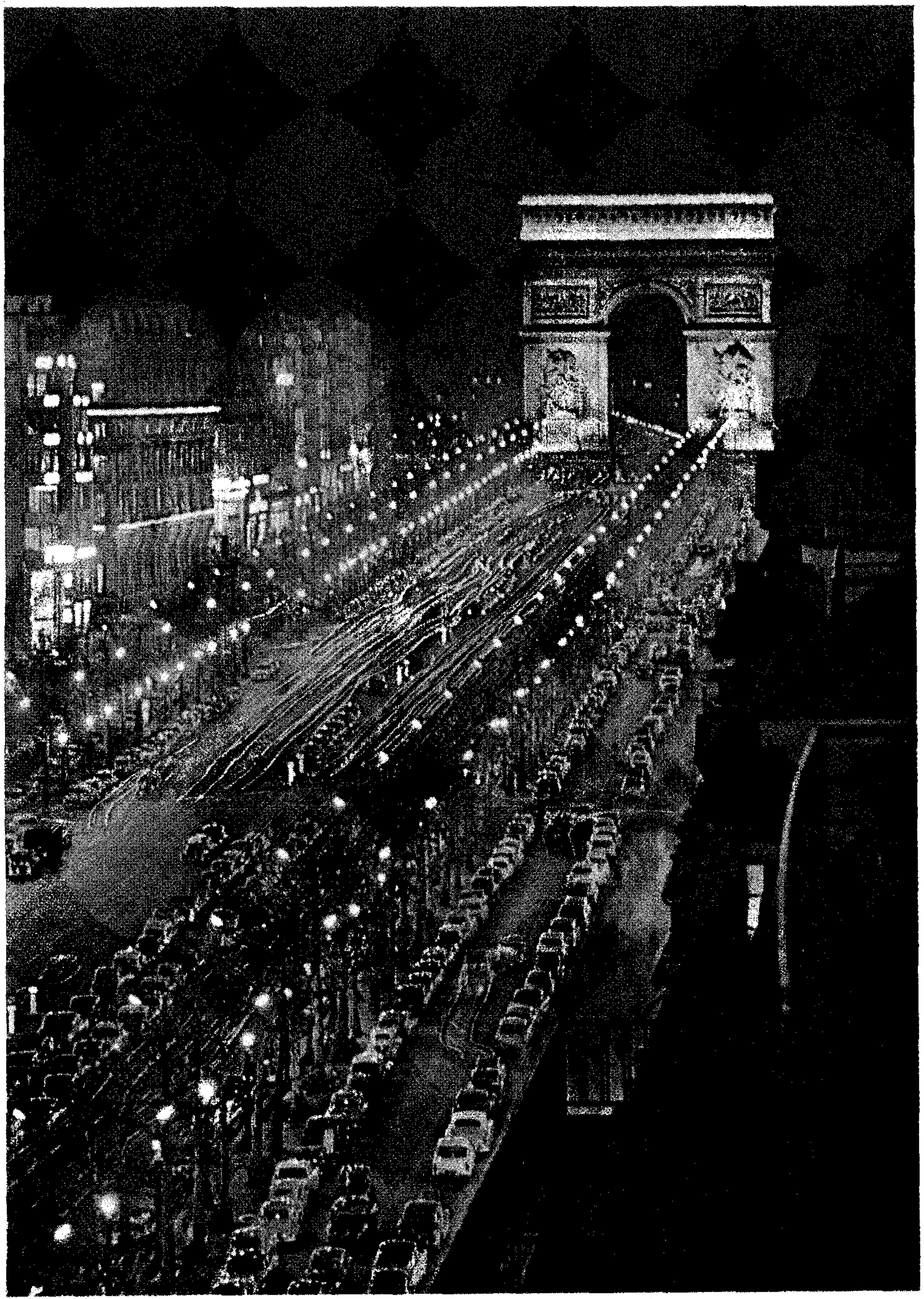

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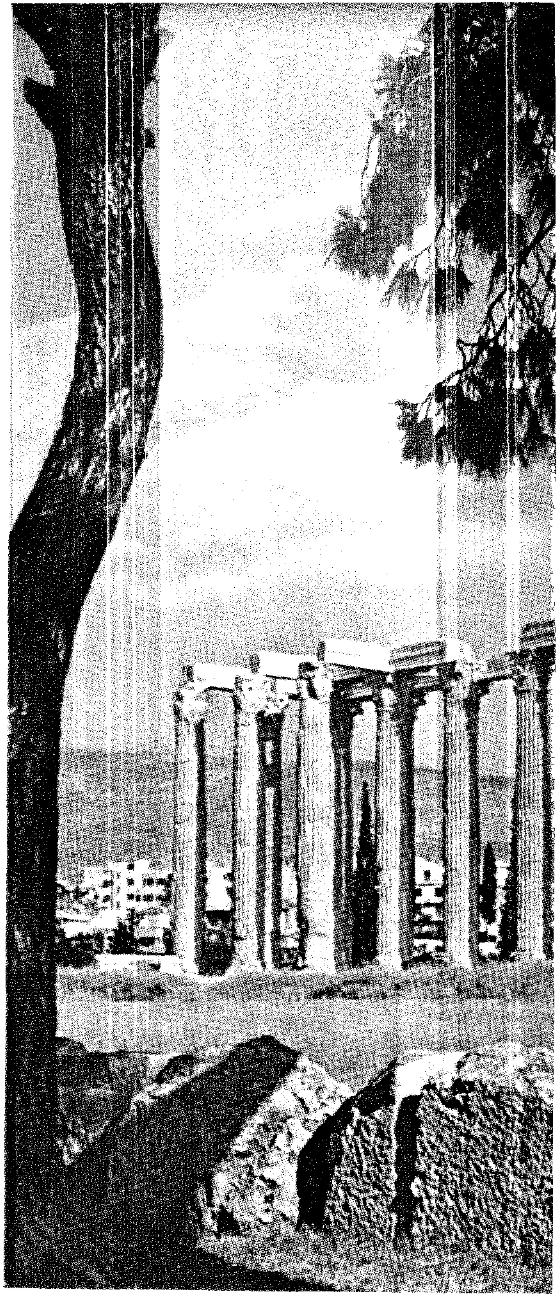

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and at Foyot in Paris, had settled in the town with his parents, and had bought the old Restaurant Chez Guieu, a small and run-down establishment ("Just a shack and a few trees" was how Point described it in later years) not far from an old Roman pyramid, on the southern outskirts of the town, near the highway to Valence. Fernand Point's father had been a good chef himself, and had been the proprietor of the *buffet de la gare* in Louhans, in the Département de Saône-et-Loire, in the heart of the Bresse country. The *buffet de la gare* had been the best place to eat in Louhans. Point's mother, too, was a very good cook; her son especially loved her *coq au vin*. The opening of the new restaurant, which Point named after the pyramid, took place that September, and it was something of an event in Vienne—a town that was better provided with Roman ruins than with good eating places. One Sunday, Mado went there for lunch. She found to her pleasure that the portions were large ("I was *un peu gourmande* in those days," she says now) and that the food was good, though not spectacular. There were succulent omelets, a tasty *cassoulet* or *bœuf à la bourguignonne*, a fine *poulet rôti*. The restaurant was soon popular with the local people. The *prix-fixe* menu was seven and a half francs (then about twenty-five cents), and that included a pot of hot chocolate at the end of the meal, accompanied by a large basket of fruit and a *compote de pommes*.

Young M. Point, a tall, gangling, mustachioed fellow, rarely came out of his kitchen and never talked to the guests. He was said to be very shy. Nevertheless, he seemed to have noticed Mado that Sunday. A few days later, while she was hard at work in her salon, she was informed by a breathless assistant that "*ce jeune, timide M. Point*" was walking up and down in front of the place. "He didn't dare come in," Mme. Point recalls. "He came back, though, the next day or the day after, and this time he'd brought his father along for moral support. Both were wearing their straw hats at a rakish angle, the way Maurice Chevalier wears his, and they looked very elegant. After hesitating for a while, they came in, and M. Point *père* ceremoniously invited me to have *déjeuner* at the restaurant the next Sunday. Then his son spoke up and said he was going to prepare *une petite spécialité* for me." Mme. Point remembers that lunch as if she had eaten it yesterday. It began with a *potage truffé de volaille au*

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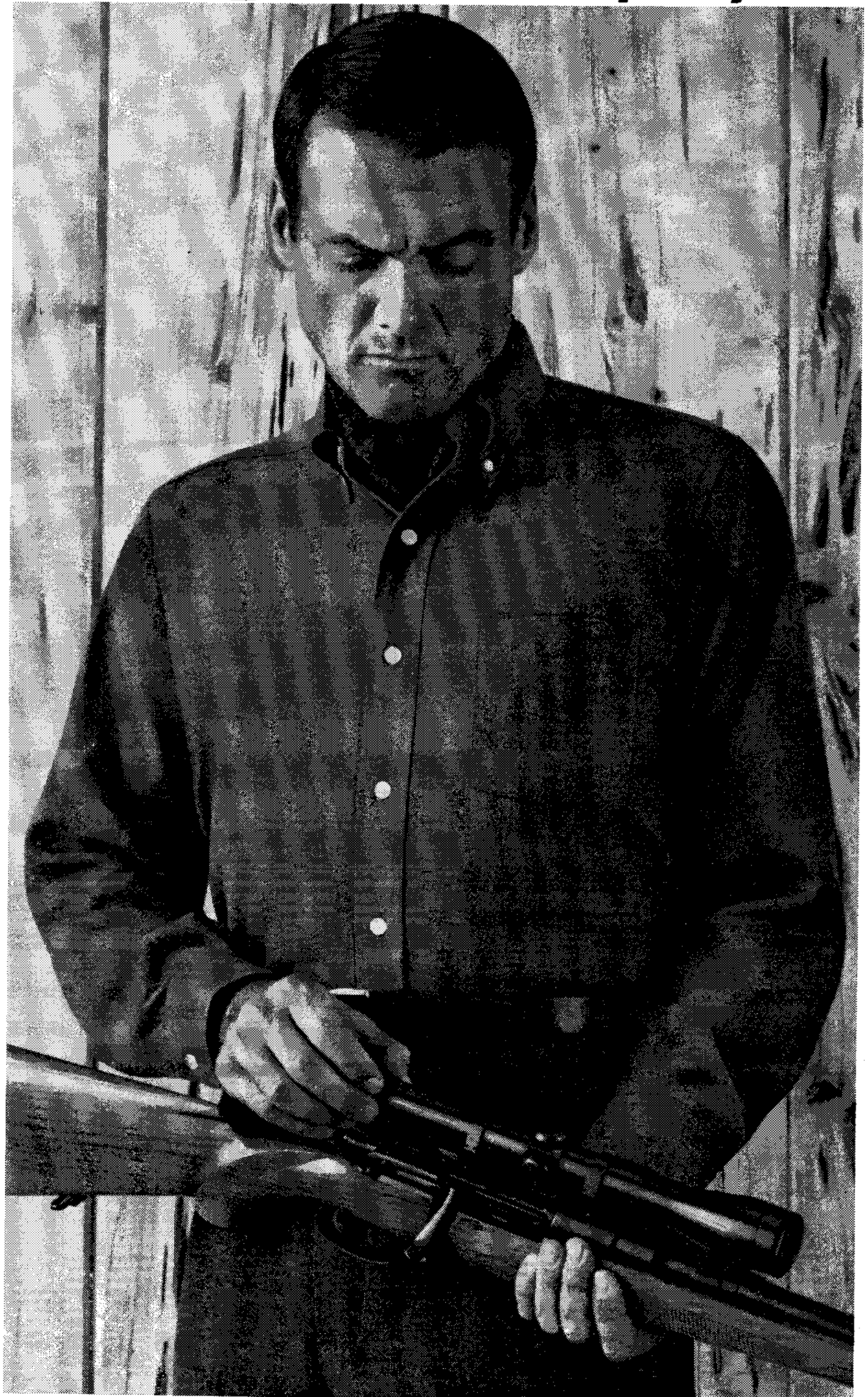

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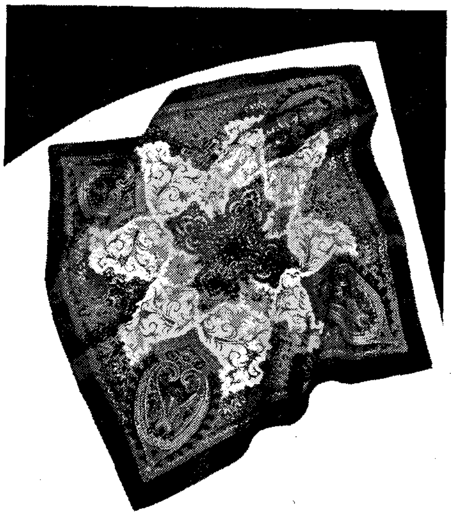
tapioca and *foie gras en croûte*, and then came Fernand's *petite spécialité*. It was the *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*, which ultimately became his most celebrated creation—a superb ragout of crayfish tails in a sauce made with crayfish butter. After lunch (which continued with *poularde demi-deuil*, cheese, and dessert) he came to Mado's table and asked humbly whether she'd liked it, adding that he wasn't quite satisfied with the *gratin;* he knew one must always try for perfection but can never really achieve it, he said. Mado assured him, truthfully, that she'd never eaten anything better in her life. She remembers that Fernand's mother also put in an appearance, and looked at her in a speculative way. Before Mado left, she was urged to come again next Sunday.

During the following months, the romance between the Salon Mado and the Restaurant de la Pyramide continued. Fernand Point courted Mado with *spécialités de la maison*. Every Sunday, he would make something special for her, and afterward he would ask her for her frank criticism. Business was booming at the Pyramide, and one day M. Point *père*, a practical man, asked Mado whether she would help out on Sundays, when they were very busy, by writing up the *additions*, since neither he nor his son was very good at arithmetic, which was one of Mado's strong points. (It still is. "In all these years," says Vincent Garriga, who has been headwaiter at the Pyramide since 1931, "Madame has never made a mistake in adding up the bills.") In 1930, Mlle. Paulin and M. Point announced their engagement, and Mado immediately made Fernand shave off his mustache. Presently, she sold her hairdressing salon and took over the management of the dining room at the Pyramide as a full-time job, while Fernand stayed in the kitchen. M. Point *père* retired from the business early, and the young people were on their own. Mado was not satisfied, though. She had correctly sized up her fiancé as a man of unusual talent, and felt that it was not properly displayed in the simple frame of a popular *prix-fixe* restaurant. He was already preparing for special guests some of the *spécialités* that later made him "*le Roi*" among the great chefs of France—his celebrated hors d'oeuvres, his *foie gras en brioche* (still such a success at the Pyramide that when it isn't on the menu people always ask for it), his *volaille en vessie* (*poularde* cooked in a pig's bladder to retain its juices), and his *gratin Dauphinois*. Mado was convinced that he could go much further.

A few months later, Mado and Fer-



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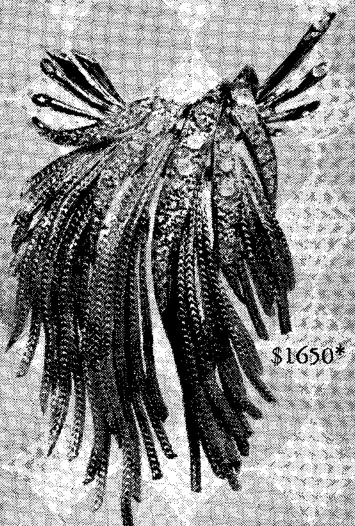

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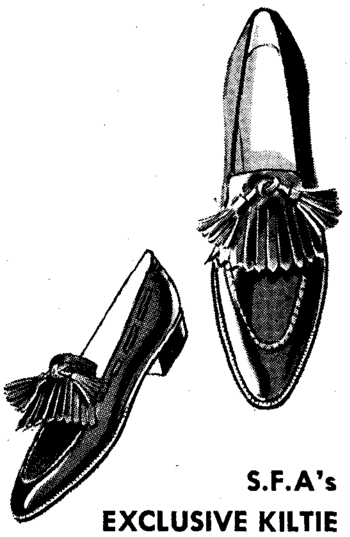
nand were married, and young Mme. Point immediately embarked on a grand strategy, which she had conceived some time earlier and worked out in detail with Fernand. The restaurant was closed for four months of "alterations." When it reopened, it had changed beyond recognition; in fact, it had become the elegantly intimate country restaurant that it is today. The Points had bought a lot adjoining theirs, which had given them plenty of scope for exterior changes. In a garden behind the restaurant, a terrace was built under the plane trees, which have since grown until their branches cover it like the roof of a cathedral, and more trees were planted, so that it was closed in from all sides. The remaining grounds, surrounded by a white wall, were transformed into a lovely French garden, with flower beds, chestnut trees, lawns, and gravelled paths. A larger wine cellar was built under the house. A new kitchen house was put up between the terrace and the dining room, according to Point's specifications. It is still considered a model kitchen by serious students of French cuisine. An "aquarium"—a large tank for live trout and another tank for crayfish—was built near the kitchen entrance, its steadily flowing faucet adding a relaxing, soporific background touch. There was a new shed for the *caviste*, who "treated" the wine barrels and transferred the wine into bottles. A well was dug and a big water pump installed, to make the restaurant independent of the town's erratic water supply. Inside the restaurant, the whole *ambiance* was changed. Instead of waitresses, headwaiter Vincent and several well-trained waiters were going to work in the dining room under the direction of Mme. Point, who had by this time learned the noble art of carving from her husband. Mme. Point learned quickly and became one of the greatest female practitioners of what had always been known as a manly skill. She carves expertly and gracefully, and without the exaggerated gestures of certain maîtres d'hôtel, who hope to *épater le bourgeois* with their performance. New tables, new linen, and new china had been ordered, and so had new Baccarat glassware, and large vases for the red gladioli that Point loved, which stood in the corners and on the large buffet in the middle of the dining room. (Later, though, he permitted no flowers on the tables during a meal, because he felt that their scent was distracting.) New also was the price on the menu, which had been boldly raised to twenty-five francs



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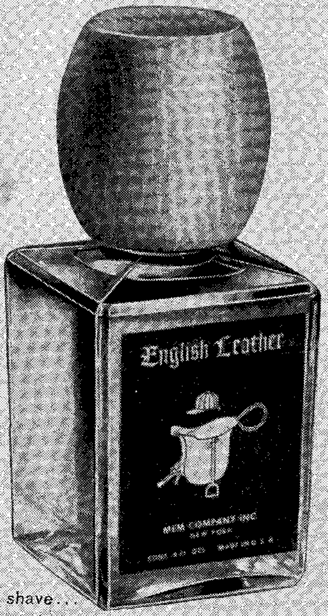

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(about a dollar), with a ten-franc supplement for the *gratin de queues d'écrevisses.* No à la carte service was offered. Instead of preparing a variety of dishes, Fernand Point reserved the right to choose what he would serve his customers, so on any given day there was only one menu—always composed in such a way as to take advantage of whatever supplies of fish and fowl and game, whatever vegetables and fruits and cheeses, were at their seasonal peak. Many celebrated restaurants rely on the fame of a few *spécialités de la maison* that are served day after day. At the Pyramide, it was (and still is) decided only in the morning what the guests would be given at noon. It meant making up more than three hundred different menus a year, but Fernand Point, possessing the "sincerity, orderliness, and skill" that Brillat-Savarin demanded of the successful restaurateur, was well able to do this. By 1936, the price on the menu had risen to forty francs (about two dollars and a half). That is approximately what it is today, too, but now one franc is worth much more. Still, at nine dollars, a meal at the Pyramide is one of the great gastronomical bargains of the present time. "*Le menu est moins cher que cent restaurants en France qui ne méritent pas d'être comparés à cette maison,*" the *Guide de l'Auto-Journal* said a few months ago.

THE new Restaurant de la Pyramide opened for business early in the spring of 1931, but there was almost no business. The former customers stayed away—most of them couldn't afford to pay forty francs for a meal, and those who could declared that they were not going to foot the bill for M. Point's extravagant improvements—and few new customers arrived. It was a difficult time for the young couple. Yet even though they were heavily in debt, Mme. Point was not disheartened. "When you are young, you don't worry," she now says. One day, she was confident, her husband would be recognized as a very great practitioner of *la grande cuisine.* As she was well aware, his guiding culinary principle was that the inherent taste and flavor of things must never be camouflaged by other ingredients but, on the contrary, must be artfully accentuated. He was always striving toward this goal, and was never satisfied with what he had achieved. He had an excellent memory, and never failed to recall the components of even the most complicated dishes. Moreover, he had the nimble fingers of a magician; Mme. Point loved

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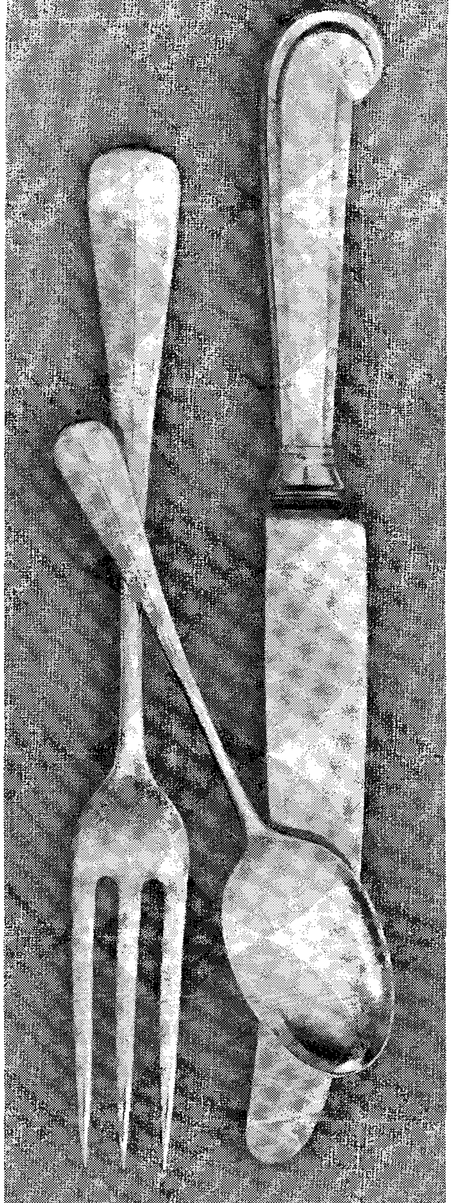

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to go out in the kitchen and watch him slash off onionskin-thin slices of truffles with rapid movements, looking elsewhere but never cutting himself. It was just a question of time, she felt; people were bound to "discover" the Pyramide. She was right. By summer, the restaurant was the hottest secret tip among the jaded epicures of Lyon, and a trip to Vienne became de rigueur for every self-respecting gastronome in that city, which calls itself "the gastronomical capital of France." From Lyon, word spread to Paris and elsewhere, and all of a sudden the Pyramide had a very different clientele. It was no longer made up of people who came just "*pour se nourrir*" ("to fill their stomachs"), as Point put it. The new customers were serious eaters, who came for a superb meal. Among them, during the prewar years, were statesmen, including André Tardieu, Edouard Herriot, and Léon Blum, all three of whom made the trip whenever they could get away from Paris. Connoisseurs from America, England, and other foreign countries turned up, breaking their journey to or from the Riviera with a meal at the Pyramide. The Aga Khan, a noted gastronome, became a habitué. And there were always writers and musicians, painters and sculptors, who apparently sensed the close affinity between their art and the art of Fernand Point, and found themselves in congenial surroundings at the Pyramide. Point loved his fellow-artists, and his wife has always been interested in *les beaux-arts*. In her younger days, she now admits rather diffidently, she dreamed of becoming an actress. Whenever there was a season of opera in Lyon or the Comédie Française appeared there, the Points would be on hand. After a performance, invitations would go out to their favorite artists for lunch the next day at the Pyramide. They were always happily accepted. Jean Cocteau came and left several drawings, which now hang on the walls of the restaurant's private dining room. Colette wrote in Point's guestbook, after a meal that had increased her weight by several pounds, "You will never catch me doing this again." And Sacha Guitry summed up everybody's reaction brilliantly with: "*On parle cuisine, un Point, c'est tout.*"

The Points worked hard and happily in those years, and in 1940 their only child was born—a daughter, Marie-Josette, who today is married to a businessman named Maurice Guipeaud and lives in Lyon. The Points never

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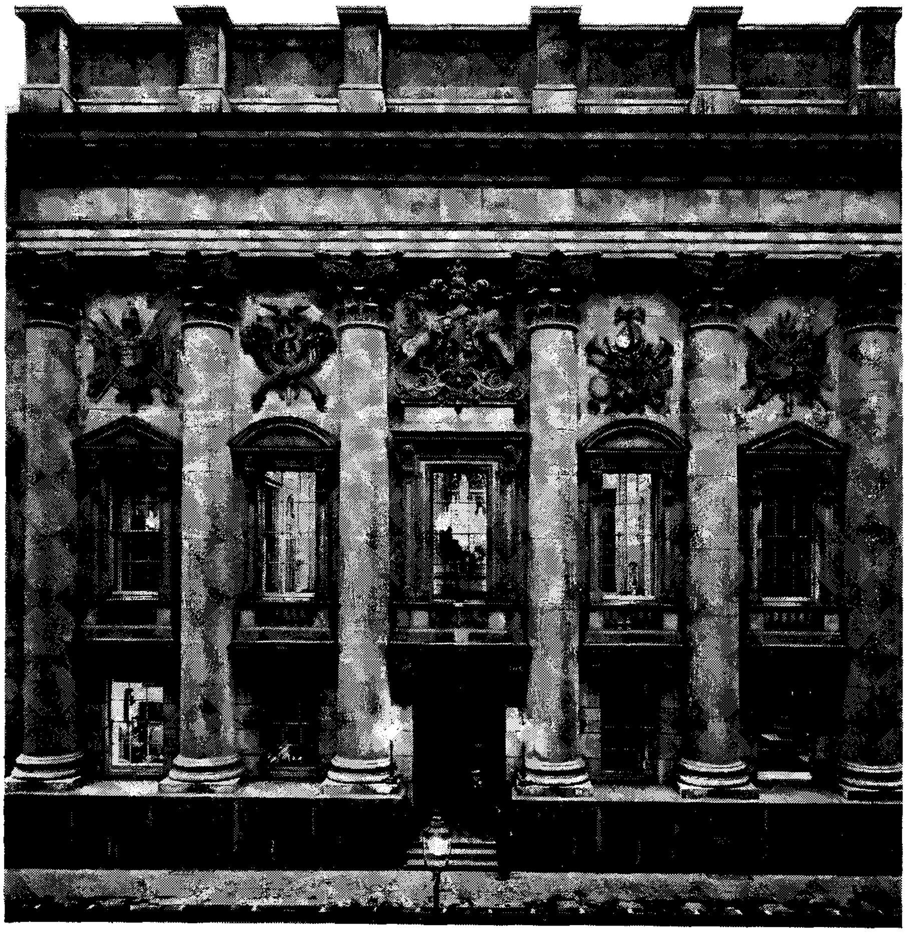

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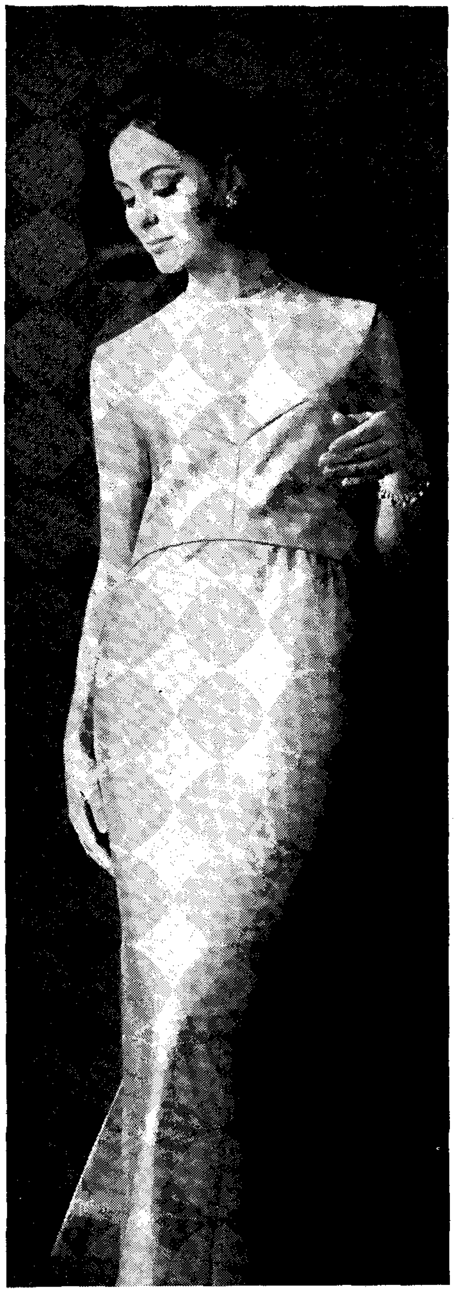

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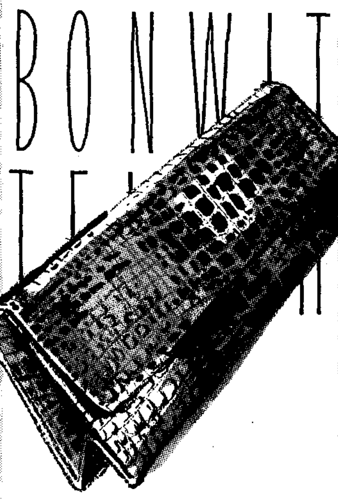
took a vacation. Point was miserable when he wasn't in his kitchen, and that was where he spent almost his entire waking life; he would get up every morning at seven, while the rest of the household was still asleep, and head for the kitchen, where he telephoned his early orders to the merchants for supplies to be delivered before noon, *sans faute*, and would scarcely leave it until ten o'clock at night, when he went to bed. All this pleasurable industry had pleasurable results. On Easter Sunday of 1935, the restaurant served four hundred and fifty people. "Back then, Fernand did all the work in the kitchen, with a second cook and three helpers," Mme. Point recalls. "Nothing was ever written down, but no orders ever got mixed up. I would relay the orders to Fernand through a small window, or else I would telephone him from the garden. He would hold the phone with one hand and continue his work at the kitchen table with the other. Today, each order is written out in duplicate; one remains with the waiter, and the other goes to the kitchen, where it is tacked onto a board showing the position of all the tables and what stage the diners at each have reached, but even so mistakes happen once in a while. We would often have a hundred and thirty guests for lunch alone, and Fernand and his four men were easily able to do all the work in the kitchen. Nowadays we have nine people in the kitchen, though we rarely serve more than sixty-five guests; when we are filled to capacity for three days in a row, it makes me uneasy. I've noticed that after three such days the men become jumpy from overwork, and that's bound to show up in their performance."

BY that busy Easter Sunday of 1935, the Points had paid off their debts, and Fernand had begun to devote a good deal of effort and money to building up a private library of rare books on gastronomy and the art of cooking, which eventually became one of the best collections in France. He was also much concerned with enlarging his wine cellar, and succeeded so well that in 1947 the late Raymond Baudouin, a member of the Académie du Vin de France and his country's most respected wine expert, called the Pyramide's collection of wines "incontestably the first cellar in France." And today Henri Clos Jouve, of the Académie Rabelais, who speaks of the Pyramide as "*un sanctuaire de la cuisine inspirée*," calls its cellar "*une cathédrale vinaire*." Point himself loved the simple, honest



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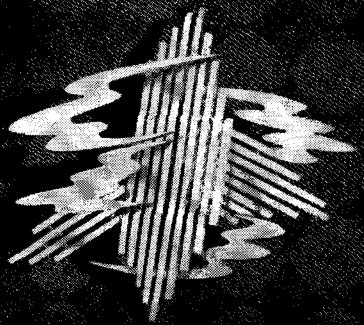

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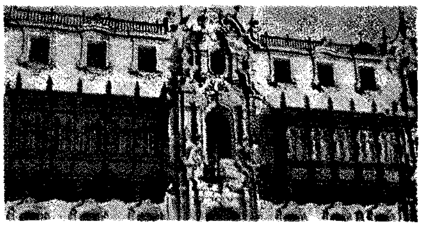

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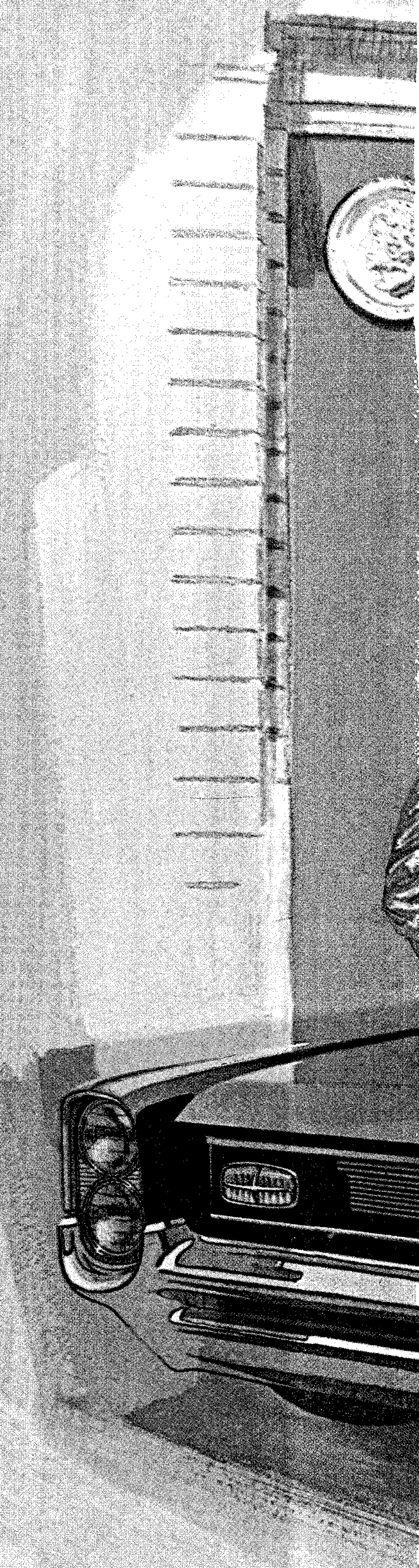

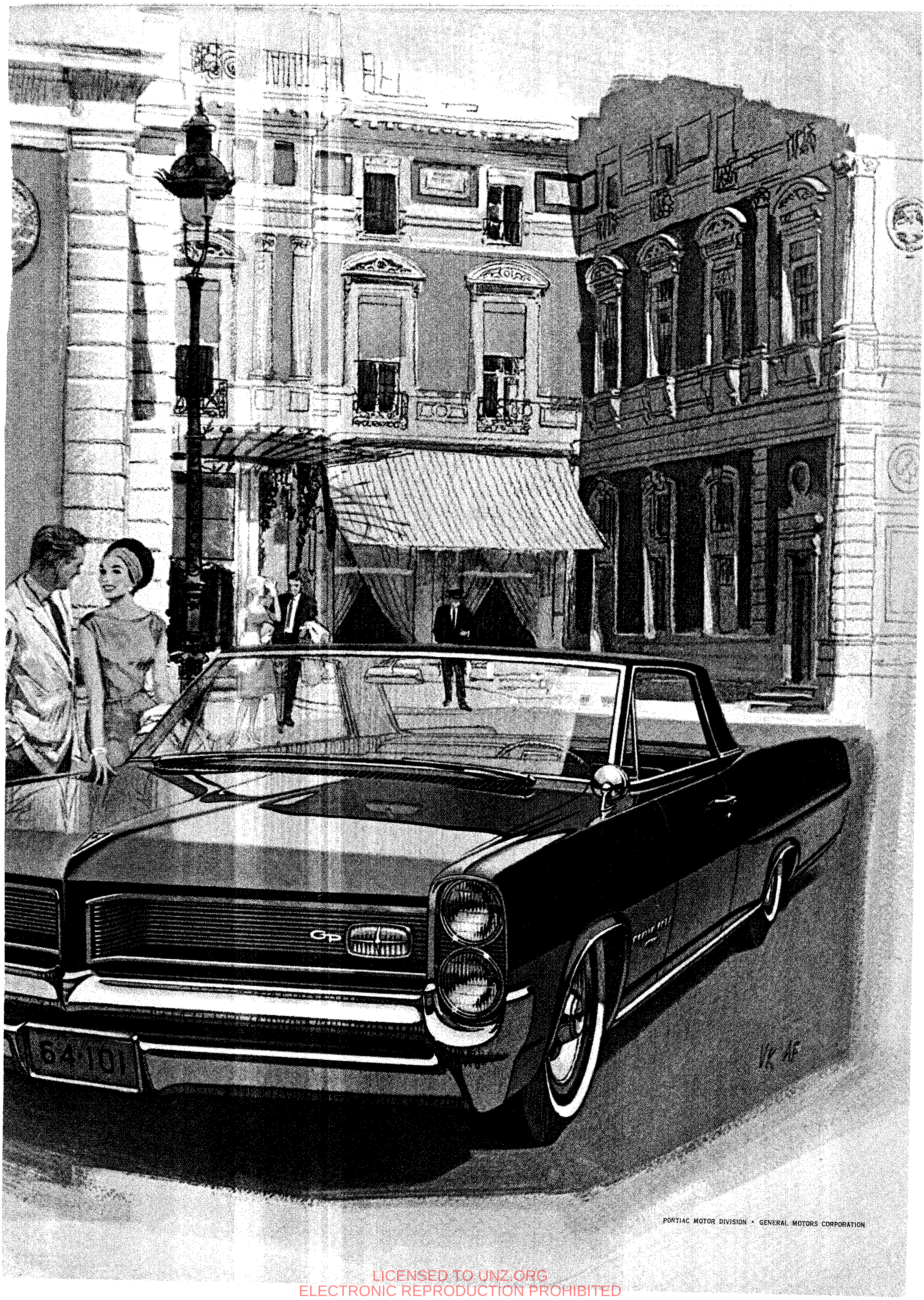

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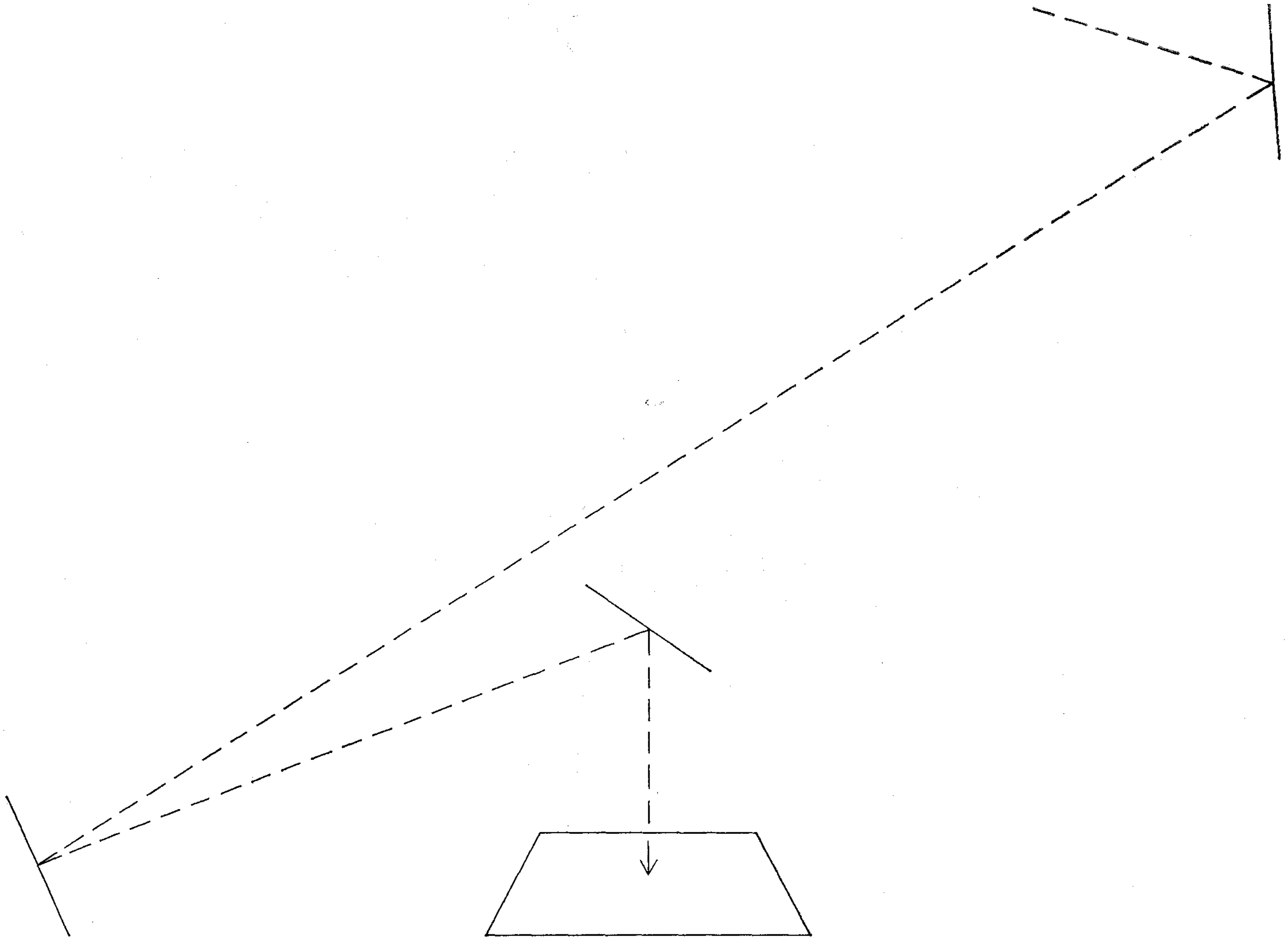

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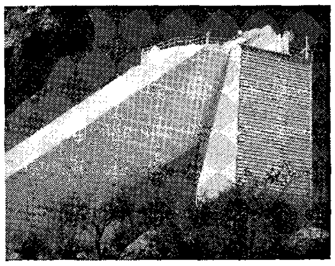

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wines of his region, which Pliny the Elder was enthusiastic about as early as the first century: the dry whites of the "*curieux, agréable*" Château Grillet, on the so-called Côte Chérie, just south of Condrieu, a lovely village on the other side of the Rhône (Point later bought himself an old house in Condrieu); the fruity, fresh Juliénas; and the heavier Moulin-à-Vent from the Beaujolais country. He also loved the great wines of Burgundy, and the elegant champagnes, especially the Blanc de Blancs. He was not so fond of the great wines of Bordeaux, but his wife came to know them well and love them. Mme. Point learned about wines very quickly, and when she had been at the Pyramide only a few years, the exacting Baudouin called her "one of the greatest experts in the business." Every autumn, the Points went to Beaujolais and Burgundy to buy wines in the barrel, and on these trips Point relied on his wife's instinct and judgment. He often acknowledged her superior *expertise;* it was her verdict that was decisive, he said.

Point loved his cellar, and kept adding to its treasures. In the opinion of his winetaster and financial adviser, he bought far too many wines. He had started out with seven hundred bottles of wine at the time he bought the restaurant, and when he died there were more than eighty thousand bottles in "the first cellar of France," among them some of the greatest wines of all time. The wine card of the Pyramide, which was organized and designed by Baudouin and is itself a work of art, shows a fine collection of vintages of Romanée-Conti, beginning with 1911 (this one is priced at three hundred francs, or about sixty dollars) and continuing with 1925, 1926, 1937, 1943, 1945, and 1952, and a great collection of Château d'Yquem, including the vintages of 1892, 1893, 1900, 1914, 1921, 1928, 1929, 1943, and 1945. The oldest wine in the cellar is a Château Lafite Rothschild '65 (also at three hundred francs), and there are also the 1877, 1898, and 1900 vintages of that great *premier cru.* A superb treasure is a Château Lafite Rothschild '69 in magnum, priced at five hundred and fifty francs and probably worth every centime. A few years ago, Mme. Point sent some of the oldest bottles to the Château Lafite (as it is now called), above Pauillac, where the old corks were carefully removed and replaced by new ones—a delicate operation that is periodically necessary in order to keep the fragile old wines alive. On this occasion, the almost century-

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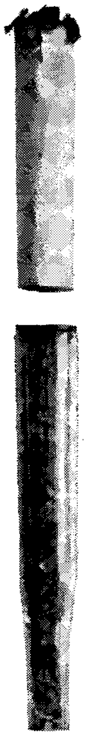

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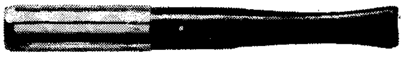

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old wines were tasted and found to be in impeccable condition.

THE years shortly before the Second World War were *la belle époque* at the Pyramide. It was then that Fernand Point created many of his great dishes, whose recipes his widow now keeps in a safe place for gastronomic historians and students of the culinary art. Mme. Point has been urged over and over to have her husband's recipes published, but she has refused to do so—partly, perhaps, because Point, who was not a literary man, noted down his recipes in the form of what he called "abbreviations for the working chef." However that may be, it takes not simply a working chef but a chef of the highest calibre to execute his finicky instructions. There is his version of *caneton glacé*, for instance, which he created as a surprise for Mme. Point on one of her birthdays, and whose deceptively simple name disguises some extremely difficult culinary operations:

> Keeping the meat pinkish in color, roast a good Nantes duckling and let it cool. Then carve in thin, narrow slices from the whole length of the breast. Without touching the legs, cut out the breastbone with scissors and set the duckling on a pad of rice. Stuff the duckling with an excellent vegetable salad prepared with a very light mayonnaise, and arrange the slices of meat from the breast all along this salad, alternating one on top of another in consecutive order. Then generously coat the whole with port-wine aspic and garnish the dish with minced aspic. Surround the whole with *truffes surprise;* that is, small balls of a purée of goose liver containing very small cubes of truffles, rolled in minced truffles and surrounded with aspic. Serve in a timbale of very fine aspic, just barely solidified.

At first sight, the dish might look like an ordinary roast duckling in aspic, but then the diner would find that Point's culinary art had achieved something extraordinary. Obviously, this is not a dish that could be offered by many restaurants on earth. The cost is staggering, and so is the amount of time needed for its preparation. The complicated *truffes surprise* were Point's own idea, and that was why he felt it necessary to explain them. And they were only part of the garniture.

Mme. Point has often declared that people had larger appetites in those years (perhaps because they had fewer worries). The menu at the Pyramide used to begin with as many as six hors d'oeuvres, and from the outset the Pyramide's hors d'oeuvres had nothing in common with the usual thoughtless and unappetizing profusion of cold fish,

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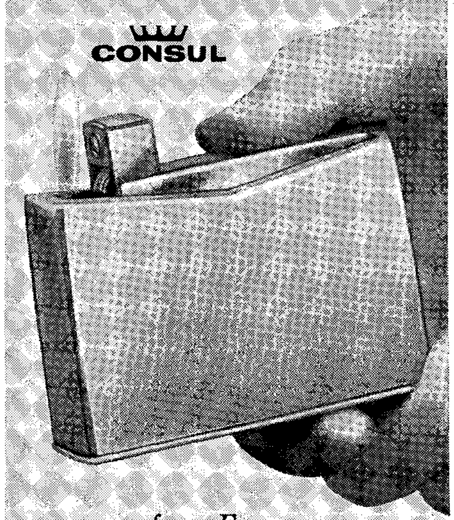

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salads, and marinated vegetables in small rectangular dishes on a wagon. Point restored to the hors d'oeuvres their classic glory; each was a gastronomic experience, each was served separately, and together they constituted an overture to the *petite merveille* that followed. All the hors d'oeuvres offered at the Pyramide were either Point's own creations or refined variations on a known theme. There were *pâté en croûte; pâté chaud de caneton au Chambertin; foie gras naturel truffé* (which would have been old hat except that Point artfully embedded it in a ring of *mousse de foie gras*); a *mousse de truite* of incredible delicacy, made by pressing the flesh of the trout through specially made sieves; the magnificent *barquette de moules sur un lit d'épinards;* an exquisitely fine crayfish salad; and so on. A hot pâté was always served in winter and a cold one in summer; in early spring, Point served the youngest, freshest vegetables by way of an hors d'oeuvre, and in the fall he was inspired by game, making a memorable *pâté de grives* (thrush pâté) or a succulent *saucisson en brioche*, which he eventually gave up, because it was so widely imitated.

These days, the Pyramide serves only three or four hors d'oeuvres, but some guests feel when they have eaten them that they've had a wonderful lunch, and wonder how they are going to last through to the end of the meal that hasn't really started yet. In the good, hungry old days, people could hardly wait for the next dish, though the pâtés were cut twice as thick and the portions were much larger. The next dish was (and is) a fish course. It might be *turbot en champagne* or *sole aux nouilles* or a delicate *omble chevalier*—a kind of trout that is caught only during a short season, at dawn, in the cold, clear lakes of Savoy—or there might be the often imitated but always inimitable *gratin de queues d'écrevisses.* Then came the climax of the well-orchestrated meal—a creation of game, meat, or poultry, with a *gratin Dauphinois* or one of Point's special purées. After that, the gastronomic symphony would enter upon a gradual decrescendo, leading to its finale, but there might be a few memorable last arpeggios—a specially selected cheese, the celebrated *gâteau Marjolaine*, *mignardises*, an enormous basket of fruit, and a large pot of cream.

Point was not satisfied with French pastry-making—most Frenchmen skip the sweet at the end of their meal and select one of their country's four hundred plus cheeses instead—and he experi-

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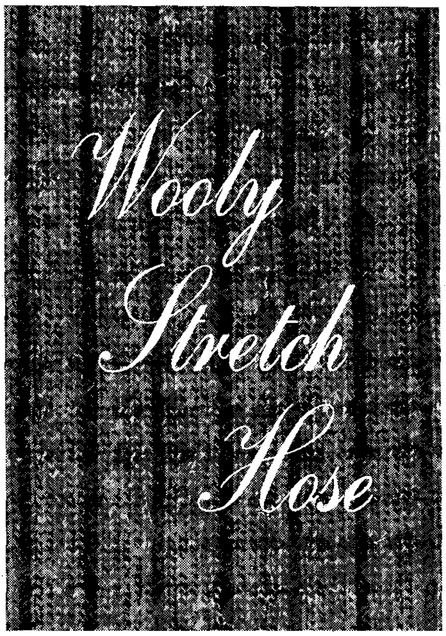

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mented for years in order to devise a dessert that would be worthy of the Pyramide. At last, he created the *gâteau Marjolaine*, which ranks with the masterpieces of Austrian pâtisserie. (Point always recognized the superiority of Austria's "Vienne" over his own when it came to pastry-making.) The *Marjolaine*—it is named for the sweet-marjoram flower—is a flat, rectangular cake consisting of several thin layers, with the sign of the pyramid printed into a coating of dry sugar on top. The bottom layer is made of a chocolate-and-almond paste, and other layers consist of chocolate, whipped cream, and ground almonds. The confection is still made every day at the Pyramide, and is still as much of a success as it was when Point created it. It was also in these years before the war that Fernand Point developed a new concept in epicurean philosophy. This concept, Point's lasting contribution to the development of gastronomy, is that *la grande cuisine* must please all our senses—not only the palate and the taste buds but also the eyes and ears and nostrils, and even the sense of touch. To him, the aftertaste of a great wine was incomplete without the tactile pleasure and melodious clink provided by fine crystal, and the sight of a dish was enhanced by the pleasant smell of the fresh napkin on the knees. Only the perfect harmony of all the senses could make possible the supreme enjoyment of food and drink. Point was well aware that our eyes are always greedier than our stomachs, and he also recognized that the human appetite has declined steadily over the centuries.

All that Point was interested in was the pursuit of gastronomic happiness. He knew that the number of fastidious connoisseurs truly able to appreciate his cooking was necessarily limited. Self-appointed "gourmets" who like to boast of finding an "excellent bistro around the corner where the owner does the cooking himself" could scarcely do justice to Point's delicate sauces. And people who had just spent a week in Provence, eating such robust foods as *ailloli* (a mayonnaise with a garlic purée) and *pissaladière* (a pastry dough filled with chopped onions cooked in oil and covered with black olives and anchovies) could hardly appreciate the finesse of Point's *truite saumonée* or *caneton glacé*. Yet Point was never discouraged by such considerations. He spent weeks designing and executing the *présentation* of a dish, because to him this was no mere effect but was essential to the full enjoyment of that dish. His *barquette de moules sur un lit d'épinards*—mussels

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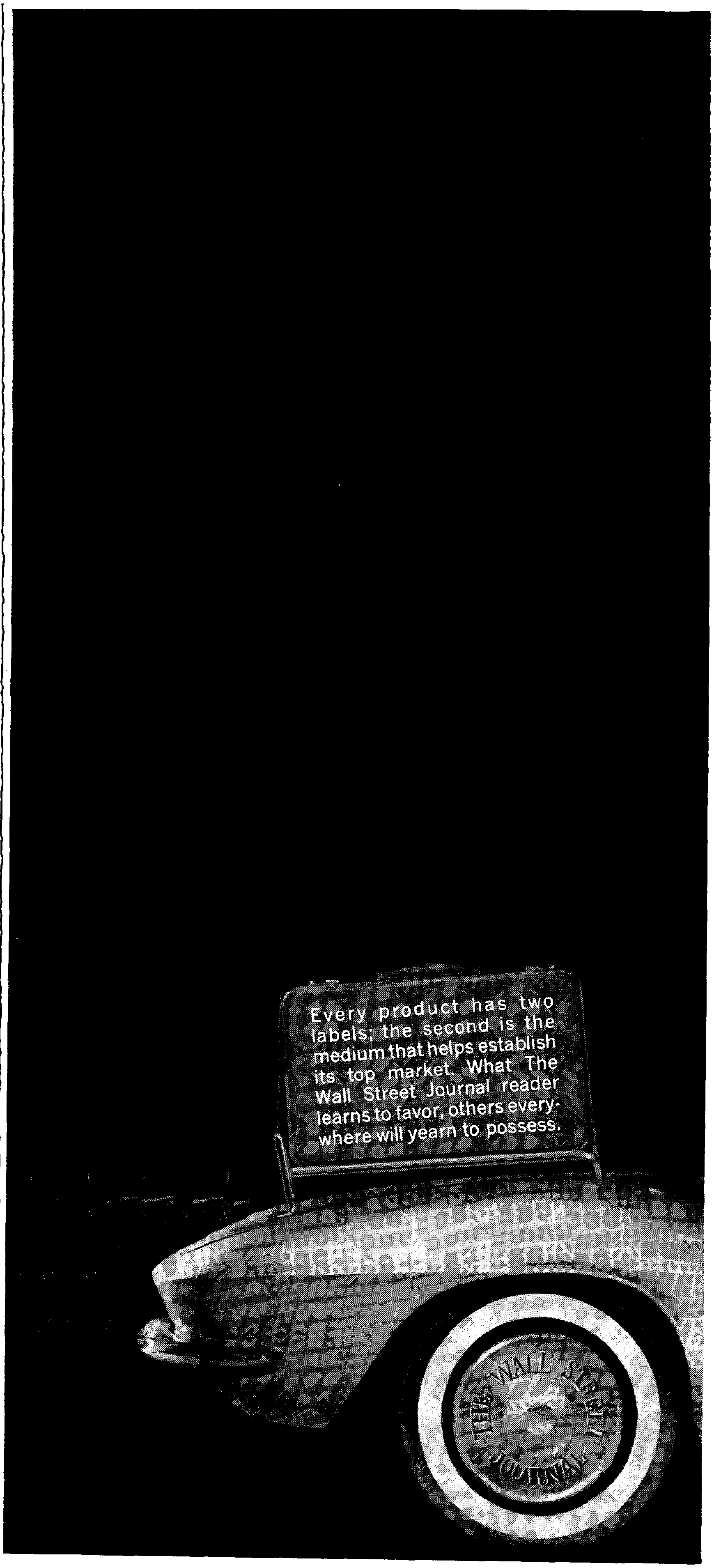
cooked in white wine, embedded in a buttery pastry in the form of very tiny boats, and covered with a rose-colored sauce whose ingredients could only be sensed, not guessed, the whole resting on a bed of delicate spinach—looked like an Impressionist still-life. And his crayfish au gratin was a lovely painting in orange, red, and brown. Point used to say that the crayfish au gratin should be treated like an old claret: one should look at its color, inhale its fragrance, and taste its delicate flavor.

At the Pyramide, the pâté of pheasant is served stuffed inside a pheasant. Conversely, its garnish is not only for the eye but also for the palate; the aspic is made from the finest ingredients, and flavored with vintage *brut* champagne or old port wine. Sometimes Point would create one or another of the three most famous pâtés of *la grande cuisine*—*l'Oreiller de la Belle Aurore*, *le Chapeau de Monseigneur Gabriel Cortois de Quinsey*, and *la Toque du Président Adolphe Clerc*—which are superb productions made with whole saddles of hare, whole ducks, quails, chickens, partridges, woodcocks, and so on. One such pâté would serve fifty people, and when the waiters brought it in, on an enormous silver platter, and began to cut it into thick slices, a hush would descend upon the dining room. The best cooking at the Pyramide, however, was done on Tuesdays, when the restaurant was closed. Then Point would dream up new creations and try them out on his wife and daughter. Mme. Point still remembers a Tuesday when he served her a *rôti de veau* with what seemed to be a simple purée of very young spinach. "His eyes were twinkling with excitement as he watched me taste the purée," she says. "It was the most delicate spinach I'd ever eaten—it had a very special, very delicious flavor. Fernand was as happy as a child—his surprise had come off. It wasn't spinach. At dawn that day, he'd gone down to his kitchen and started to pluck the tiny leaves of watercress off the tiny stems. He'd worked for hours, cleaning thirty bunches of watercress, and then he'd made the purée out of the leaves. He always asked me to guess the ingredients of a new sauce, and was always delighted when I didn't guess correctly. I remember a sauce he once made of rare roast duck—the duck's liquor with port, cream, truffles, and a few drops of *fine champagne*. I didn't guess the *fine*. He experimented for a long time with his own version of *fraises cardinal*—delicate *fraises des bois* served with an unsweetened purée of raspberry. Another time, he made a truffle-flavored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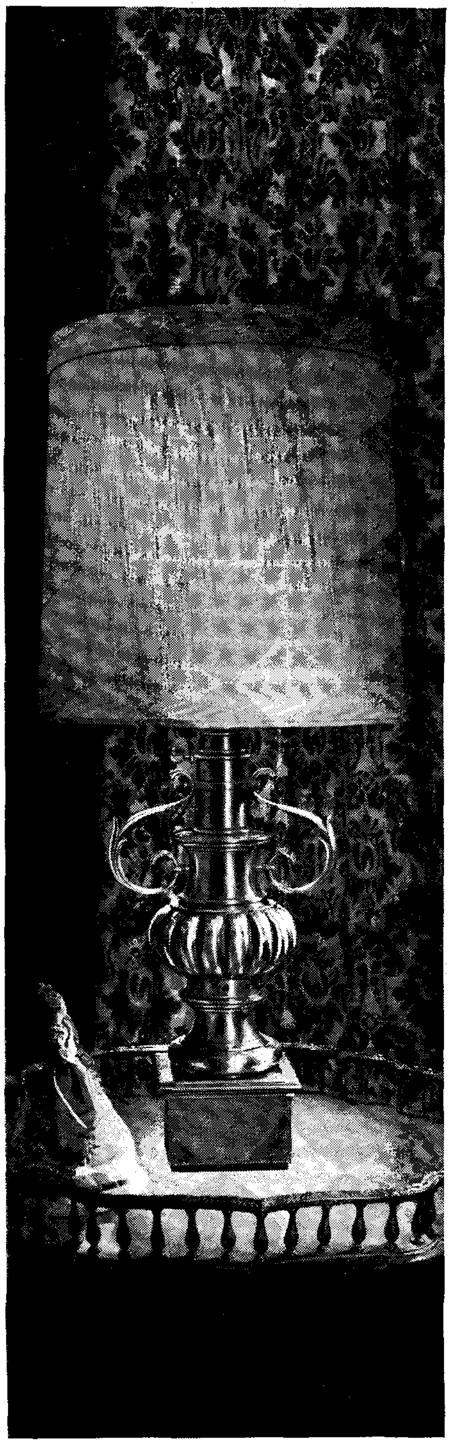

ice cream, but it didn't quite come off. He was really happy only near his kitchen stoves. It was hard to get him away from the kitchen, and even harder to get him to leave the house. It was a real effort to make him come with me to Paris once a year, after we started closing in November, back in 1936. And all the time we were there he was homesick for his kitchen."

The Pyramide was a happy place in the thirties, with a homely, patriarchal atmosphere. At eleven in the morning and at six in the afternoon, the Points would sit down with all their employees for a meal *en famille*. In winter, a large table was set up at the rear of the kitchen, and in summertime in the garden, behind a partition. Mme. Point, sitting at the head of the table, would always be served *une petite spécialité* that her husband had prepared for her, just as in the days of his courtship. Point was called Papa by the employees, and she was La Princesse, and it was taken for granted that the Princess's job was to taste, and comment on, each of Papa's new creations. Afterward, the Points would talk it over, and if they agreed that it wasn't quite right yet, Point would continue to work on it. Mme. Point went through all the stages of the *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*, which he worked on over a period of years, until even he admitted that it was "almost" right. He loved to experiment with things that he enjoyed eating himself, and he thought highly of the crayfish that came from the rivers of the region. He was proud of *les produits du pays* ("Why shop in Paris when you can get it here?") and insisted that all his foodstuffs should come directly from the regions where they were produced. That wasn't always easy—and, in fact, it still isn't. France's archaic food-distribution system just doesn't work that way. It often happens that foodstuffs are sent from the producing regions to Les Halles, in Paris, from which they are sent right back to the place where they came from, after a few people have pocketed their commissions.

Point had two major regrets—that he didn't own a large vegetable garden, so he could serve his guests absolutely fresh vegetables, and that he didn't have a small, well-run hotel where guests might relax after a meal at the Pyramide. Once, a friend of his, a rich man who had long deplored the fact that Vienne had no first-rate hotel, offered Point forty million francs, which was then a great deal of money, if he would build a small, elegant hotel on the adjoining lot he had bought, and would always have a room there for the finan-

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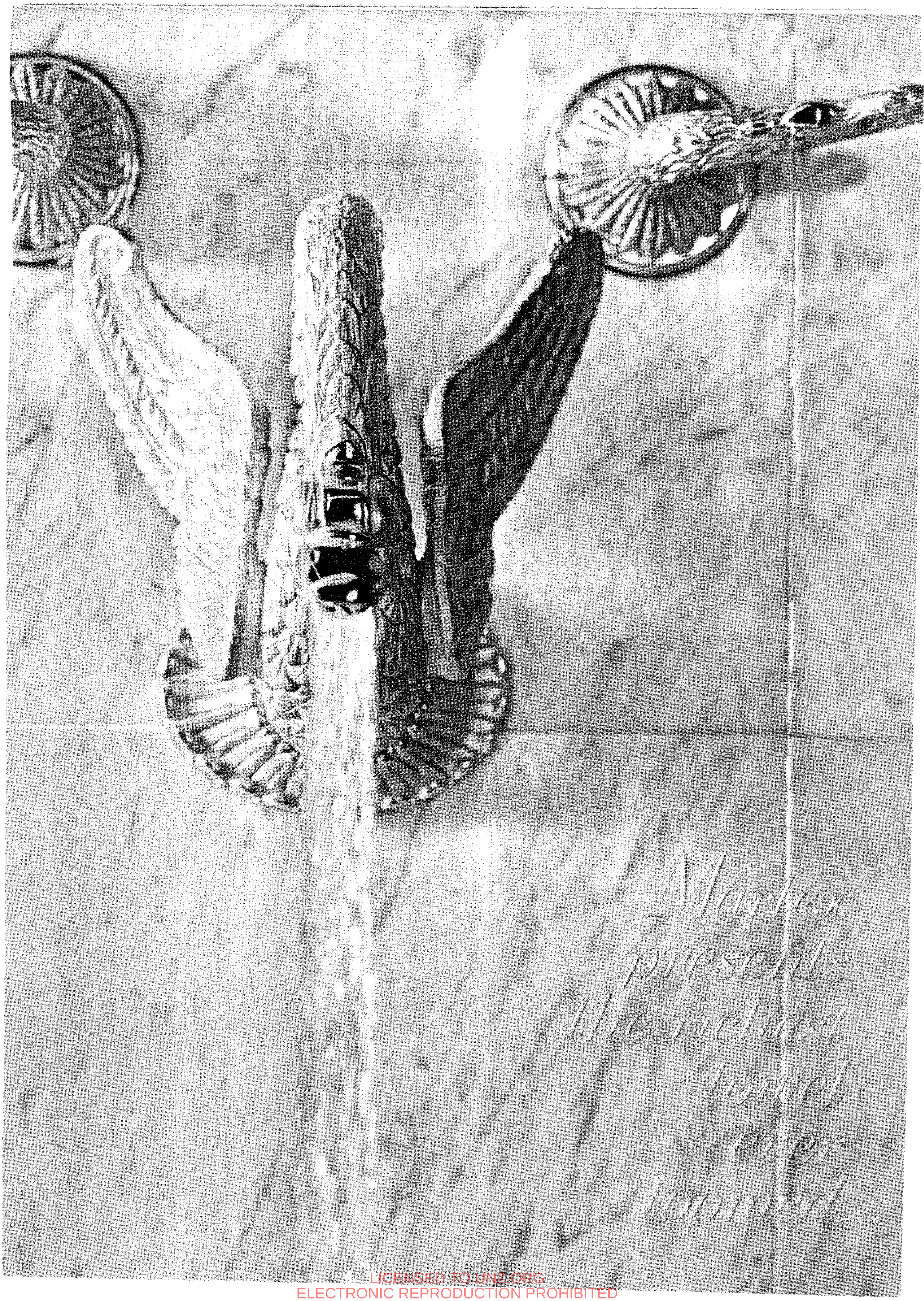

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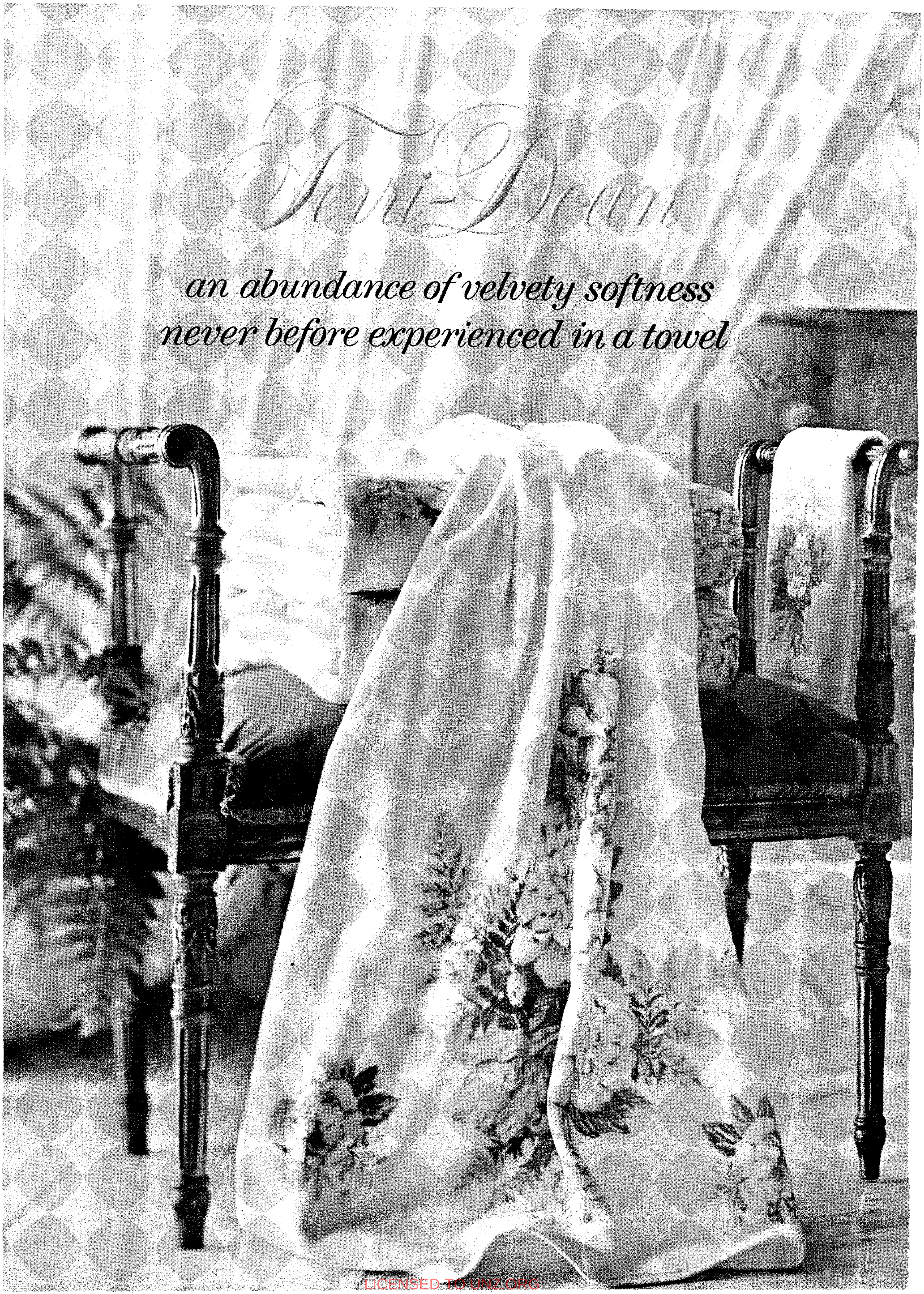
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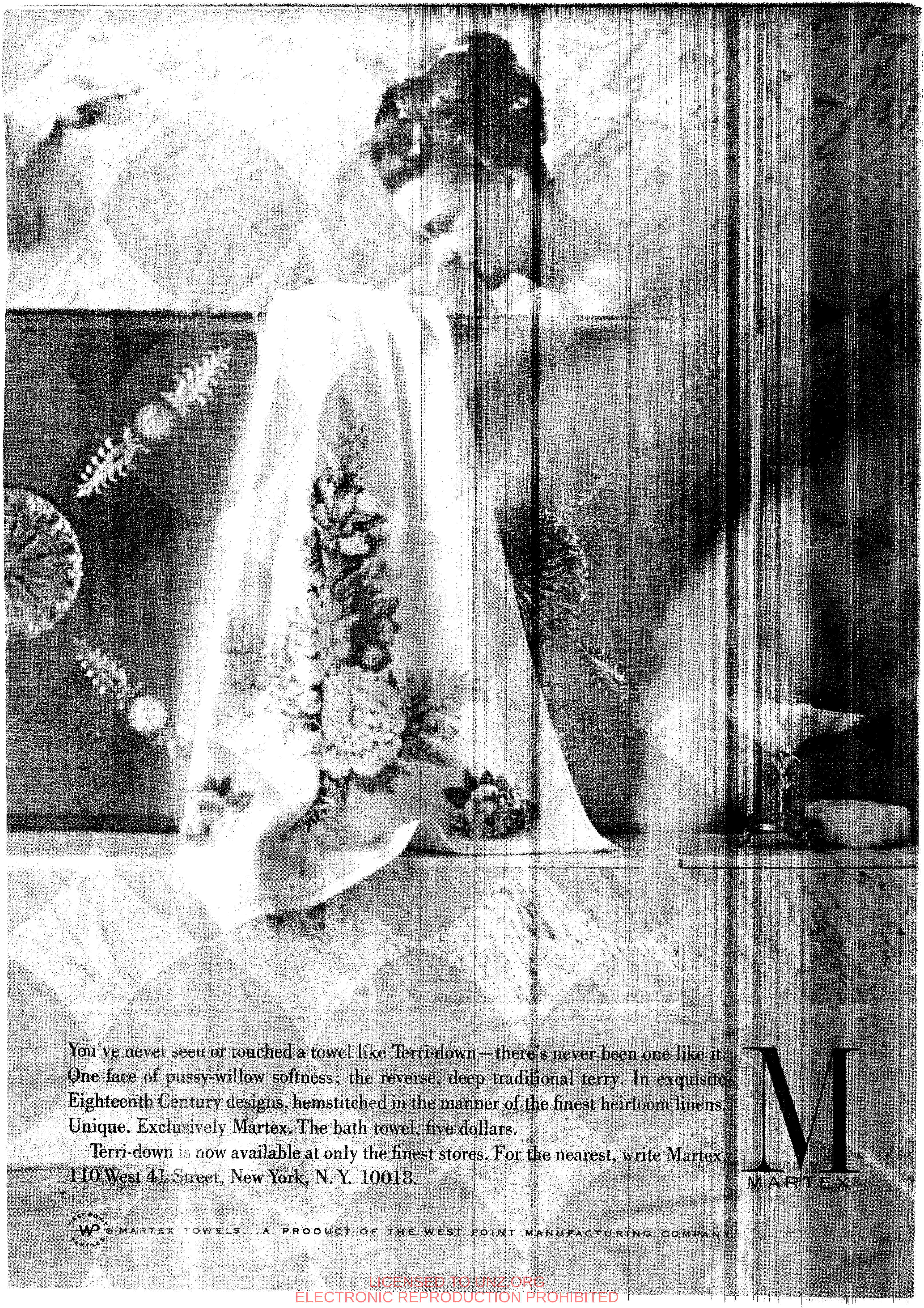

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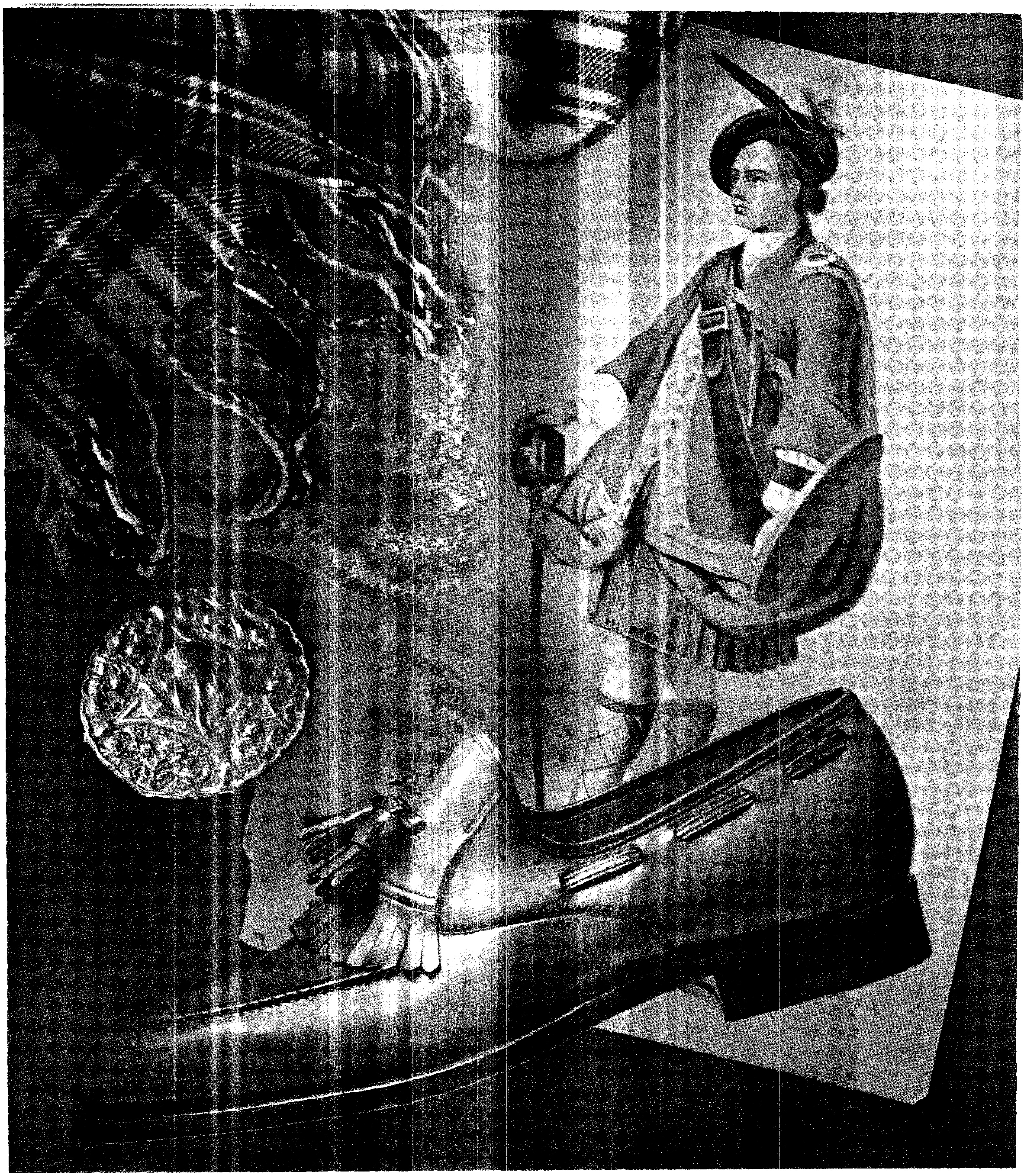

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GENESCO PARK, NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE/GENESCO EVERYTHING TO WEAR cier when he came to Vienne. Fernand Point smiled and shook his head. "*Un petit chez-soi vaut mieux qu'un grand chez autres*," he said. He was a man of wisdom. He was also a man of great simplicity. He had an unending curiosity about the people of his town, and he loved to talk shop with the butcher, the sausage maker, the man who brought the crayfish, the cheesemaker from Saint-Marcellin. It was his wife's assignment to receive the important guests of the house, and that was an assignment she loved to carry out. *Her* chief regrets are that she has never had time to travel and to learn other languages. Besides French, she speaks only a little English.

The golden epoch of the Pyramide came to an end with the outbreak of the Second World War. For a while, Point was able to keep the restaurant going as if nothing had happened, but then the food-distribution system broke down, and he had to close for longer and longer intervals. Whenever he did get hold of some supplies, he would send word to friends living nearby and would cook simple meals for ten or fifteen people—simple, that is, by his standards. There might be a *sole aux nouilles*, an *entrecôte marchand de vin*. Those who were privileged to be his guests still talk of the exquisite simplicity of those furtive meals. And even they came to an end when the German officers arrived in Vienne. The German commanding officer wanted to throw a party at the Pyramide, but Point refused to allow this, whereupon the German commander ordered the Pyramide closed, first for six months, and then, when Point still refused to serve the Germans, indefinitely. Point was sent to jail twice. He never talked about these interludes in later years—he hated any kind of heroics—but after the war both the French and the British governments awarded him decorations for patriotism.

Mme. Point believes that the war was largely responsible for her husband's early death. "When Fernand could no longer work in his kitchen, he became deeply depressed," she says. "He didn't know what to do with himself, and fell to brooding for hours at a time, or else sitting in his small, private dining room with his friends. The room was a strategic position for him; through its window he could watch both the dining room and the entrance. Fernand was generous—the best was just good enough for his friends—and there would always be a bottle of his favorite champagne. When the war ended and we opened again in a small way, Fernand had lost the habit of hard work. In 1940, he discovered a very talented

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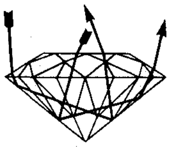
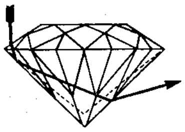
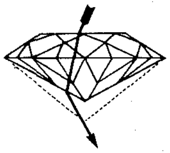


Here is an ideally proportioned stone. The facets will return a maximum amount of light to produce "brilliance" and "fire." That's what you want in a diamond—as much as color, clarity or carat weight.



This diamond is cut too deep below the girdle. Such unskillful cutting allows an undue amount of light to escape through the pavilion facets. Less brilliance. Therefore less value per carat.



This diamond is cut with too little weight below the girdle. Again less fire and brilliance and should be less costly.

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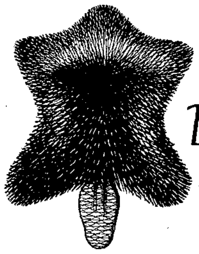
chef, M. Paul Mercier, who had established a good reputation in Evian and Menton. After the war was over, Fernand spent more and more time sitting around with his friends in the small dining room, and Mercier took charge of the kitchen. Somehow Fernand never really found his way back into the kitchen. The doctors later told me that hard work might have prolonged his life. He was only fifty-eight when he died."

Mme. Point believes that her husband may have suspected how short a time was left to him, and therefore decided to teach Paul Mercier all he knew. Certainly Mercier was an apt pupil—so apt that when Point arranged comparative tastings of similar dishes that he and Mercier had prepared, Mme. Point, the Pyramide's severest critic, was often unable to distinguish between them even in the case of the *gratin de queues d'écrevisses*. When this happened, Point appeared genuinely pleased. During the last years of his life, when he was a very sick man, Mercier took complete charge of buying supplies and running the kitchen, while Mme. Point was in charge of the entire operation of the restaurant. Still, they felt protected by the presence of "the chef"—Papa remained "the chef" for them, even though he rarely came into the kitchen. "Knowing that Fernand was sitting in his small room watching everything inspired everybody to that infinitesimal extra effort that makes all the difference between a good performance and a great one," Mme. Point says.

The team that Point had formed and trained at the Pyramide—ten men in the kitchen, and ten in the restaurant, the cellar, and the garden—was made up of highly skilled experts, who carried out their tasks with the endless patience of workers in a Swiss watch factory. Being deeply devoted to Point, they had become imbued with his fanatical sense of perfection, and they took pride in their "*maison*." Many of them are there today. There is Louis Thomasi, who started out in 1929 as a dishwasher and is now the *sommelier*, responsible for the impeccable condition of the first cellar in France. Louis is one of the world's few genuine *sommeliers*, a student of people as well as of wines. He recommends a certain wine only after he has taken into consideration the food, the weather, and the guest's temperament. There is Vincent Garriga, the short, slightly stooped, gray-haired headwaiter, who has just the right mixture of authority and *gentillesse* to be respected by the employees and liked by the guests. And until a year



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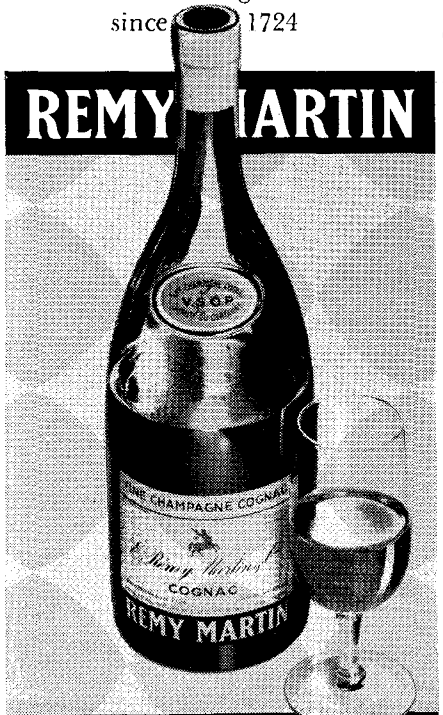

REMY MARTIN

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and a half ago there was Paul Mercier, the repository of Point's culinary secrets.

Around nine o'clock one evening last year, Paul Mercier said "*Bonne nuit*" to Mme. Point as usual at the end of the dinner service, went to his home, which was nearby, and told his wife he didn't feel well. An hour later, he was dead of a heart attack. Exactly seven years after the death of her husband, Mme. Point had lost the services of the one man who had been trained by the *maître* himself to continue the gastronomic tradition of the Pyramide. After this loss, however, no one in the small gastronomical world of France ventured to say that the Pyramide was finished. People hadn't forgotten what they had said back in 1955, and what had actually happened. Still, they were watching *la première table de France* very carefully; this was, after all, a matter of national concern. Two months after the sudden death of Paul Mercier, the well-known epicure Simon Arbellot, who is a member of the Académie des Gastronomes and a respected writer on culinary matters, wrote in an article:

> Surrounded by her faithful associates Vincent Garriga, the maître d'hôtel, and Louis Thomasi, the head sommelier, and assured of the devotion of a brigade of perfectly qualified young men, Mme. Point continues the tradition of the most celebrated restaurant of France. Nothing has changed here. Neither the orderliness of things, nor the elegance, nor the quality. "Mado" watches over everything as always. She remains the soul of that high altar of French cuisine.

Mme. Point's latest triumph is a frequent topic of discussion among restaurateurs, chefs, gastronomic historians, and epicureans-at-large. After a recent meal at the Pyramide that faithfully upheld the unforgotten standards of Fernand Point, an old friend of Mme. Point's asked her how she managed to carry on. She was silent for a few moments and then said, in one of her rare moments of self-revelation, "*Je dois avoir la protection de Fernand.*" And, indeed, the spirit of the *maître* is still very much present at the Pyramide. Mme. Point speaks of the restaurant with great pride but also with critical detachment, for she is well aware that she is not only the owner of a celebrated eating place but also the custodian of her husband's reputation and the trustee of a part of French civilization. The trusteeship, she knows, is nontransferable; after her there will be no Pyramide. She has made it quite clear that she will never sell the place. She can afford the luxury of running the Pyramide as a temple of gastronomy and a memorial to her hus-

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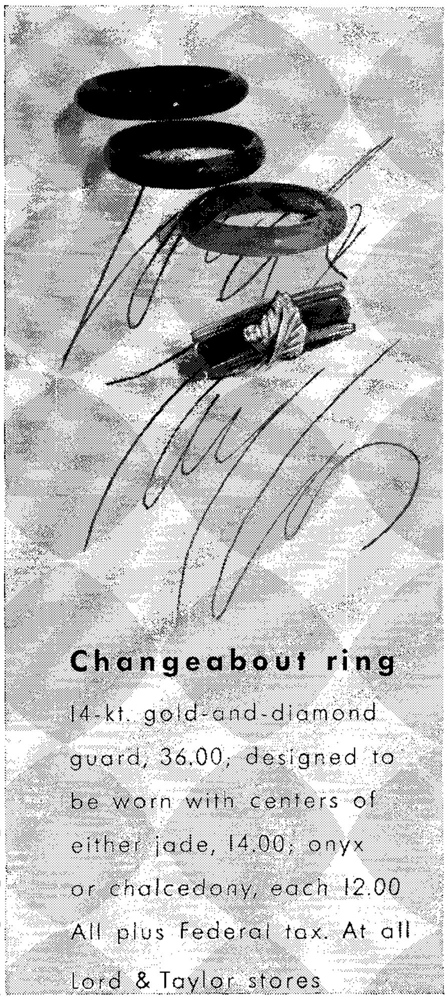

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band, but if it should fail to accomplish its exalted purpose, she will close it. Mme. Point's many abilities do not include the ability to compromise when supreme quality is concerned. Not only does she refuse to permit the name of the Pyramide to be exploited commercially but she wants no promotion and, of course, doesn't advertise; France's gastronomic community considers it unethical for a great restaurant to advertise. And, as the faithful custodian of her husband's lifework, Mme. Point herself prefers to remain backstage. Last year, it was proposed that she receive a Légion d'Honneur award, but she pleaded with the emissaries from Paris not to give her the award—something that doesn't happen often. On the other hand, she was happy when she was recently informed that the city administration of Vienne had decided to rename the Boulevard de la Pyramide, on which the restaurant is situated, Boulevard Fernand Point. It is a sleepy, sunny street between the Roman pyramid and the left bank of the Rhône, bordered by low, gray-walled houses whose shutters remain always mysteriously closed, and Point loved to walk there, where he could always be within sight of his beloved restaurant.

Mme. Point's refusal to make the slightest compromise with "*traditions et qualité*" means that, for all the devotion of her employees, she must ultimately rely on herself alone. She never lets herself take anyone's advice, she makes all decisions, and she must take the blame when they are wrong. Since the death of Mercier, Mme. Point has had an additional burden to carry, for she is the only person who remembers exactly the creations of Fernand Point. Not as a cook—an able practitioner of bourgeois cooking, Mme. Point has too much respect for *la grande cuisine* ever to attempt it herself—but through the rare gift she possesses of remembering delicate tastes and subtle flavors the way other people remember poems, melodies, or colors. Thus, she remains the Pyramide's culinary critic and gustatory conscience; it is for her alone to decide whether a dish has the taste of gastronomic greatness.

Mme. Point was, of course, shocked, grieved, and disconcerted by the sudden loss of Paul Mercier. However, she has learned to be prepared for all contingencies at the Pyramide, and the day after Mercier's funeral she promoted his deputy, Guy Thivard, to the post of *chef de cuisine* of *la première table de France*. Thivard, who is just twenty-four, is probably the youngest chef ever to run the kitchen of a celebrated temple

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of gastronomy. The *Wunderkind* of French cuisine is a slim, dark-haired, serious man from Sainte-Foy l'Argentière, a small hamlet in the Département du Rhône, twenty-five miles northwest of Vienne. His mother owns a small *bistro* there. When he was fourteen, he began to work as a *pâtissier*, but he became tired of "*toujours le chocolat*" and shortly afterward was glad to get a job as a more general kind of chef with Jean Vignard, in Lyon. Vignard's Chez Juliette is one of the best restaurants there, and he has been the teacher of a whole generation of gifted cooks. It was in the kitchen of Chez Juliette that Mercier discovered young Thivard.

Thivard came to the Pyramide two years ago, became its fish cook, and was almost immediately promoted by Mercier to be his deputy. Now Thivard has as *his* deputy Jacques Marguin, formerly the Pyramide's *pâtissier*, who is forty-five and the *doyen* of the staff. The average age of the Pyramide's kitchen brigade today is under thirty. They are all gifted and dedicated men, with a feeling for the precision required by their work and an ardent devotion to their art that reminds Mme. Point of Fernand himself as a young *cuisinier*. The appointment of Thivard was another calculated risk, and it has worked out well. Instead of bringing in a famous chef from outside, Mme. Point took a chance on an able young man who had been trained and formed by Point's main disciple and in Point's tradition, thus assuring the continuity of the operation. During Thivard's first weeks as chef, Mme. Point spent much time in the kitchen, watching and advising, talking and tasting. Once, the *gratin* was a little too accentuated and a shade too *feuille-morte*—at the Pyramide they don't talk in such vulgar terms as "undercooked," "stale," "oversalted"—and another time the delicate sauce accompanying the guinea hen didn't have quite the glossy finish it should have had. Such imperfections, which only Mme. Point would have noticed, were remedied. Today, the gastronomic symphony at the Pyramide is performed as beautifully as it was under Paul Mercier. "And why not?" Mme. Point demanded of a friend who had remarked on this. "After all, we have Fernand's score from which to perform."

THE Pyramide is Mme. Point's life. Instead of venturing out into the world, she lets the world come to her. She rarely leaves the house, and when she does have an errand in town, she always hurries home. She likes to read

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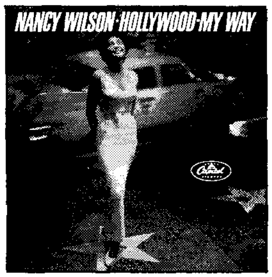

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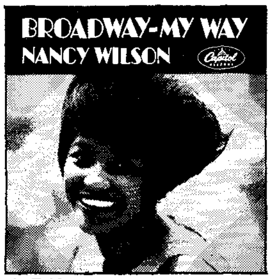

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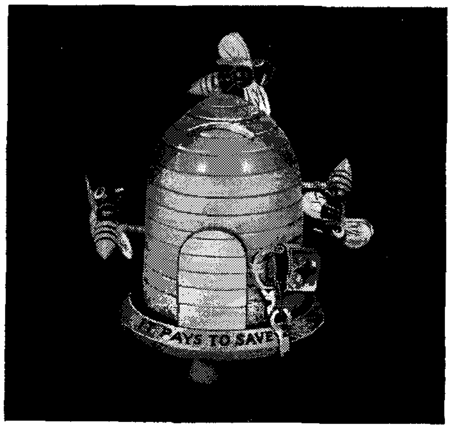

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and to listen to music, and in the afternoons, during the lull between the end of the lunch service and the beginning of dinner, she may play solitaire or ask some friends in for bridge. On Tuesdays, the restaurant is closed, and she usually visits her daughter in Lyon. Since her daughter got married, two years ago, Mme. Point's household has consisted only of her mother, Mme. Paulin, a cheerful lady of eighty-six, who likes to take long walks with her dog. (Both M. Paulin and the senior M. Point died some years ago, and Point's mother, who was also a member of the household, died last year.)

Mme. Point's working day really begins at eight in the morning, when she comes down from her apartment on the second floor of the house, though by that time she has read the morning papers and made some business calls. Even at that hour, when Mme. Point enters her small office, just off the kitchen, she can hear the reassuring clatter of casseroles, the pleasant sound of the running faucet (the water flows through the aquarium at the rate of eighteen litres a minute, which helps account for the Pyramide's high annual water bill, amounting to about a thousand dollars), and the animated sound of young voices. This sound has not always been heard at the Pyramide. The late M. Mercier was a strict disciplinarian who didn't tolerate small talk around the stove, and there was silence in the kitchen in his time. Mme. Point doesn't mind the sound of talking, or even of whistling. She wants the Pyramide to be a happy place, and today it is. After a cup of unsweetened black coffee, which is all she has for breakfast, she steps into the kitchen to confer informally with the chef, informality being the keynote at the Pyramide nowadays. She and Thivard discuss supplies, prices, and special needs; look into the refrigeration chambers; and decide on the menu for the day. The mechanics of running a temple of gastronomy are getting more complicated all the time. The chef is bothered by the problem of getting foodstuffs that still have the original flavor, for many supplies have been "improved" in such a way that they no longer taste as they did when they were fresh; the quality of the butter has to be watched carefully, and the beef is often killed too young. However, the Pyramide is unusually fortunate in being situated in the midst of plenty. Butter, cream, lamb, fruit, vegetables, and flowers can all be bought in Vienne and its vicinity, and large baskets of *crayfish* arrive in the morning from the nearby rivers. As for other supplies, lobster and *langouste*

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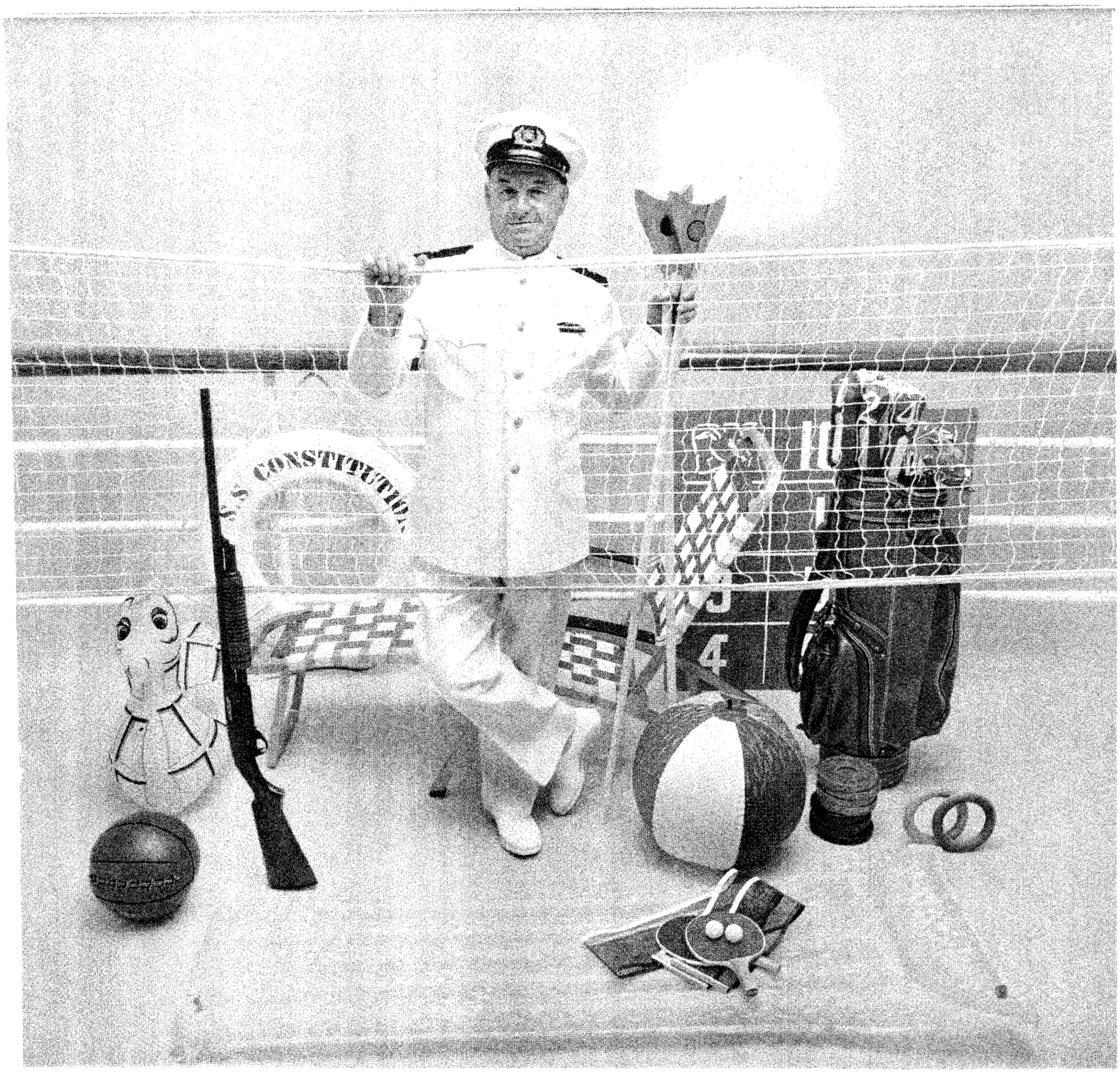

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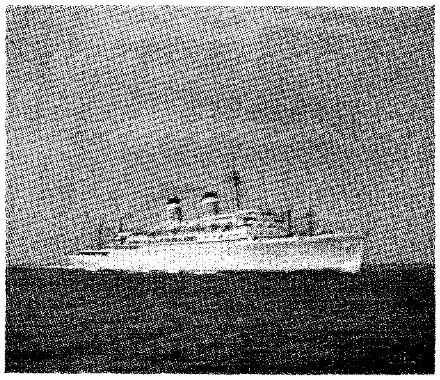

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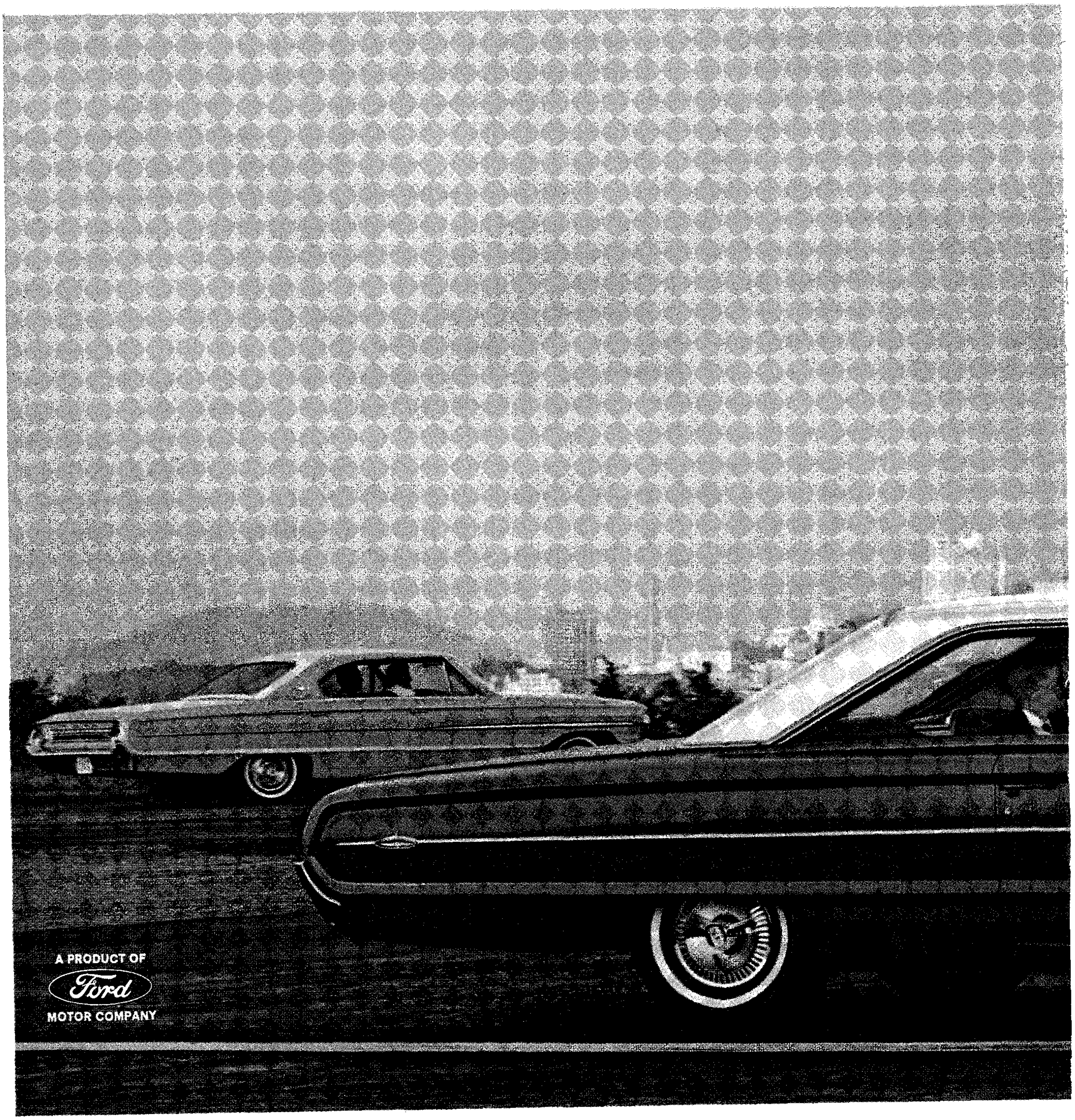
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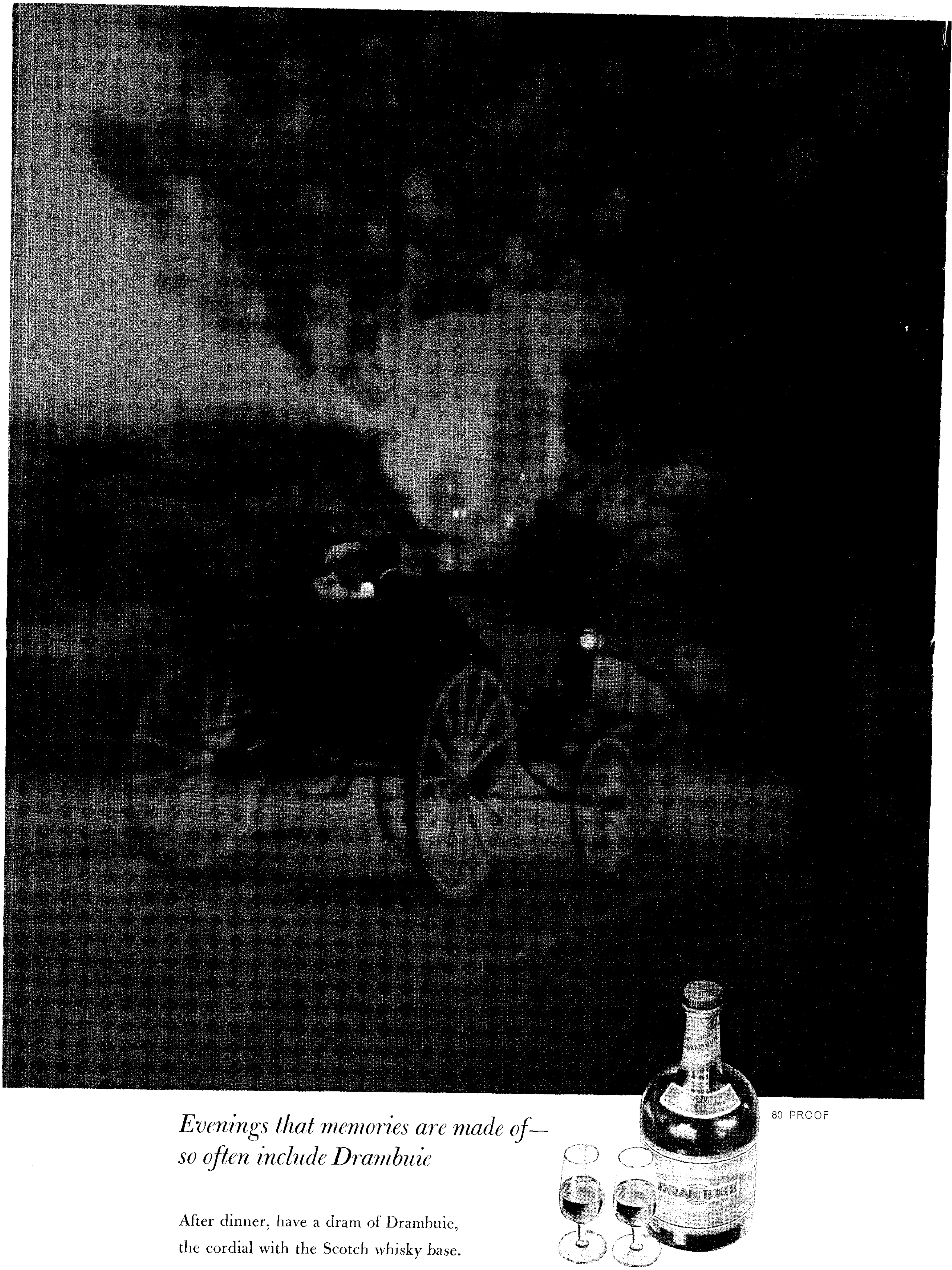

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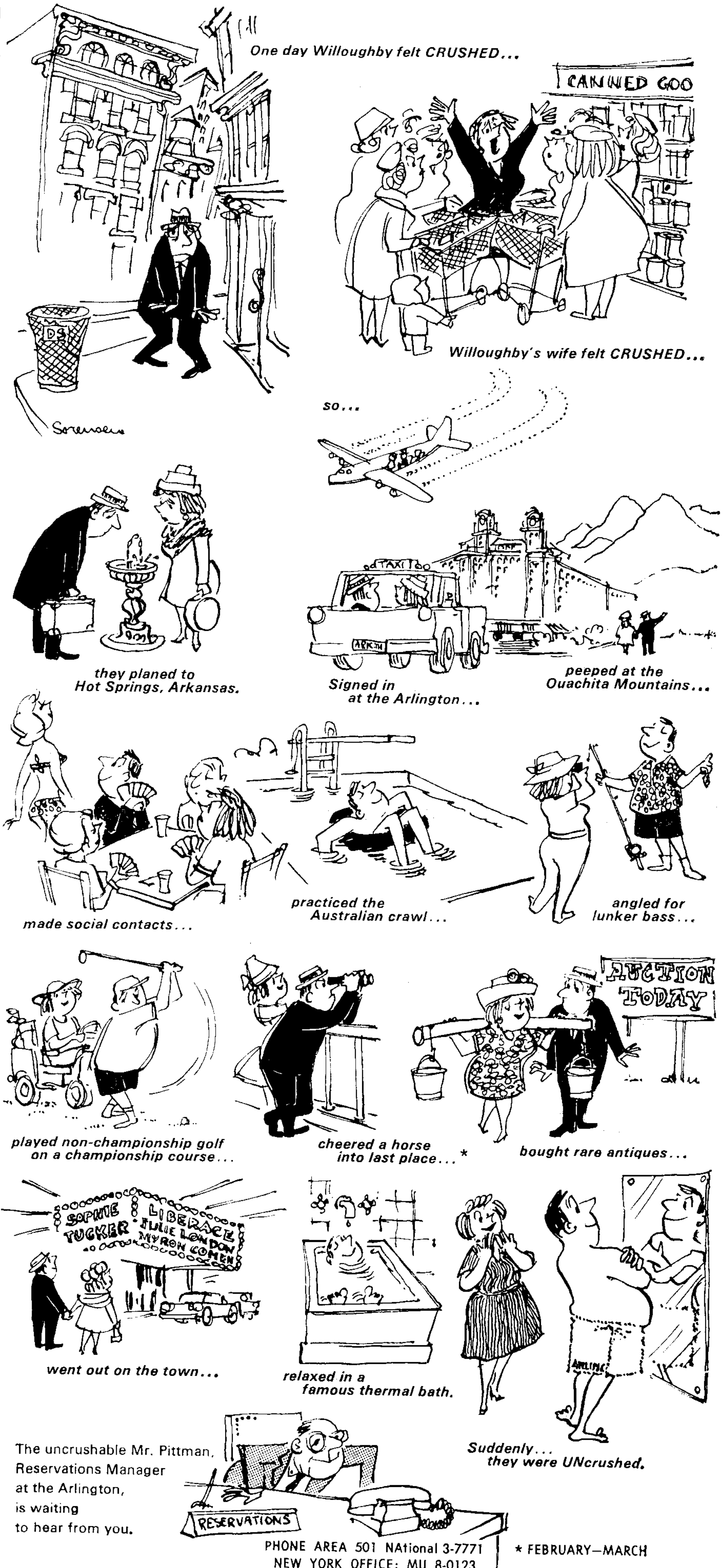
are brought in alive from Brittany (Fernand Point preferred lobster for warm dishes and *langouste* for cold ones, and his preference, naturally, is still observed at the Pyramide); *loup de mer* from the Mediterranean; the delicate *truite saumonée* from Lake Bourget, in Savoy; red meat from Charolles, via Paris; most of the poultry, of course, from Bresse, where the supplier, a boyhood friend of Fernand Point, has himself selected the Pyramide's merchandise for over thirty years; and game, in season, from Alsace. The Roquefort comes from the village of Roquefort, the Brie from the Seine-et-Marne, in the heart of the old province of Brie, and the *rigotte de Condrieu*—a delicious goat cheese—from Condrieu. Twice a week, the chef goes to the Halles of Lyon to seek out the freshest fruits and vegetables for himself; Mme. Point thinks it is important "to show one's face to the merchant" from time to time.

After the day's program has been decided on, Mme. Point writes out three or four large menu cards. There is no typewriter at the Pyramide; Mme. Point, like most other French restaurateurs, believes that the only proper menu is a handwritten one, which contributes to the feeling of intimacy that it is thought so important to foster. She then reads her mail—requests for reservations, letters of appreciation, news from a young employee temporarily away on military service—and answers it, also in her own hand. Suppliers drop in for a chat, and are offered a vermouth-cassis or a Pernod, which a Frenchman will drink any time of the day. Later, Mme. Point reads the morning report from the Résidence de la Pyramide. In 1956, she bought a dignified old villa on the bank of the nearby Rhône, and turned it into a small, *soigné* hotel of the sort that her husband always wanted to have; it has only fifteen rooms, but they have been a blessing for tired diners. All morning long, the phone rings with long-distance requests for reservations. Nobody asks for a particular table, because there are no prestige tables at the Pyramide, as there are in some New York restaurants. At the Pyramide, people come to eat, not to see and be seen, and they are all received with the same courtesy and served the same food.

By noon, Mme. Point is ready to welcome her guests. She likes to sit at a corner table in the garden from which she can see the entrance to the restaurant, for after all these years, it still thrills her to watch the people come in. Some appear awed at stepping into this



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temple, like pilgrims in Rome who are approaching St. Peter's for the first time. Some arrive with a defiant, almost challenging air about them, as if they were saying, "So that's the famous place everybody's raving about! Let's see whether it's as good as it's made out to be." Some inhale the tantalizing aroma that drifts out of the kitchen (Crayfish butter? The fumet of *homard*? A sauce made with port and brandy?) and stand still, lost in delight.

"THE only praise one can give the cuisine of the Pyramide is to say that it has not changed at all," a member of the Club des Cent said the other day. "Fernand Point has left faithful disciples, and Mme. Point has wisely decided to continue everything as if he were still there." The sentiment was echoed by a recent report in *L'Auto-Journal* about the Pyramide and Mme. Point, which ended, "*Elle y réussit à merveille, le succès mondial de la maison en est la preuve.*"

Mme. Point's decision "to continue everything as if Fernand were still there" becomes apparent the moment one steps through the gate in the white wall, to find oneself in a separate world. A wheelbarrow that Fernand Point placed near the flagstone path as a symbol of welcome still stands there, and in summer it is filled every day with fresh flowers. In summer, too, are roses of all colors in the beautifully kept garden, and fluttering about its lawns, chestnut trees, and red gravel paths are snow-white pigeons, fed daily by Louis. (They, too, are fed well; they get more than two hundred pounds of corn a month.) In the autumn, when the leaves of the plane trees begin to turn and fall, the terrace is swept clean every hour. Fernand Point loved his garden, but he often said that ideally no gastronomic meal should be served outside; he was bothered by the dust particles that fell into the perfectly made *sauce Choron* (a beautifully colored, tomato-flavored béarnaise that was served with the *truite saumonée en croûte*), and he didn't care to see a melancholy leaf drop slowly into a wineglass. Still, he lent himself to the practice, for in summertime, when the air beyond the gate was glistening in the heat and the sun enveloped the countryside like a warm blanket, it was always cool and fresh under the trees, with only a few brilliant points of light filtering through the leaves. A few years ago, Mme. Point bought new tables and chairs for the garden—one of the few changes that she has been obliged to make. The tables are round and good-sized, and the

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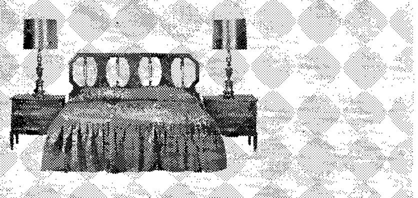

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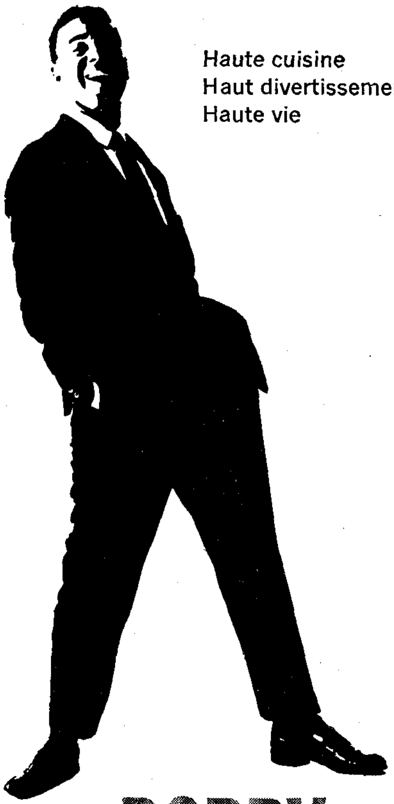

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chairs are comfortable. You lean back happily in silent wonder and grateful appreciation as you savor your first morsel of the *gratin* or enjoy the aftertaste of the Château Grillet that Louis has poured into your glass. In an old Roman amphora by the entrance, there are several umbrellas, which can be used for escorting people to their cars in the event of a sudden shower, and in another old Roman vessel, behind Mme. Point's corner table, two champagne bottles are kept in ice water for her friends, just as in the days when Fernand Point sat there receiving *his* friends. There are also a few bottles of Juliénas or Moulin-à-Vent in the vessel; Mme. Point likes her Beaujolais slightly chilled. Up in the crowns of the trees the wind is making a gentle stir. A sense of tranquillity and harmony pervades this oasis. Some people experience it more strongly than others, but no one remains untouched by it. Few realize, however, that Fernand Point worked as hard as any stage designer to create and perfect this atmosphere. In his view, it was not an external effect but the expression of his belief that there could be no complete enjoyment of food and wine without just such a sense of peace and harmony.

Inside the house, equally great care is taken to avoid a commercial atmosphere. One of the younger waiters takes your hat and hangs your overcoat on a hanger in the hall; there is no checkroom and no hat-check girl. The dining room has a homelike feeling, too, with stacks of plates and rows of silverware on a buffet in the middle, liqueur bottles on a sideboard, red gladioli in large vases in the corners, and white curtains on the windows. After a meal, people often linger in the hall, whose walls are hung with paintings. A modern still-life by Bernard Buffet, near the entrance, is inscribed, on the back, to the Points from the artist. Nearby hangs a copy of the "Royale Ordonnance au Sujet de l'Usage dans les Auberges Pendant le Carême," dated February 28, 1756; Fernand Point put it up there one day "to remind myself that no matter how bad things are with *la grande cuisine* in France, they can never be as bad as they were in the old days." It begins:

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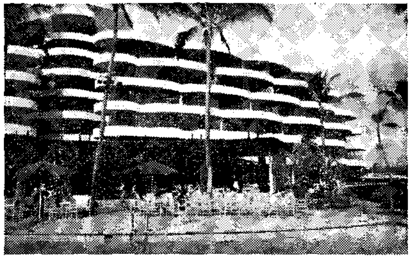

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ing room, and the guests often peek in as they pass by. Those who are familiar with the legend of Fernand Point know that he spent the last years of his life mostly in this room. In the middle stands a long table, with a ceramic top, which was made for him by an artist friend. There, in the chair opposite the window, Point would sit, receiving his friends. The walls are hung with works of art and personal memorabilia; next to a drawing by Cocteau is a little picture that Marie-Josette painted when she was seven years old, and beside a barometer is the broken tip of Marie-Josette's first ski. On a buffet are old books, old Sèvres, and a gold clock, and against one wall stands a television set, which wasn't there in Point's time. On winter evenings, when Mme. Point is often alone at the long table, she looks at the screen while she waits for the people in the dining room to finish their meal. She stays on downstairs until the last employee has left, and does the locking up herself.

At lunchtime, Mme. Point is rarely alone. After the war, Point often invited his friends to join him for lunch, sometimes preparing special dishes for them, and Mme. Point has continued this pleasant tradition. No matter how many people there are at the table, though, Fernand Point's chair is always kept vacant. While Mme. Point looks after her friends (the waiter who is assigned to her dining room for the day brings the large silver trays from the kitchen, whereupon Mme. Point gets up to put the food on the individual plates, *comme chez-soi;* then the waiter sets the plates before the guests), she is constantly aware of what is going on in the dining room, on the terrace, and in the kitchen. She often remarks that Fernand Point seemed to have a sixth sense that told immediately when something was wrong at the last table over there in the rear, say—for even at the world's best restaurant things can go wrong once in a while. He would immediately summon Vincent, or whoever was closest to hand, simply by a nod, and would whisper something in his ear, and a minute later everything would be all right again. It appears that Mme. Point, too, has acquired that sixth sense. While she is eating and chatting with her friends, she may notice that a waiter carrying the *pintadeau à la crème* has forgotten the pepper (which helps to bring out the guinea hen's taste), or that somebody's glass needs to be refilled. Furthermore, she can almost invariably tell when something has gone wrong backstage. She says it is partly instinct and partly the success of the

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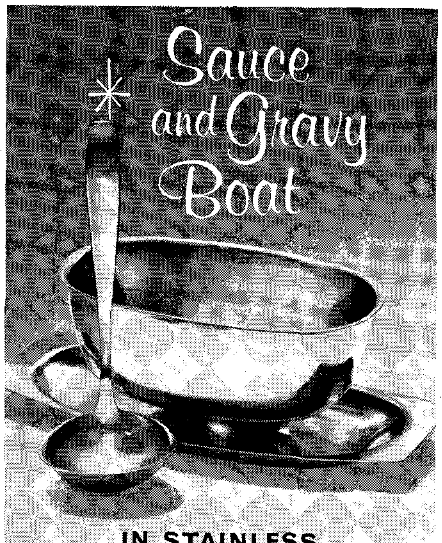
Pyramide's invisible communications system. The employees constitute a tightly knit intelligence unit, which reports to Madame anything that might damage the prestige of the *maison*. The sense of dedication that Fernand Point inspired in all those who worked under him is still very much a part of the Pyramide.

Mme. Point's friends have come to realize that she has the ability to work hard without appearing to do so. While talking with them, she is constantly on the alert, and will suddenly get up to greet a newcomer or to order that a bottle of champagne be sent to a table with her compliments. Toward the end of the lunch service, a waiter places a small metal box and a large pad on a chair next to hers, and while her friends enjoy their cheese and dessert, she begins to write up the checks—by hand, of course, as she has always written them. The waiter goes off with each check on a plate and returns with the money, and Madame rapidly takes the change out of the *caisse* and puts it back on the plate. All this is done so quickly and efficiently that the people at her table scarcely notice that anything is happening.

One pleasant day not long ago, the conversation at Mme. Point's table turned, as it so often does, to her husband. It is almost impossible for anyone not to think of Fernand Point while enjoying the atmosphere created by his genius. At the Pyramide, everything is done as Point liked it to be done, and frequently people speak of him in the present tense, as if he were still there. "A *plat chez Point* is beyond description," the editor of *Cuisine et Vins de France* wrote recently. "It is an atmosphere, a perfection, a grand moment." Somebody at the table remarked that even something as simple as a dish of stringbeans reminds one of the *maître*, who was not content to search for the finest, most delicate stringbeans he could find—whether in the vicinity, down in the Midi, or even in North Africa—but, with a very small, very sharp knife, would split every stringbean lengthwise, and split the halves once more. The stringbeans were very thin to begin with, and it took nimble fingers to do this splitting; it also took a great deal of time. Often, Fernand Point and Paul Mercier would sit side by side at the kitchen table, automatically splitting stringbeans as they discussed problems of *la grande cuisine* and, at the same time, kept a close watch over everything that was going on around them in the bright, white-tiled kitchen. The splitting of the beans was



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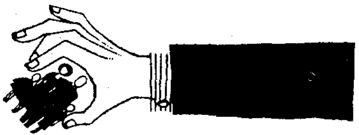

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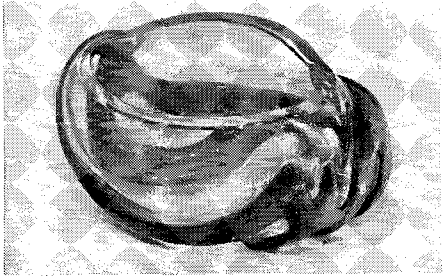

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not a whim of Point's; beans so prepared need a much shorter cooking time, which means that their delicate flavor is more fully preserved. "Our job is to preserve and enhance the original flavor, not to camouflage it with ingredients that don't belong there," Point used to say.

As the lunch proceeded, the talk drifted from *haricots verts* to Fernand Point's fondness for practical jokes. "He loved a simple *blague*," an old friend said. "In such moments, Fernand was not the brooding philosopher or the silent, amused observer of other people's foibles but a schoolboy in high spirits. He would play tricks only on people he liked, though. In fact, the better he liked you, the worse it was." After there had been a drawing in the Loterie Nationale, somebody else recalled, Fernand would call people up to tell them, in strictest confidence, *parole d'honneur*, that the butcher or the dairyman had just won a couple of million francs. "But, *pour l'amour de Dieu*, don't tell anybody—you know those tax people." Then he would lean back and tell his wife to look at her watch, because within half an hour he would be getting a phone call. And, sure enough, twenty minutes later the phone would ring and a good friend would tell Point, in strictest confidence, *parole d'honneur*, that so-and-so had just won *five* million francs. His wife remarked that she was often annoyed with him but that now she thinks he devised his *blagues* mainly to test people—to see how they would react in a certain situation.

The people at the table smiled. One man said, "I once was a house guest here. The first morning, I was awakened from a sound sleep at half past five. Fernand was standing by my bedside, pink and smiling, and he asked me sweetly, 'What would you like to have for *déjeuner*, *mon petit*?' I got mad, and said, 'A bouillabaisse from Toulon.' I knew, of course, that that was one dish Fernand never made. He used to say that a bouillabaisse should be cooked and eaten only in a place from which you could look at the Mediterranean, and, of course, he was right. But I hadn't counted on Fernand's magnificence."

"Somebody wrote of him, 'He had the magnificence and the wisdom of Pantagruel,' " another guest said.

"Yes," the first man said. "That morning, he phoned to Toulon, and around nine o'clock a truck drove up with large tanks containing a huge collection of Mediterranean fish—alive. There were all the fish you use to make a bouillabaisse in Toulon, in a place from which you can see the ocean—

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whiting, saint-pierre, gurnard, conger eel, chapon, dory, *rascasse*, weever, *baudroie*, crabs."

"And *langouste* and *loup de mer*," Mme. Point added meditatively.

"The bouillabaisse was marvellous," the first man said, and he inhaled deeply and reverently, as if the bouillabaisse were on the table in front of him at the moment. "I don't know which was the most beautiful thing about it—the fragrance, the flavor, or the aftertaste. *Ah, c'était vraiment magnifique!* I've never had such a succulent bouillabaisse in Toulon itself! But Fernand modestly claimed that it wasn't a real bouillabaisse, because it wasn't made within sight of the sea. He called it *crème de mer*. 'A very simple dish,' he said."

"About as simple as his *pot-au-feu*," said Mme. Point. "He made that for Jos one day." Jos, a Frenchman of Turkish descent named Joseph Niego, who was a successful theatre manager in Paris, had been one of Point's closest friends, and, right up to his death, a few years ago, had come to Vienne every summer to spend a week with them. "The *pot-au-feu* was a fairy tale," Mme. Point went on. "It was served on our largest silver platter, which is about a yard long. Fernand arranged on it a whole side of boiled beef, a large boiled ham, two *poulardes de Bresse*, boiled *saucisson de Lyon*, and several other things. First he'd cooked the beef, which needed the most time, and then the ham, then the *poulardes*, and so on—all in a bouillon with vegetables. Then he'd thrown away the vegetables, and cooked fresh ones, to be served with the meat. Yet Fernand insisted on calling it '*un tout petit pot-au-feu.*' "

Vincent approached Mme. Point and whispered something in her ear. An elderly American couple stood nearby, and the woman was holding one of the large menus. Would Mme. Point mind autographing it? Mme. Point would be delighted, and she took the menu and wrote her name with large, firm strokes.

—JOSEPH WECHSBERG

•

GR 3 *Agreement.* The subject and the predicate of a sentence are connected by a close reciprocal relationship. We usually observe it automatically, but it causes trouble in a number of difficult cases.—*"Words and Ideas, A Handbook for College Writing," by Hans P. Guth, page 365.*

GR 4a *Irregular Basic Forms.* One common source of confusion are the basic forms of a verb that, alone or combined with other elements, make up its different tenses.—*Same book, page 371.*

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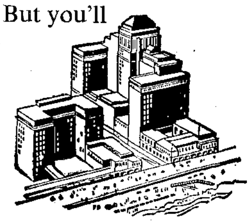

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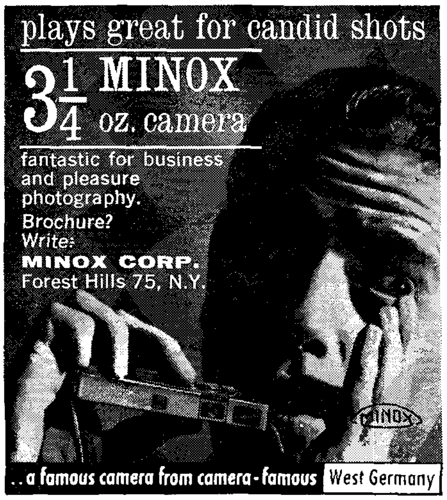

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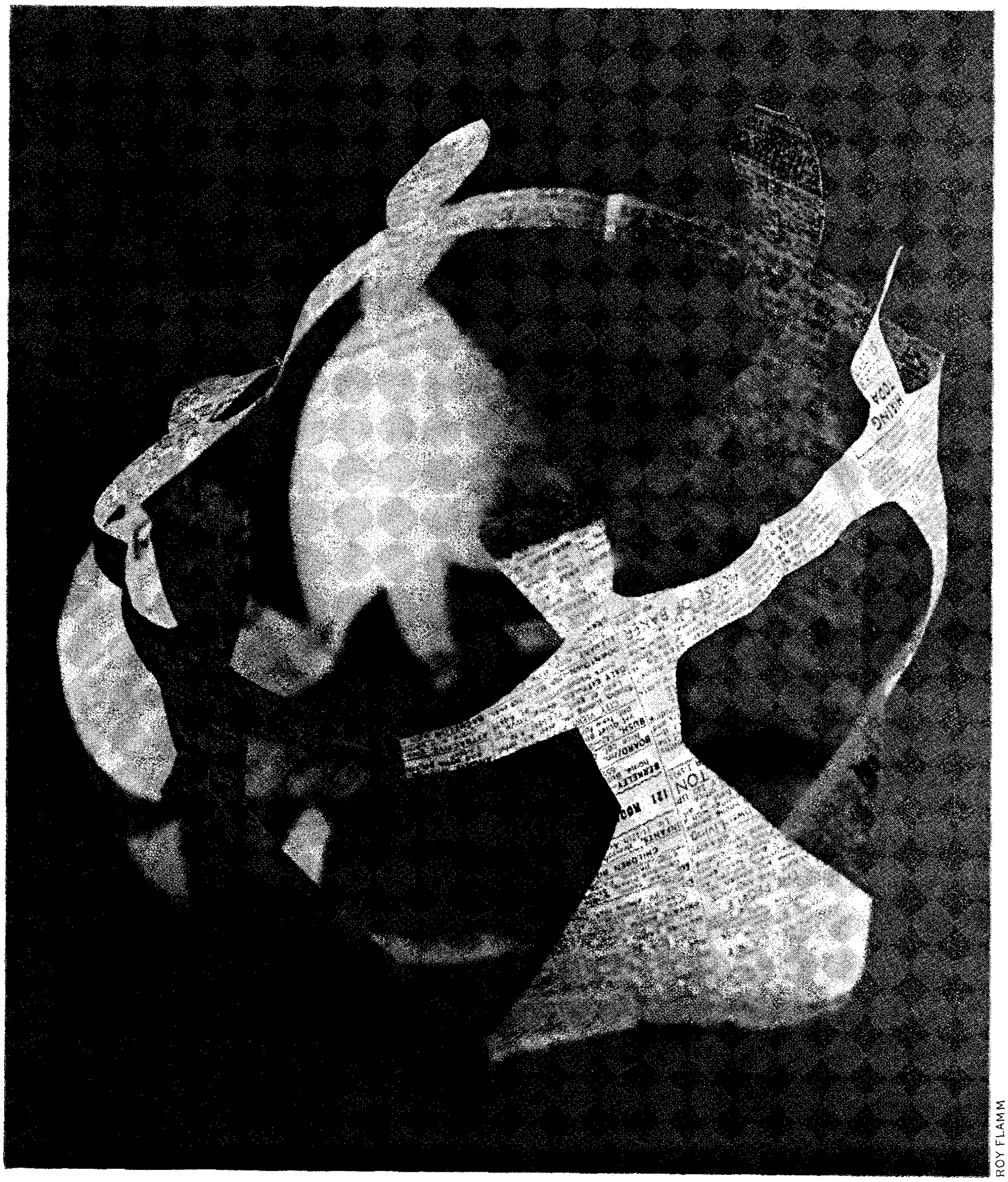
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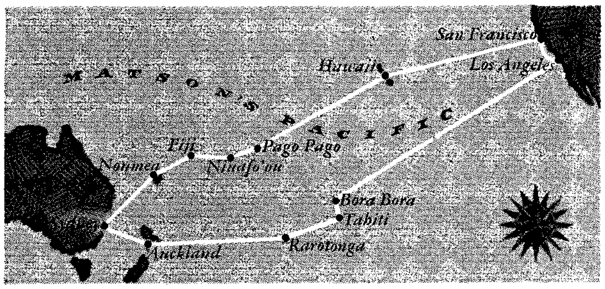
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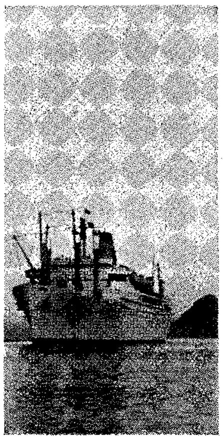


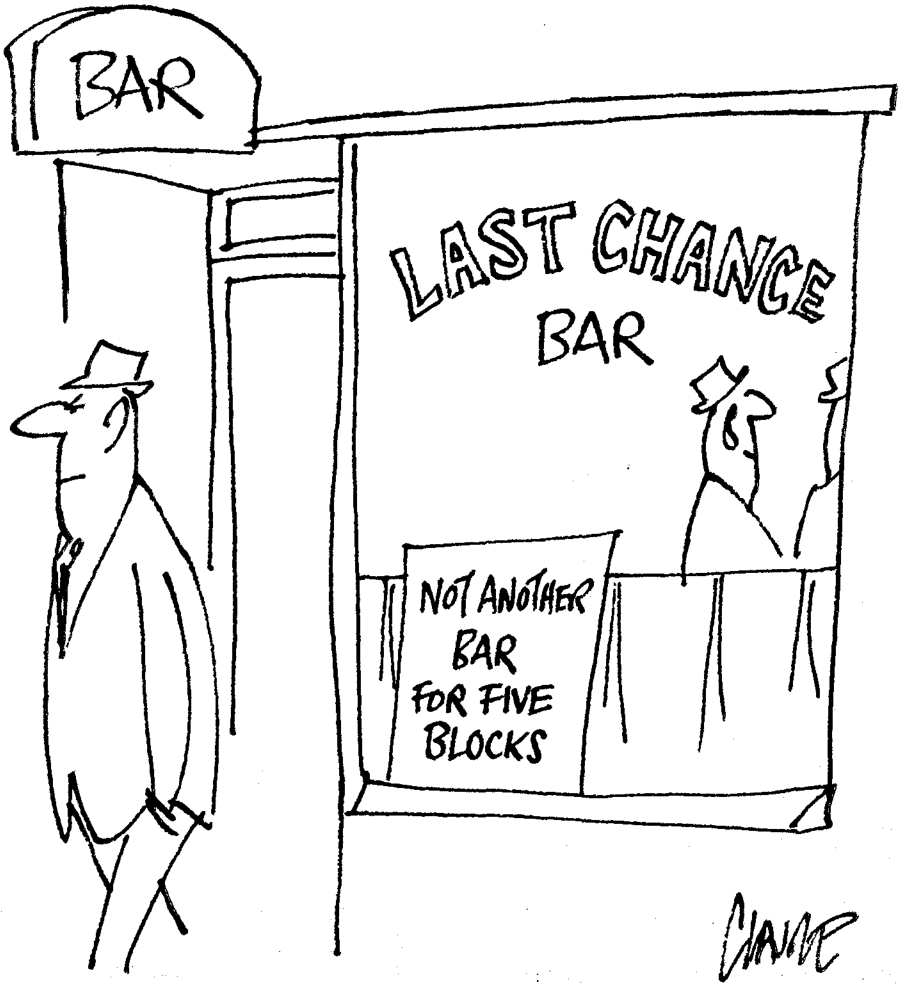
THE THEATRE

CONTUMACIOUS THEOLOGIAN

JOHN OSBORNE, as sinewy a playwright as any practicing today, tackles a tough theme in "Luther," now at the St. James, and brings off a tour de force. In following the instigator of the Reformation from his induction into the Augustinian Order of Eremites down through the years of his doctrinal disputes with Rome, Mr. Osborne has not hesitated to portray his hero with warts and all, and if, in the long pull, his attitude toward Martin Luther seems to be ambivalent, it should be remembered that the monk was a man in whom all kinds of paradoxical elements were combined. Our introduction to the protagonist is galvanic. As a group of Augustinian friars, murmuring plain chant, assemble under a huge effigy of Christ crucified, Luther, in the person of Albert Finney, suddenly appears onstage clothed only in a G string. Presently, after prostrating himself before the crucifix, he is arrayed by his superior in the habit of the order of which he has just become a member, but as soon as his nakedness has been covered and his salutations have been given to his confreres, an epileptic seizure comes upon him, and in demonstrating the awfulness of this affliction Mr. Finney is alarmingly graphic. But it isn't epilepsy alone that troubles Luther. We quickly learn that his bowels are awry, so that he is periodically obsessed with matters cloacal. The irony of the fact that this costive, epileptic, and—as he is here depicted—conceivably paranoiac Teutonic peasant, given to scatological metaphor, could upset the hegemony of the relaxed, elegant, and clever Latins over the Christian world is explored pretty fully by Mr. Osborne. He does not stint in giving us reasons for the success of the recalcitrant monk, low on the ecclesiastical totem pole despite having received the degree of Doctor of Theology at twenty-nine, in facing up to the likes of Leo X and his bishops. In a scene of high hilarity and abrasive satire, he shows a priest, Tetzel (Peter Bull), auctioning off indulgences with all the arrogant insistence of a boardwalk con man, and in another scene he introduces a cardinal, Cajetan (John Moffatt), whose smooth dialectics add up to the fact that it makes no sense to fight the established order, however peccant it may be.

The play is full of effective theatrics—an encounter between Luther and his father (Kenneth J. Warren), a number of colloquies between Luther and his Augustinian mentor (Frank Shelley), a glimpse of Pope Leo (Michael Egan) in hunting garb and accompanied by various beaters, a couple of braces of Russian wolfhounds, and a pair of falcons—but to detail all the remarkable action and all the remarkable acting, particularly by Mr. Finney, would be, I think, a piece of supererogation. Let me simply assure you that you will find this work, directed by Tony Richardson, stimulating entertainment, no matter how you view the German schismatic. Maybe in the midst of all this laudation I should point out that at the end of "Luther" Mr. Osborne doesn't really succeed in explaining why his protagonist, having started a peasants' revolt, should have encouraged the princes to suppress the uprising. But perhaps Luther himself was never certain of his motives. There are lines in the play that make this point. "Were you sure?" Luther's mentor inquires after the long fight with Rome is over. "No," says Luther.

"THE REHEARSAL," at the Royale, contains a good many stylish performances and a good deal of sophisticated chatter. But this comedy by Jean Anouilh, which has been smoothly adapted for our stage by Pamela Hansford Johnson and Kitty Black, proceeds at a saunter most of the time; not until it is well along does it really start moving in lively fashion. Here Anouilh has assembled in a château near Paris a group of languid contemporary aristocrats who are busy preparing for a performance of Marivaux's "The Double Inconstancy," to be given for the benefit of some guests who are due to arrive shortly. Among those on hand are a foppish count, his wife, his mistress, his wife's lover, his best friend, his wife's lawyer, and the lawyer's virginal ward. These characters go about in eighteenth-century costume and discuss sex at a great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rate, but when the count falls desperately and sincerely in love with the lawyer's ward, his companions are filled with consternation, since the girl certainly doesn't belong above the salt. So there ensues a conspiracy to bring the maiden down, in the course of which the count's best friend, an enthusiastic alcoholic, is assigned the task of seducing her. As it happens, the count has already managed her seduction, but the wife and the mistress argue that if she is made to succumb once more, it will scramble any plans she may have for being the count's own true love. The seduction scene is the high point of "The Rehearsal," and Alan Badel, as the seducer, is extraordinary in a situation that would tax the powers of almost any actor now around. The character Mr. Badel portrays is called Hero, and he is supposed to have been betrayed into cynicism by reason of the fact that the count, years ago, played fast and loose with the only girl Hero ever really loved. But although Hero is bent on revenge, he is still ashamed of the heartless role he has undertaken, and Mr. Badel sees to it that all the nuances of his personality are aptly indicated. Along with Mr. Badel, "The Rehearsal" presents Keith Michell, as the count; Coral Browne, as his wife; Jennifer Hilary, as the maiden all forlorn; Adrienne Corri, as the mistress; Edward Bishop, as the wife's lover; and Earl Montgomery, as the lawyer. They are all commendable.

"BICYCLE RIDE TO NEVADA," by Robert Thom, was wheeled out of the Cort Theatre last week after one performance. It was concerned with a drunken author down on the world because he couldn't write books the way he used to. Franchot Tone did as well as could be expected in the role of this dreary fellow. —JOHN McCARTEN

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THE CLOUDED CRYSTAL BALL

[*From the New York Sun, August 27, 1938*]

When discussing the television from the standpoint of the listener European leaders were unanimous in their beliefs that television even when perfected would not occupy a position in the lives of the listener comparable to that enjoyed by sound broadcasting. Supplied with a combination televisor and all-wave receiver it was their conviction that the listener would rely mainly on the sound programs, shifting to televised features only when events of unusual interest were also being transmitted pictorially.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Viva Bruckner!

THE Philadelphia Orchestra and the New York Philharmonic both opened their New York seasons last week, the former in Carnegie Hall on Tuesday night and the latter in Lincoln Center on Thursday night. Eugene Ormandy, with the Philadelphians, brought along an unhackneyed program containing the overture to Mozart's "Don Giovanni," Schoenberg's pleasing Theme and Variations in G Minor for Orchestra (a work that, though it was finished in 1944, avoids the rigid atonality typical of his writing at the time), and Schubert's lovely, rather Mozartian Fifth Symphony. In addition, he presented Mahler's First Symphony, in a well-ordered and satisfying interpretation. Leonard Bernstein, with the Philharmonic, devoted his entire program to Mahler's Second—or "Resurrection"—Symphony, a gigantic affair, which was done on this occasion with the help of the Collegiate Chorale and of Jennie Tourel and Lee Venora as vocal soloists. Mr. Bernstein's approach to this apocalyptic work has matured considerably, and though the very critical listener might still demand more understatement here and there in the course of it, I found the performance an impressive one. The chorus sang beautifully. Miss Tourel, who can always be counted on for fastidious style, managed the contralto solos with great eloquence, and Miss Venora's graceful soprano was just right in the comparatively few phrases allotted to her during the final movement. The "Resurrection" Symphony is, of course, one of Mahler's finest, most typical, and most accessible compositions, full of expressionist agony, magnificent exhortations to faith, and troubled but always melodious passages of doubt and neurosis. Mr. Bernstein was, I think, wise in devoting his entire program to it, and also in playing it straight through without an intermission. This manner of presentation permitted the audience to grasp the work as a whole—to perceive all of the dramatic build-up that eventuates in the stirring choruses and solo passages celebrating triumph over death. It is a deeply imposing composition, and one worthy of many

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hearings—which, nowadays, it seems to be getting.

In fact, we now appear to be in the midst of a great Mahler revival, for which Mr. Bernstein and his predecessor, Dimitri Mitropoulos, can be given much of the pioneering credit, though Mr. Ormandy and a number of others have also done their share along this line. The circumstance that two major orchestras presented Mahler during the same week—and the initial week of their seasons here, at that—attests to the importance that Mahler has assumed in the contemporary repertoire. He is becoming almost as popular as Tchaikovsky, and for a composer as subjective, tumultuous, discursive, complex, and hortatory as Mahler this seems to me a remarkable development. The Mahler enthusiasts have won their battle. It is no longer necessary to champion Mahler's music, as many people, myself included, have been doing for at least thirty years. It is time to turn to the championing of Anton Bruckner, who was, in my opinion, by far the greater of the two composers, and who is still so widely neglected that some of his symphonies have not, as far as I am aware, had a New York hearing at all.

BRUCKNER was, as everyone knows, Mahler's musical mentor, and it is easy to trace similarities between the two composers in the technical realm. Both wrote long, complicated symphonies ending in finales so earth-shaking that nobody has ever been able to follow them on a program with anything else, simply because anything else would seem a painful anticlimax. Both used long structural spans, and both also used pseudo-folk themes in their lighter movements. But here all similarity ends. Mahler was an extremely personal composer, a child of the age of Sigmund Freud, and oftener than not he used texts from various poets or philosophers to be sung in the climactic portions of his works, as Beethoven did in his Ninth Symphony. Bruckner was comparatively classical, religious rather than neurotic, serene rather than rebellious, and quite unliterary in his approach. It is true that he expanded the symphonic form, using themes in groups of three instead of the groups of two characteristic of earlier symphonies, and that, in his middle and later works, he expanded the symphony orchestra—thereby, incidentally, laying the groundwork for Mahler. But his effects are never obviously striven for. They are the result of intense sincerity and faith, and though one may analyze them with delight, one al-

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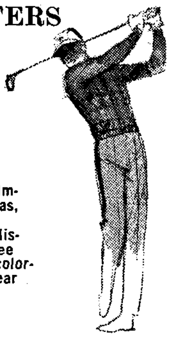

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ways feels that they are the product of intuition rather than artifice.

Bruckner is probably the only great symphonic master who still suffers from neglect. One reason for this is the difficulty encountered nowadays in finding conductors who can do his work justice. At the moment, Herbert von Karajan is perhaps the finest of these. Among those active in America, William Steinberg, of the Pittsburgh Symphony, is outstanding, and there may well be others, whom I haven't heard. The problem of the Bruckner conductor is a special one. He must be able, as few of our younger, hard-driving maestros are, to relax, and he must be able to hold in his head, and make explicit, the precise proportions of a vast musical enterprise reaching far beyond the boundaries of most conventional symphonic writing. He must also be completely sincere in his acceptance of Bruckner's sincerity; play acting and melodramatics won't do. With such a conductor, Bruckner's symphonies assume a sort of grandeur that has never failed, in my experience, to bring cheers from an audience—no matter what my fellow-critics have had to say the next day.

So, as I have noted, the crusade for Mahler is about over, and now I, for one, intend to concentrate on trying to right Bruckner's wrongs. Someday soon, I hope, one gifted conductor or another will put on a Bruckner cycle, performing all nine of his officially numbered symphonies, plus the delightful little "Symphony No. 0," in D Minor, which was discovered after his death. I don't ask for the Masses, the "Te Deum," and the other avowedly religious works. I find most of these boring. It is in the symphonies that Bruckner

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JAZZ

At War

FOR a long time, admirers of jazz were obsessed. Jazz, they intoned, is America's Only Original Art Form, and therefore it should be loved by the American public. When they at last realized that jazz wasn't and never would be fervently embraced in its own land, they turned quarrelsome and querulous. How much better if they had puzzled out its wayward tendency to change too rapidly and too often, its chronic economic sufferings, and the teen-age diversions like crooners and rock 'n' roll, which pluck up potential listeners. For right now jazz is warring with fresh variations on these hobbles. The "free" music of Ornette Coleman has sorely tried many listeners, recordings (which have long been overproduced) are not selling well, jazz night clubs are closing down, and the hootenanny craze has reached inane proportions. Gloomily pondering all this, I went down to hear the indomitable Ben Webster at the Half Note one night before he closed last week; it was a restorative experience.

The house was never more than a third full, yet Webster and his quartet (Dave Frishberg on piano, Richard Davis on bass, and—the night I was there—Philly Joe Jones on drums) had the oblivious manner of a 1944 group in a jumping Fifty-second Street club. At least six of the fifteen numbers I heard were first-rate—a high average for any night-club performance. In "Our Love Is Here to Stay," "Gone with the Wind," "Willow Weep for Me," "Sometimes I'm Happy," "Laura," and "Over the Rainbow," all taken at slow or medium tempos, Webster produced an idling, impeccable procession of soft upper-register musings, quick descending runs that were gone before one realized they had even been played, and swelling, my-dear-friends opening phrases. His variations on "Sometimes I'm Happy" were uncharacteristically sly and oblique, and in "Over the Rainbow," an overweight tune, he cut away pounds with judicious pauses and a highly selective use of notes. Midway through "Laura," he had a discreet sneezing fit, which, interpolated neatly into his embellishments, only improved the song. But the main reason for Webster's exertions (like many jazz

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musicians of his age, he sometimes pardonably relies on phrases he discovered twenty years ago) was the energy and invention of Philly Joe Jones, who was sitting in for Webster's regular and rather flaccid drummer. Jones' accompaniment was particularly superb. He used subtle, hounding high-hat work; press rolls with the wire brushes on the closed high hat; shuffle rhythms; cagey bass-drum accents; sudden *shwett* cymbal strokes, accomplished by muffling the cymbal with his left forearm while hitting it with his right drumstick (a trademark of Sidney Catlett, who was one of Jones' models); right-hand wire-brush timekeeping, underlined by left-hand stick accents; and precise, limber ride-cymbal strokes. Even his customary loudness was largely absent. In time, the evening became his. Frishberg, who spurts emotional reflections of everyone from Joe Sullivan to Bud Powell, fell in step, and so did Davis, a steady but limited bassist. Jones' solos were restricted to four-bar exchanges with Webster, but they were stunning and matched the Master himself. Webster appeared delighted, and his delight was catching; the applause, before I left, had become almost fitting.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

◆

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I am an old-time graduate of Nippon University, Tokyo, Japan, majoring in Arts and Literatures. Since I came to America, I have pursued various occupations, but some years ago, I happened to change my trade to a self-employed PAINTING CONTRACTOR, although as you may know, there are extremely few Oriental intellectuals who chose this kind of labor. Whereas, I liked it so much that I have studied it hard through books, experiments, and my own inventive originalities, and now, I have become a top ranking expert in this business.

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

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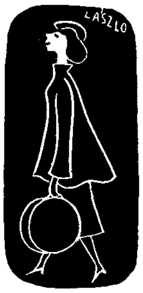
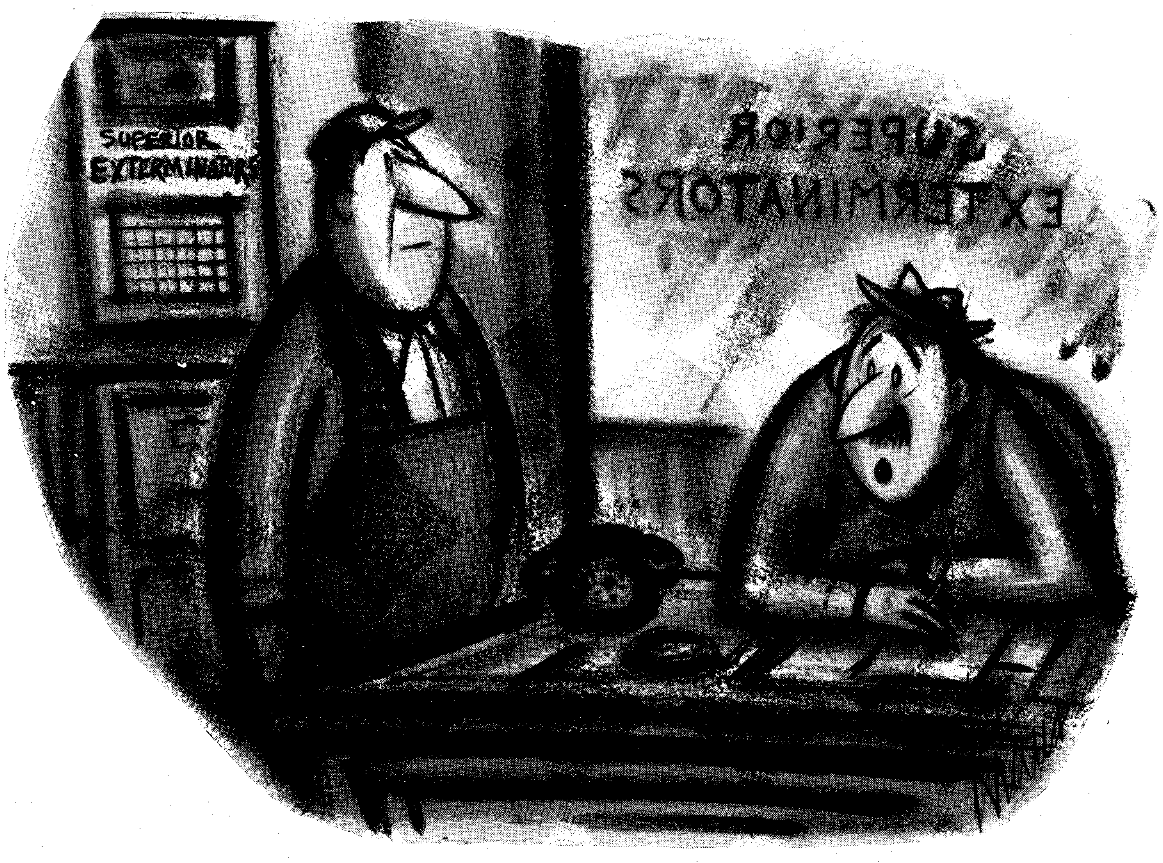


THE more things remain the same, the more they seem to change—an illusion the fashion business loves to perpetuate. Or that's the way it looks to me now, after a race-for-life survey of the most noteworthy retail stores in New York, for my perusal shows that certain fashions—already established—are going on and on. *Après le déluge, quoi?* (These fashions, all by our downtown manufacturers, are also getting more opulent by the minute.) I happen to admire thick but lightweight dominated-by-mohair wools for huddly coats, on the theory that, like fur coats, they make the figure beneath look slimmer, but I don't for an instant understand the dresses and suits of the same wools that put twenty or thirty pounds on you. Can it be that I am the only one who cares? Everywhere, just everywhere, I come upon what I must confess are the most marvellous Monte-Sano suits of this genre—all mottled brilliant colors and fat nubs. Many of these giants have matching mohair overblouses, so the long jacket takes the place of a big overcoat on all but the iciest days. (This warm-jacket-coat business is a fairly new trend, of which more later.) As for the $235 uniform devised by Ben Zuckerman three years ago—his pink tweed suit—it is carrying on non-stop, in new versions, to make all hands, including me, feel more roseate. Mr. Z.'s latest temptresses are constructed of a new combination that involves worsted, mohair, and a synthetic gizmo. The stuff, which has a basketweave look and a minimum of fuzz, is called Litex, and it appears in many colors for both coats and suits, but everybody showed me the suits in pink—Carnegie, Saks Fifth, and Bergdorf included. Bergdorf borrowed the simple jacket that is part of these suits and paired it with one of Mr. Z.'s typical dresses, all) (seams, instead of with the skirt and the jersey overblouse I saw elsewhere. Another high-toned Ford is Dior-New York's suit of a reversible metallic fabric—a synthetic of some sort, in pale gold, with threads of flecked wool marking the reverse side—that tries to thumb its nose at Chanel's glitter theatre suits. The gold side of it is used for an overblouse with a buttoned tab down the front and for the revers of the loose jacket. I saw it at De Pinna with the skirt and the jacket in tones of bronze. It's all over the place, I might add, at around $425. But if anyone wants to glitter like a Chanel suit, why not do it in copies of the real Chanels, at Ohrbach, Saks Fifth Avenue, and other emporiums? Also for the theatre, and dancing, too, is another omnipresent idea, Burke-Amey's dress of flowered Scalamandré brocade with a pastel ground. It has a little gathered skirt and a wide striped sash tied in a savage slanting bow up to under one breast. This, too, is not for me; I infinitely prefer Burke-Amey's slender dress, likewise of flowered brocade, with a striped faille double belt, one part of it lacing around the waistline and its twin riding a bit above; both of them end in bows on one rib. Bendel has both dresses, and Rosette Pennington has the second one in black ottoman with satin belts, which looks absolutely stunning.

Women with big busts and/or diaphragms might as well hear the discouraging news that the concave look down the mid-sector is still with us and that for formal evenings a waistline that *may* be normal in back has a way of rising between the breasts. For clothes on such lines, Sarmi has long been superb, and his notions are prevalent—a very full, flowing chiffon skirt, a wide satin ribbon ascending to a bow high on the front, and a contrasting top. His most opulent contribution this fall has a strapless top of mink, which I particularly adored in ranch, with brown satin ribbon beneath it and a skirt of champagne chiffon (at Evelyn Byrnes), but there's nothing the matter, either, with De Pinna's night owl that sports a top of white ermine and a skirt of black chiffon.

AMONG the new departures (*not* new for Norell, though) is that inclination toward the long, warm jacket for suit costumes in place of the over-



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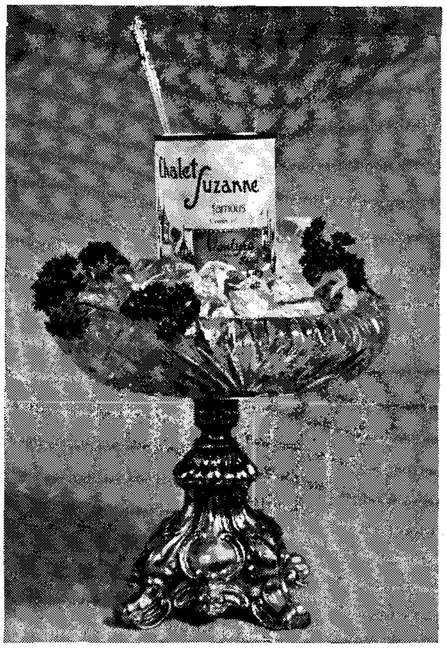
coat—a consummation devoutly to be acclaimed, taxicabs being the miniatures they are. Two such truncated overcoats, done by Norell in cavalry twill, are on view at Evelyn Byrnes. A dress of pebbly dark-green wool is surmounted by one of the jackets, which is well below hip length, of the twill in almond green—double-breasted and military indeed. The other jacket, of cream-colored twill, goes over a skirt of charcoal wool and an overblouse of red jersey. Mrs. Byrnes approves of Galanos, too, so she owns his winter suit that combines a jacket and skirt of thick camel's-hair wool with a velvet overblouse. Bellsey, whose suits are at Lord & Taylor, makes a honey of an outfit, using oatmeal tweed flecked with brown for the short-sleeved overblouse and the skirt, and skunk dyed brown for the jacket, which ends below the hips and zips up the front to a turtle neck. Both De Pinna and Rosette Pennington have Zuckerman's three-quarter-length coat costume of wool with a slanting check pattern in new-leaf green, bright pink, and beige. The front is made concave by an elastic inside the back, and there are heavy folds behind each shoulder; a dress of the same stuff and an overblouse of jersey in bright pink complete the ensemble. Bergdorf shows the same kind of costume in taffy colors, which might not pall as quickly as these.

That cavalry twill is not the whole answer to the military movement in daytime clothes, which is led by Norell's masterly and incisive officers' coats. One manifestation is capes, such as Norell's elbow-length concoction with a buttoned tab fastening under the sharp, turnover collar; the dress that goes with it has a wide leather belt and an attached jersey top. I've seen the costume in all sorts of wool at Bergdorf and Bonwit and others; De Pinna shows it in black with an attached top of off-white jersey and a belt of black leather. At Hattie Carnegie, you can glimpse Tassell's three-piece military outfit of pepper-and-salt tweed, the lapelled basic suit double-breasted and the cape wide-shouldered and collarless, so that it can slide under the lapels. Another officer's coat is by Marquise—taupe gabardine with a zip-in lining of nutria, plus epaulettes that are looped at the shoulder tips (Bonwit's fourth floor); Originala (Saks and Lord & Taylor) does wonders with cavalry cloth for the same type of coat, with a buckled band to nip in the ends of the sleeves; the ones from Raelson (Lord & Taylor) are of thick wool in black, white, or camel's-hair.

Plenty of other coats are reversible or



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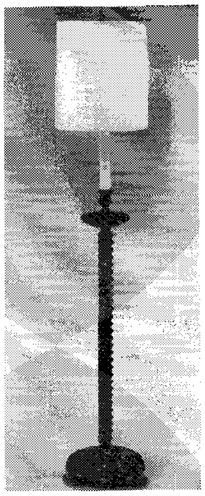

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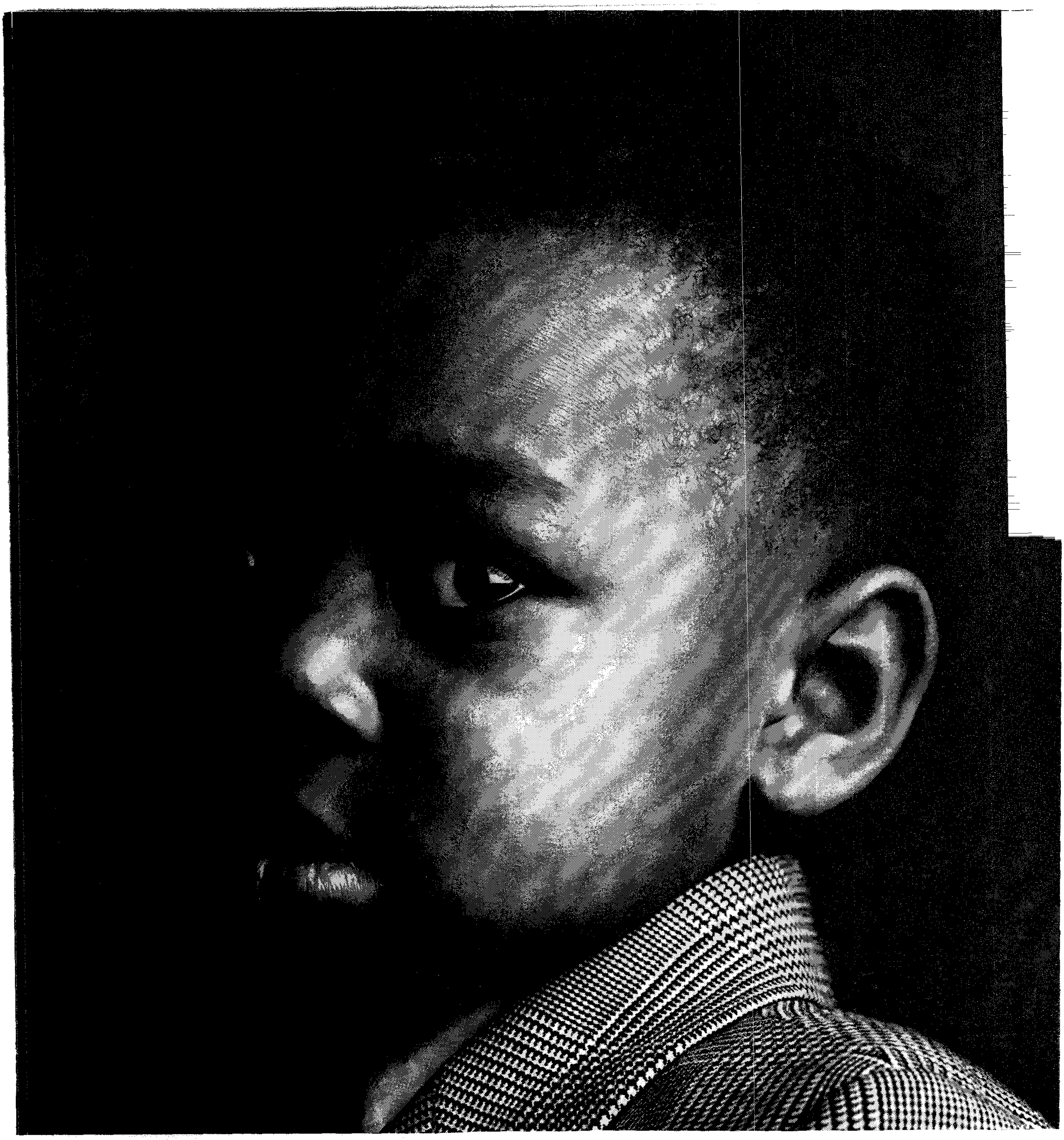

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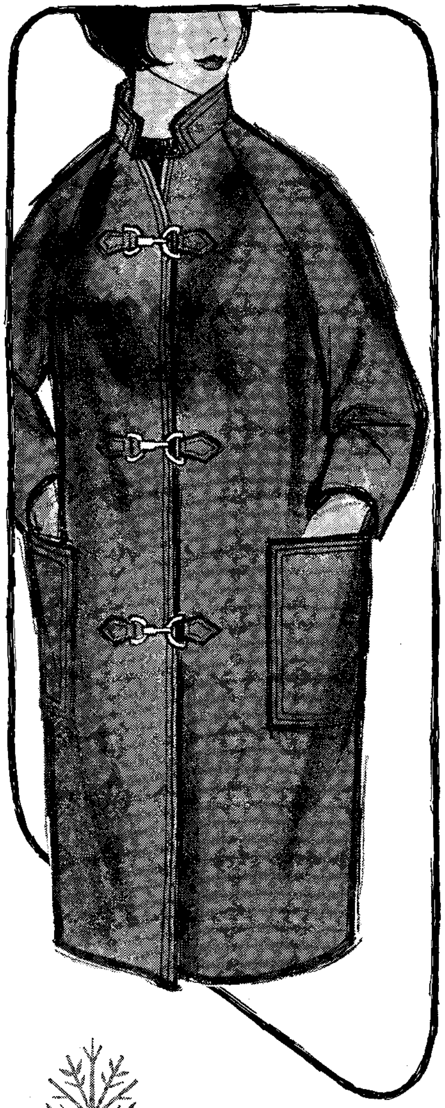

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(because they are of fabric-backed fabrics) look as if they were. Trigère, an early discoverer of such materials, shows a coat (Lord & Taylor), of maroon tweed flecked with red and backed by sand wool, that swings as full as a cape at the rear and is topped by a rippled collar as wide as the shoulders. This coat is reversible. Zuckerman uses that Litex in a brown-and-white check on one side and in camel's-hair on the other for just about the best all-purpose travel coat I've seen this trip—a small turnover collar and big, square pockets entered from the side. It's at Bendel. Winston (we're at Bergdorf now) has a coat of wool in a pale taupe, and the creamy-beige inside shows on the revers and the flaps of the pockets; the dress with it is of a porous pale-cream wool, and there are little gathers at the waistline.

Another thing I noticed is that the threatened deluge of tweedy stoles has not, at least where I've been looking, happened, and there is a definite effort to keep the stoles that do show up under control. A great dress by Adele Simpson, of a black bouclé wool, gets a stole in a mad black-and-white plaid tossed across the throat, but the folds are anchored there at the sides by narrow strips of black; it *is* allowed to dangle in back (De Pinna and Saks Fifth). On a Monte-Sano dress (Lord & Taylor) of a dirty-green wool that looks hand-knit, one end of the stole is attached before the thing encircles the throat and descends to the hem. Trigère, cautious for once, buttons down on one shoulder the stole on a dress (Evelyn Byrnes) of a giant charcoal-and-white hound's-tooth check.

And I've come to realize that there are times when I feel that Norell and I are drifting apart. It's all because he has made a continuing success of the sleeveless jumper or vest with the immaculate shirt beneath, and who can go around this town changing shirts every hour? He, I admit, still does the thing better than most. Rentner is using a wide-wale black cotton corduroy (very luxurious) for *his* day outfits, one of which, with a sleeveless straight jacket, has a shirt, ending in a bow at the neck, of thin wool in a huge black-and-white plaid. A skirt—corduroy, too—completes this costume, which is at Bendel. Bendel also has an all-purpose Dior-New York arrangement of a jumper and a collarless open jacket, both of red wool, and a shirt of gold-shot pink lamé. (With an assortment of blouses, you could go anyplace in this.) At Bergdorf is a Rentner jumper dress of dark-gray flannel bound with black

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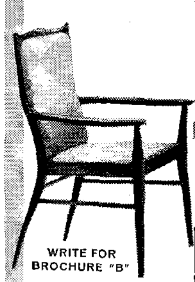

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braid; in this case, tan wool with a black pin stripe makes a timid turtleneck shirt. Also in the category, and also at Bergdorf, are Teal Traina's skirt and sleeveless vestee of wool in a pale taupe; they're accompanied by a shirt (light-blue silk) that ends in long sleeves (no, the cuffed sleeve that doesn't reach the wristbone is not compulsory, though it's hard to avoid), and an extra-long ascot descends over the jumper. The damnedest occurrence among the sleeveless wonders is Eric Lund's addition to Bendel's boutique, on the second floor—of horizontal Norwegian blue fox lined with the gray jersey of the long-sleeved blouson dress beneath.

Something else worthy of note is that the extremely simple little wools, in jersey or crêpe, are always done beautifully by such as Norell and Trigère. A surprising accession to the group is Scaasi, never noted for understatement. A dress of his (Bendel) in beige wool has batwing sleeves that actually start below the hipbones.

For daytime, I have discovered in my rounds, there is a revival of most polite little dresses (mainly black) that nevertheless have necklines that can be downright nervy, for fancy lunches and (for that matter) cocktails and dinner, too. Talmack, a wow this season, does one of black wool crêpe (I happened to see it at Lord & Taylor) with a V neck that almost meets the uprising bow at the Empire waist, and the neckline is made even more startling by the skinny wrist-length sleeves. Jean Louis, another wow, chimes in with a slender dress of black silk crêpe, and gives it what I guess is the widest and deepest V neck of 1963. This he repentantly makes a trifle more modest with a bobbing rose of black satin at the base of the V. The dress, if that counts, is short-sleeved, and it wraps over to fall into folds under one breast. Hattie Carnegie is one possessor. Saks Fifth Avenue's new Park Avenue Room (for the young in heart, if not in pocketbook), which specializes in this type of placid but come-hither concoction, has cajoled some ranking designers into making short dresses specially for it. Donald Brooks' entry, of black wool crêpe, carefully covers the shoulders, but the heart-shaped décolletage that is cut out on the chest is Something. Mimi Tuthill has a delightful dance sheath of black crêpe by Pattullo, U-necked front and back, whose décolletage is made frothy all around by velvet and grosgrain bows. Trigère chips in with floor-length hostess gowns (too good for the average guest, if you ask me) that present

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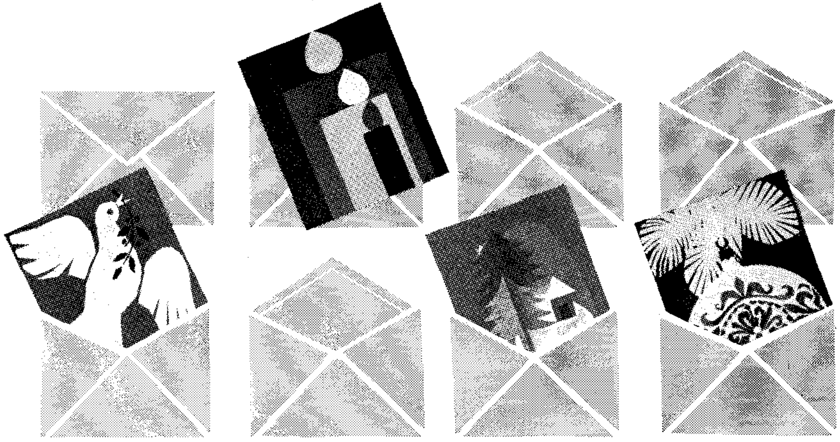

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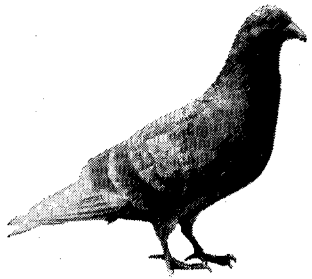
a brand-new neckline—sort of a bias cowl drape around the shoulders that can be dropped to expose chest and shoulders or arranged much more demurely. (Your jewels will tell you which way to wear it.) Bendel exhibits one version of it in black wool with confetti polka dots; Bergdorf exhibits it in mauve wool, and Mimi Tuthill in taupe wool jersey.

AND now for a few words—oh, four or five hundred—about *elegancia*, both short and long, and still ready-to-wear. Burke-Amey has invented a grand dance dress of maroon satin, with a sash of pink satin rising in a bow high in front, and a loose overblouse, of the above-the-table sort, covered by pale-pink and burgundy sequins. The jacket is a cutaway job with a padded lining in burgundy; everybody is trying to do away with the mink stole, that's what. It's at Mimi Tuthill and Bendel, for two. Long slinkiness is represented at Bergdorf by Talmack's formal mermaid dress, which outsequins Norell's celebrated ones (I didn't count every sequin, though). Dark-green sequins slither down the body of this as embracingly as pancake makeup. The Absolute End, just the same, is a formal Galanos dress at Evelyn Byrnes. It's a V-necked construction of white crêpe with spatters of green and crystal embroidery below the knees. A separate flapper dress of green lace is dripping with crystal. You wear either one by itself or make a tunic evening gown of the two. It's only $2,650 plus, so the three-way deal makes it a real economy, I *hope*. Then there are any number of long, formal evening coats around town. A champion is Zuckerman's velvet with a long chinchilla ascot at the neck (Carnegie, Bonwit, and others), and so is his bright-pink wool with ruby buttons in double-breasted array all down the front (Evelyn Byrnes). Mimi Tuthill has Adele Simpson's coat of red velvet, collarless and swinging wide in back to the floor, and Lord & Taylor can supply an enormous choice of coats, including collectors' items from Rodriguez of Spain that are entirely beaded and one-of-a-kind; a full-length cape coat of his is $1,800 plus. And there are further formal dresses in Hattie Carnegie's Blue Room, among them beauties from Sam Friedlander, and designed by Bob Bugnand, at $200 or less. One, of Wedgwood or pink velvet, has an Empire waistline; crystal drops and pendants adorn the strapless top, and there is a stole to match. It's $200. An Empire sheath of black velvet with puffed sleeves of white mink



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is down as far as $185. At Lord & Taylor, Jean Louis is out with a penguin sort of formal dress—the front of white peau de soie, and the sleeves and back of black satin. For brief lengths, Lord & Taylor finds merit in Talmack's short-sleeved dress of American Beauty brocade, buttoned all the way to the sixteen-inch ruffle at the hem. De Pinna bows to what must be a perpetual craving for jewelled-top evening dresses. One of the lot here is Suzanne Augustine's gown with a pullover sweater top that is all glittering gold and silver squares on white net. Its very deep V neck is filled by a white chiffon cowl; the narrow skirt is of white satin. Saks Fifth Avenue is proud of a Hulitar dress with an oval-necked bodice and long sleeves that taper to the wrists. This much is of black velvet. The skirt, of cut velvet, is a mass of black branches and blobs of blue. Saks also dotes on two entertaining dresses by Dior-New York, one short and one long, but each characterized by a mammoth bow in back, the end product of deep pleats that descend to a point behind the knees. The short one I saw, of grape moire, looked charming when the model sat forward in a straight chair with the huge bow spreading out in back of her; the formal one I saw was of coup de velours in every color—orange with pinks, lavenders, and blues, to name a few. You can stand up or sit up in this one, too. But you absolutely cannot sprawl in either one.

—LOIS LONG

•

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He had so much to say, so little time to say it in. He would make the final revision of *The Treadmill.* Why! he had been working on that for fifty-one years. But that was all right. It took time to produce epochs.—*"Star Maker," by Homer Croy.*

Well, time is a help, anyway.

•

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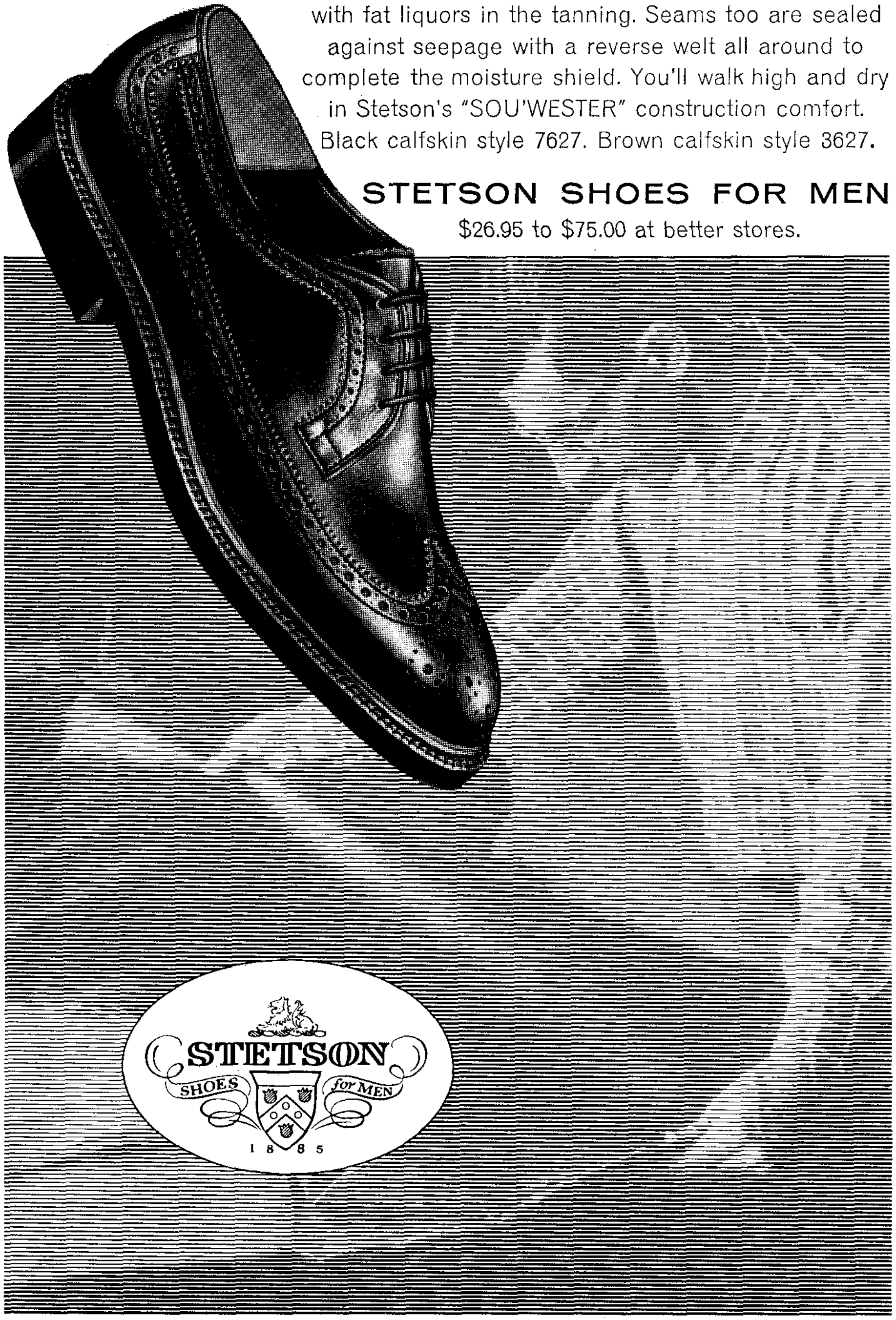

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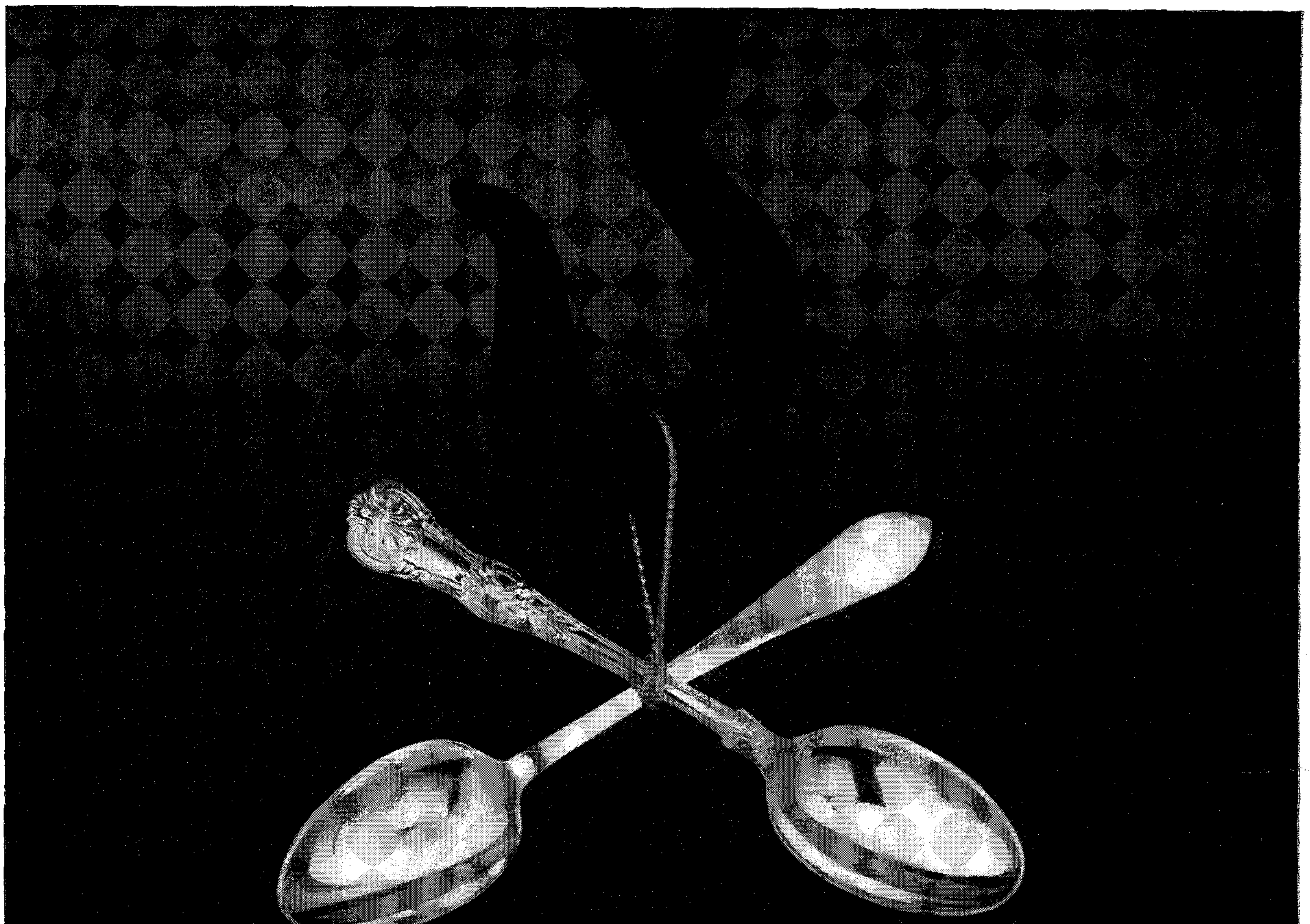

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

SEPTEMBER 28

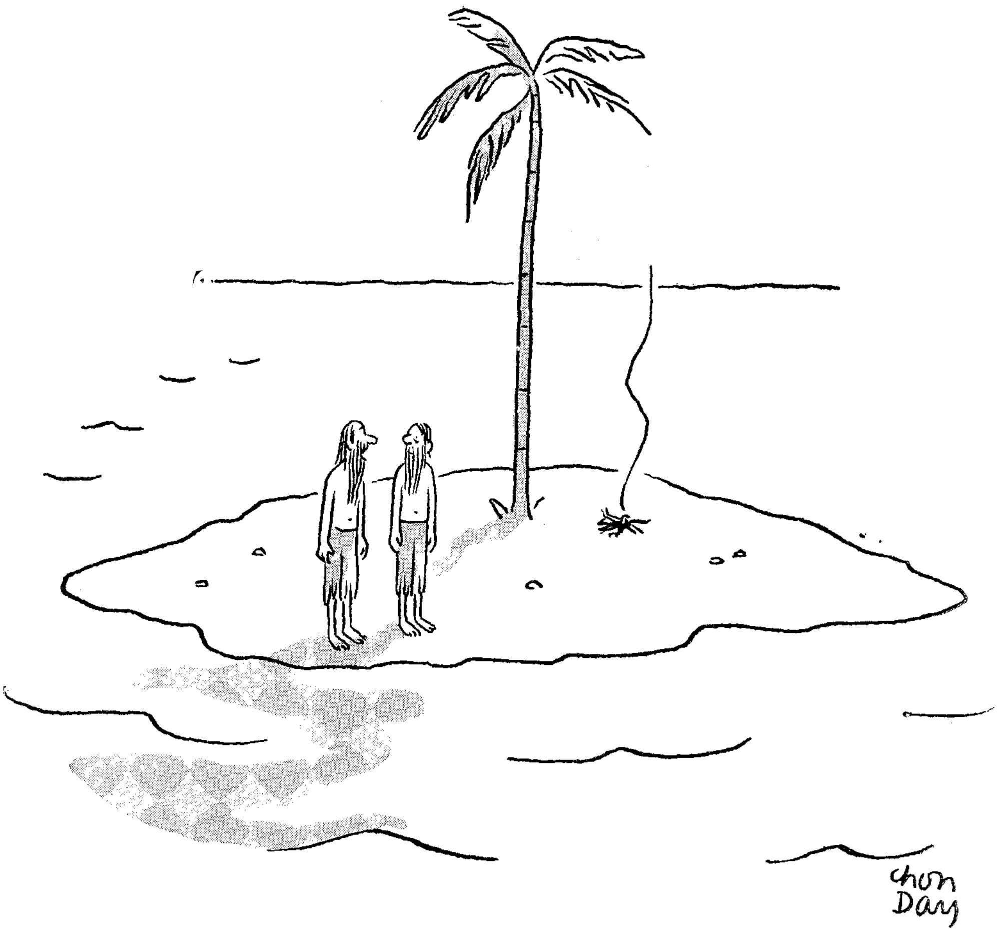
WITH the consent of eighty senators, the Treaty of Moscow, as its detractors delight in calling it, has become part of American law. The vote to ratify was bipartisan, as were the earlier votes on reservations and restrictions. It was fitting that the treaty presented to the Senate emerged from it with no restrictive covenants, for the agreement reached in Moscow on July 25th was of exactly the sort that both parties had been urging upon the Russians for years. It had somehow been forgotten by most people that the 1960 Republican platform called for "an early agreement by all nations to forgo nuclear tests in the atmosphere and the suspension of other tests as verification techniques permit." But the Senate Minority Leader, Everett Dirksen, reminded his party colleagues of this on the third day of debate, and added:

> This is what my party said to the country as we rallied behind Richard Nixon. Out of sixty-nine million votes, we came within one hundred and thirteen thousand of victory. Oh, yes, we have a party in this country. I do not subscribe lightly to party platforms. I have served on the platform committee of my party when solemn words were indited. They become lures to get the people into one's corner. There is something grave and solemn about it. I accepted the platform plank in that spirit.

It can also be maintained that the Senate proved itself a delicate and accurate instrument of representative government. According to the latest available samplings of public opinion, four out of five Americans favored the treaty, and almost exactly four out of five senators voted to ratify it. Reviewing the whole affair on the day the Senate voted, the Washington *Evening Star* said that it was the sort of thing that can "rightly make Americans proud of their legislative system." The following morning, the *Post* said that the ratification had "helped reshape American opinion in a way that can free this and subsequent administrations for further efforts toward peace."

Senator Fulbright, who had a great deal to do with bringing all this to pass, has said that the treaty "may well prove to be a turning point in history of incalculable significance to the human race—and especially to all Americans." To Americans in this city at this time, its significance in history is certainly incalculable. The largest hopes are that the agreement on nuclear testing will be followed by others that will help, in one of the President's favorite phrases, "put the atomic genie back in the bottle" and that will, in time, defuse the Cold War and transform it into a pacific contest of economies and ideologies. The Soviet leaders maintain that they share both these hopes, and the Soviet Foreign Minister, who is today closeted in New York with his British and American counterparts, is said to be carrying a portfolio bulging with schemes for their fulfillment. Little has been said of the substance of these schemes, and nothing has been said of their merit. Whatever judgments may subsequently be passed on the question of merit, it seems unlikely at the moment that the Western powers are prepared to execute even the most attractive of coexistence treaties and conventions as rapidly as the Russians apparently wish them to. The West German Foreign Minister, Dr. Gerhard Schröder, has been here this week telling American officials what they already knew—that West Germany's adherence to the Treaty of Moscow was undertaken with a minimum of enthusiasm, and that his government can't think of any other treaties it would care to be a party to in the near future. Despite the large vote for ratification, there is much sentiment of a similar kind in the Senate. By no means everyone who voted for the treaty liked it. "The tragic truth is that this particular test-ban agreement should never have been negotiated," Senator Ervin, of North Carolina, said in the course of a speech announcing another tragic truth—that he felt compelled to vote for the treaty. The appeals of disarmament and coexistence were not very prominent among the arguments cited by senators in explaining their own favorable votes and pleading for others. The opposition, moreover, sought to strengthen its case by saying that there was more in the treaty than met the eye—that it was part of an ugly trend of events that could lead only to broader agreements of the same undesirable kind. "The very preamble to this treaty suggests further steps [toward] disarmament," Senator Thurmond, of South Carolina, said, adding that there "may and probably will be ventures in the perils of accommodation more obvious than those embodied in the treaty." Senator Thurmond is a pillar of the Armed Services Committee, an exclusive, proud, and militant brotherhood whose ranking members led the opposition and provided it with several votes. Senator Clark, of Pennsylvania, suggested that one of the ultimate perils of accommodation might be the disappearance of the Armed Services Committee.

The repugnance in some quarters to



"On the bright side, my savings account is steadily compounding."

the very idea of disarmament goes only part of the way toward explaining the Senate's failure to deal with disarmament at any length during its debate or in the committee hearings that preceded debate. Once disarmament has been described as a distant hope or a threat, there is, after all, not much to be said concerning it. The only thing about the treaty that gives much encouragement to the hope is the fact that the adversary powers were able to negotiate it and subscribe to it in the first place. "It could improve the atmosphere of the world by fostering a sense of achievement between the two superpowers," Senator Javits said. At the moment, it is hard to see how the document in itself changes anything except the climate of Cold War diplomacy. It will have no early or direct impact on American policy. When General Maxwell Taylor, the chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff, told the Foreign Relations Committee that he and his colleagues regarded the prohibition of atmospheric tests as one of the "military disadvantages of the treaty," it must have escaped his mind that a firm prohibition of atmospheric testing was in effect before the treaty was negotiated, and presumably would have remained in effect if the treaty had never been negotiated at all, or if the Senate had declined to consent to it. In a speech at American University on June 10th, the President announced that the United States would conduct no tests in the atmosphere in advance of the resumption of testing by another power. (He did not, surely, mean France.) "We will not be the first to resume," he said. The commitment, which the State Department drew to the attention of other governments, was one that only the President could make, and one that he could renounce only at the cost of great damage to his and the country's honor. The treaty commits us to nothing more; indeed, the treaty could probably be renounced with somewhat less embarrassment, since it provides that any government can withdraw "if it decides that extraordinary events, related to the subject matter of the treaty, have jeopardized [its country's] interests." (An "extraordinary event" would be the development by the Soviet Union of an effective anti-missile missile, whereas the only excuse for a renunciation of the June commitment would have been clear evidence that the Soviets were testing in the atmosphere.) Whatever "military disadvantages" there may be in the treaty, they are almost exactly the same disadvantages as those with which the

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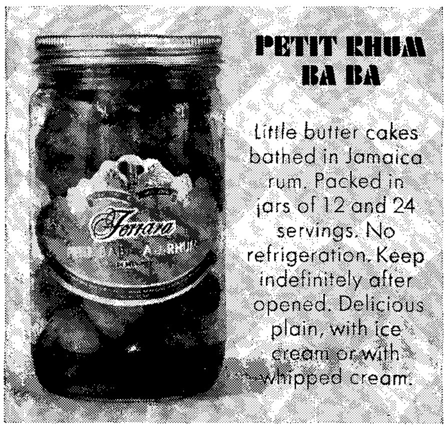

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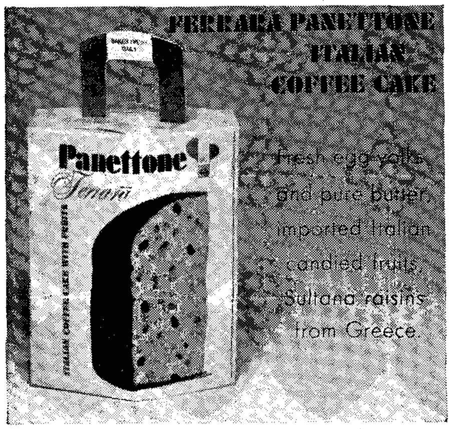

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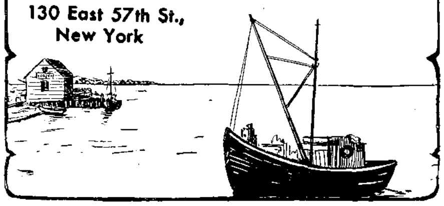

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military has lived for nearly all of the last five years. President Eisenhower instituted, unilaterally, a moratorium on all nuclear testing in 1958, and it remained a part of American policy until September of 1961, when, after the Soviets ended a moratorium of their own, President Kennedy ordered a series of tests—first underground, then in the atmosphere—that came to an end in November of 1962. No more tests of any sort were made until a couple of weeks ago, when, at the height of the debate, there were two underground detonations, which some people here thought might have been occasioned less by military than by political needs.

"This treaty," the President said in a news conference two weeks ago, "will enable all of us [to] breathe easier, free from the fear of nuclear-test fallout. It will curb the spread of nuclear weapons to other countries. [It] will slow down the nuclear arms race." Except for the matter of nuclear fallout, this was an expression of faith as the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things unseen. If the treaty works, there will be no contributions to fallout by the treaty powers, and it is considered doubtful whether the non-treaty powers, France and China, will be able in the foreseeable future to increase radioactivity by any amount that is not subject to natural deterioration. It is conceivable that the treaty will "curb the spread of nuclear weapons," but it nowhere addresses itself to this problem, except in the preamble, which states as one "objective" of the "Original Parties" the elimination of "the incentive to the production [of] nuclear weapons." There is no international agreement barring the transfer of nuclear weapons or warheads from one country to another, or the exchange of nuclear information. One knowledgeable European student of world affairs, Richard Lowenthal, has predicted that the United States will soon find itself providing the French atomic force with technical aid—"not because this force makes sense in itself but because [the French] buildup will cause infinitely more harm if carried out in conflict with France's allies." Moreover, some of the smaller powers that have been hankering for atomic weapons could not test in the atmosphere even if there were no treaty—for the simple reason that they are not in possession of enough atmosphere. (It has been reported here that the Swiss at first had certain misgivings about signing the treaty. They did not wish to foreclose

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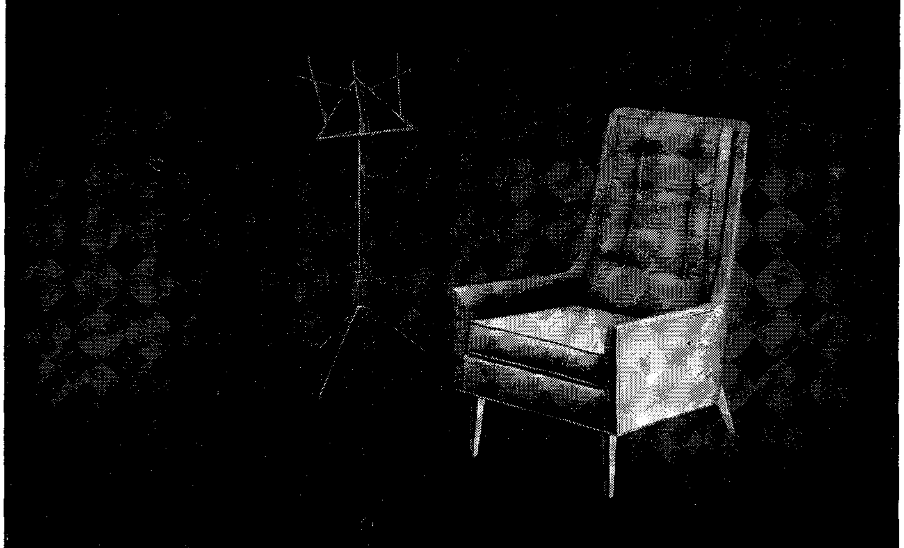

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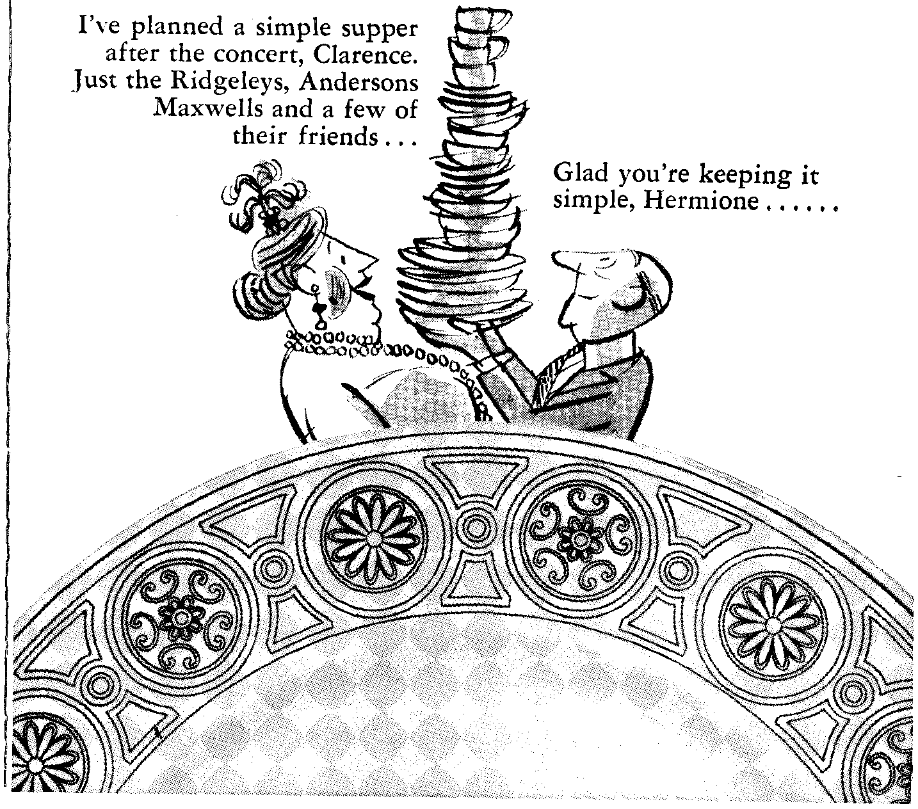
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Among the mean averages we got this year, one of the meanest concerns the executives' work week. It turns out that the poor guys work 51 hours a week. 25% of them work 56-65 hours a week, and 8% work even longer. Considering all the time they spend at the grindstone, it's astonishing how good their golf games are. 4% shoot in the 70's, 21% in the 80's, 40% in the 90's. Only 35% admit to not breaking 100.

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forever the possibility of getting some tactical nuclear equipment, and a number of their military planners opposed acceptance of the treaty until it dawned on them that they couldn't possibly test anywhere except underground, where they have admirable facilities.) In the main, it is felt here, the hope of discouraging bids for membership in the nuclear club rests not on the treaty itself but on additional measures of international control that may in time be developed.

IN the second week of the Senate's debate on the treaty, Senator Thurmond felt called upon to strike a blow at the newspaper columnist Drew Pearson, whom he described as a man suffering from "journalistic leprosy." As evidence, the Senator read into the *Congressional Record* eight "exhibits"—eight recent Pearson dispatches from the Soviet Union, Rumania, and Turkey. Those from the Soviet Union described an interview that Pearson had had with Khrushchev ("Nikita Sergeyevitch, as he is affectionately called by the Russian people") at his retreat in Gagra, beside the Premier's "beautiful tiled pool, seventy-five feet long with a glass partition which, at the push of an electric button, slides out to enclose the pool from cold air." At poolside, Khrushchev confided to his American guest some news about the Soviet budget:

> Regardless of whether the United States stops increasing its arms budget or not, we are going to stop increasing ours because we have enough of all these things. . . . Even without an agreement with the United States, we are not going to spend all this money on arms. For 1964 we will have an arms budget at the level of 1963, or even less, and in 1965 we will probably reduce allocations for the military even further. . . . The military sometimes don't know when to stop. . . . In the economic field we will compete with you, but we won't compete with you on war preparation.

What offended Senator Thurmond, understandably, was that Pearson took all this at face value, which would be an unwise thing to do at any time, and particularly at a time when Khrushchev was at least as eager as the President to have the United States Senate vote favorably on what, in the later stages of the debate, Senator Thurmond took to describing as the Truce of the Bear. Few people here are impressed by anything that Soviet politicians say about the Soviet "budget," a work that appears to be compiled by pamphleteers gifted in statistics. It is considered entirely possible, though, that the Soviet

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Union, whose domestic economy is obviously in worse shape than its war machinery, might venture, as Khrushchev put it, to "stop increasing" its military expenditures and, to that degree, might "slow down" the arms race. Khrushchev might find in the ratification of the treaty a certain amount of encouragement for taking this gamble. In any case, the decision is pretty much his to make—and pretty much his to conceal, too, since the only Drew Pearson he has to deal with is the American one. What is certain in Washington today is that the treaty will not slow down American participation in the arms race until there is conclusive evidence that the Soviet Union has cut back substantially on its own production and stockpiling. On the contrary, most people here would go along with Senator Miller, of Iowa, who gave it as his opinion that once the treaty was ratified "the arms race will be stepped up and so will our costs of national defense—at least insofar as they relate to nuclear testing and weaponry." Senator Miller cited this not as an objection to the treaty or as a regrettable consequence of it but as one reason for his being, in all good conscience, among the eighty who consented to it.

Senator Miller based his forecast on a statement to the Foreign Relations Committee by the Joint Chiefs of Staff setting forth certain conditions—or "safeguards," as they came to be called—that would reduce to an acceptable level what General Taylor had called the "military disadvantages" of the treaty. There were four of these, and three of them—the maintenance of nuclear laboratories at full strength, the maintenance of a readiness to test in the atmosphere at an early date following any abrogation of the treaty by the Soviet Union, and the improvement of seismological and other facilities for detecting violations of the treaty—received relatively little attention in the course of debate, but the fourth, which appeared first on the Joint Chiefs' list, was discussed, explored, interpreted, reinterpreted, affirmed, reaffirmed, and parsed in just about every session. It called for "the conduct of comprehensive, aggressive, and continuing underground nuclear test programs designed to add to our knowledge and improve our weapons in all areas of significance to our military posture for the future." Except through the force of its adjectives, it said nothing that had not earlier been said by the President, the Secretary of State, and the Secretary of Defense. In his letter transmitting the treaty to

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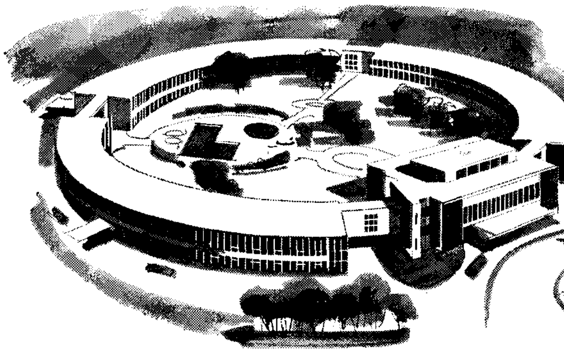

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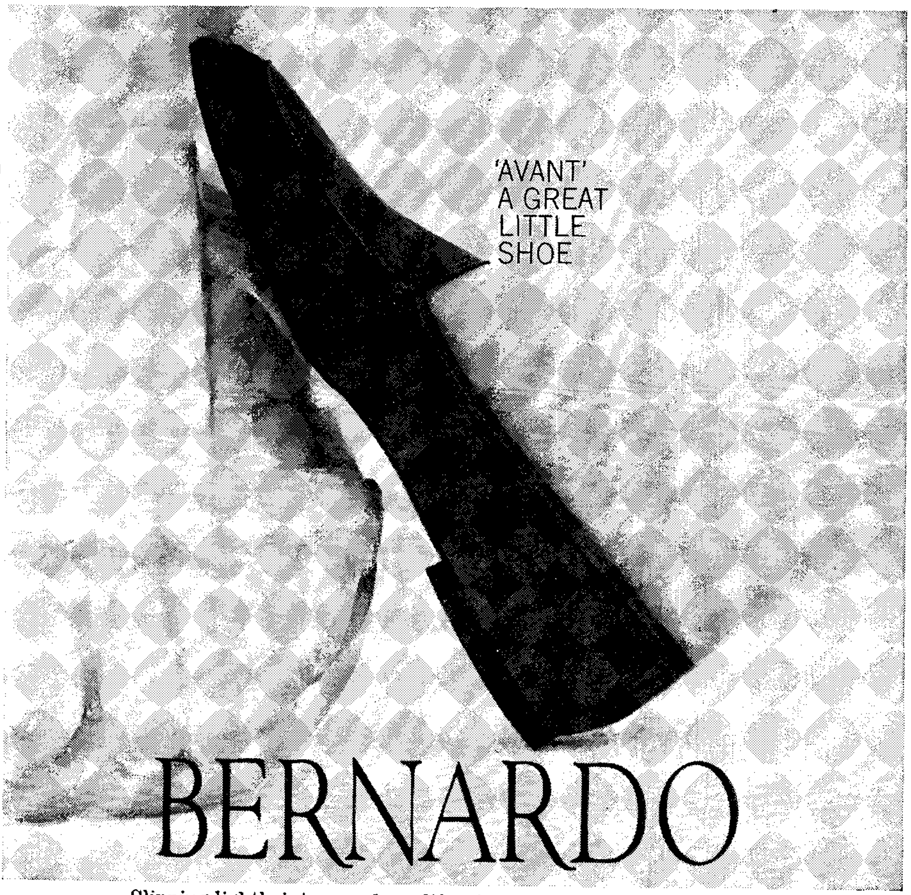

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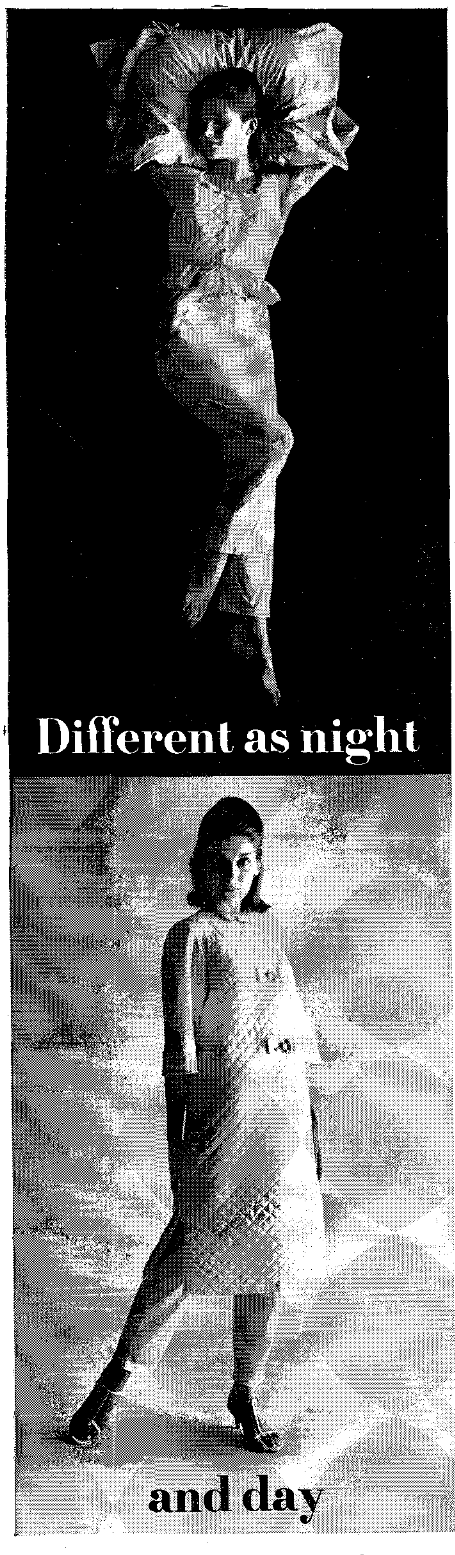

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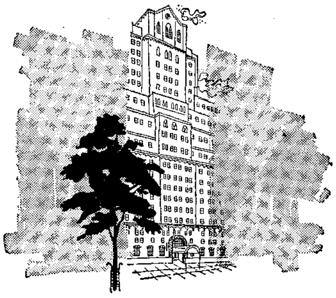
the Senate, the President had written, "The United States has more experience in underground testing than any other nation; and we intend to use this capacity to maintain the adequacy of our arsenal." Mr. Rusk said that it would be government policy "to continue to test underground as necessary to our security," and Mr. McNamara said the same thing in almost the same words. But it was the authority of the Joint Chiefs and their language—with its suggestion that underground testing might lead to new and more varied weapons—that the Senate wished to rely on, and there is not much doubt that the vote against the treaty would have been considerably larger if Senators Mansfield and Dirksen had not gone to the President to ask for, and get, another letter—one in which, in essence, the Commander-in-Chief notified the Senate that he could be relied upon to follow the advice of the Joint Chiefs. Although the floor managers of the treaty were successful in heading off all amendments, reservations, and other formal encumbrances, Senator Miller was on pretty solid ground when he said that the language of the Joint Chiefs had "become a part of the treaty so far as we are concerned."

Sensing this as a possible outcome of the ratification process, Dr. Leo Szilard, a physicist who testified before the Foreign Relations Committee, said, "With an extensive program of underground bomb testing, then, rather than furthering the cause of peace, the test-ban agreement would be likely to do just the opposite." This seems rather too dark a judgment. If the treaty is observed over a period of years, and if it leads to other agreements, a temporary increase in the number of underground tests and in the stockpiling of weapons will not rob it of its value. The President has frequently spoken—as he did in his last press conference—of "slowing down" the arms race, but he has never spoken of withdrawing from it. General Taylor told the Foreign Relations Committee that "as to net superiority in ability to inflict damage on the enemy, the Joint Chiefs of Staff consider that the United States at present is clearly ahead of the U.S.S.R. in the ability to wage strategic nuclear war." Nevertheless, Mr. McNamara told the same committee that present plans call for increasing the number of Atlas, Titan, Minuteman, and Polaris missiles by more than three hundred per cent in the next three years. It remains a fact, though, that the attack on the treaty mounted by its opponents was far more effective than the final vote showed. It turned an agreement intend-



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ed to limit nuclear testing into a limited warrant for increased nuclear testing. It was a turn of events that raises some serious questions about the possibility of getting future treaties ratified in the Senate.

The debate made it clear that about a fifth of the Senate can be counted upon to oppose any and all disarmament agreements with the Soviet Union. Some, like Senator Thurmond, object in principle to disarmament. Others would sign no agreements of any sort with the Soviet Union. (Senator Curtis, of Nebraska, cited St. Paul's Epistle to the Corinthians: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers." And Senator Robertson, of Virginia, said, "We have signed a treaty with a Godless nation . . . freed from the moral restraints of the Bible.") Another fifth—and perhaps more—comes very close to this kind of intransigence. Senator after senator rose to explain his vote on the narrowest ground he could find, and one had the feeling that if the opinion polls had not shown eighty per cent of the population to be in favor of the treaty, the Senate vote would have been nothing like eighty per cent for ratification. One had the feeling, too, that only a handful of senators were not victims of what Raymond Aron has called "atomic incredulity"—an inability to accept even the simple arithmetic of fission and fusion. To many of them, for example, the greatest cause of anxiety about the treaty lay in the fact that we were signing it before we had assured ourselves that our Minuteman missiles would be able to get off the ground—or out of their underground silos—if the largest Soviet weapons exploded near the missile sites. The largest Soviet weapons are estimated to have a destructive power of about sixty megatons, or approximately three times that of our largest weapons, and there has been speculation to the effect that a bomb of that size would, for one thing, disrupt all electronic communications and guidance systems in an immense area, and, for another, would turn the granite and concrete and steel of the "hardened" sites to powder and filings in the event of a direct hit or a near miss. Testifying against the treaty before the Preparedness Subcommittee of the Armed Services Committee, General Thomas Power, the chief of the Strategic Air Command, lamented "the many unknowns in the survivability of the Minuteman silo today." Asked how he would close these gaps in knowledge, he said, "The only way you can prove a weapon system is to take it out of the stockpile in a random pattern and let a tactical unit take it out and detonate

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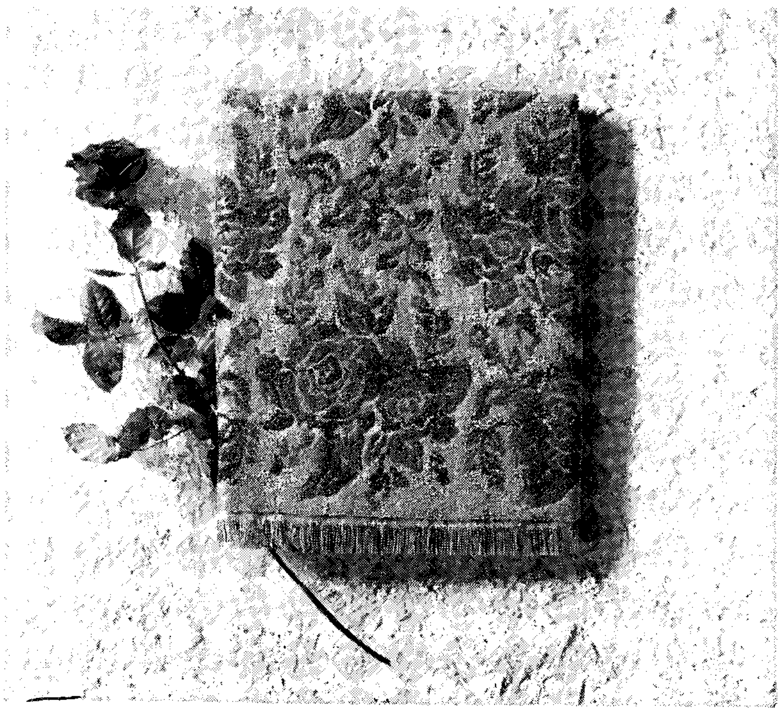
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it.” No member of the committee pointed out that we couldn’t test the effect of sixty-megaton bombs on Minuteman silos unless the Russians cared to do our testing for us, since the Joint Chiefs have always considered sixty-megaton weapons useless in American strategy. The only reason for creating a stockpile of them would be to test a few on our own sites. Nor did anyone ask where in the cosmos General Power thought such a test might be conducted. By his criterion, extrapolated tests would not do. No test of the survivability of a Minuteman silo could be conducted in the Pacific islands, because they are all sand, while our sites are encased in rock. It is estimated that to test a sixty-megaton bomb in the atmosphere it would be necessary to move everyone and everything of value out of an area between three and four hundred miles in diameter. General Power’s quest for knowledge could easily be satisfied if one of the larger states of the Union wished to secede forever. In the Senate debate, General Power’s testimony was endlessly discussed. The question of feasibility was never raised.

IT is not expected here that the treaty in itself will have any greater impact on Russian policy in the next year or so than it is likely to have on ours. The assumption is that the Russians accepted in 1963 an agreement they could have had in 1959 because they learned in the 1962 Cuban crisis that a standoff was the best they could hope for. They sought to use their rockets to achieve ends beyond deterrence. It didn’t work, and since they, like us, have everything that is needed for deterrence, there was nothing of strategic importance to be lost by accepting the treaty. The things that they can expect to gain from the treaty are pretty much the things that we can expect to gain: the good opinion of other countries, a better opinion of ourselves, a somewhat cleaner atmosphere, a slight decrease in anxiety, and an expectation of more of the same. Another witness before the Foreign Relations Committee, Marshall D. Shulman, of the Russian Research Center at Harvard, said that “the most striking characteristic of recent Soviet foreign policy has been the way in which policies undertaken for short-term expediential purposes have tended to elongate in time and become imbedded in doctrine and political strategy.” This is the characteristic that our sponsorship of the treaty is intended to exploit. It may be that the Soviets feel they are exploiting a similar tendency in American policy.

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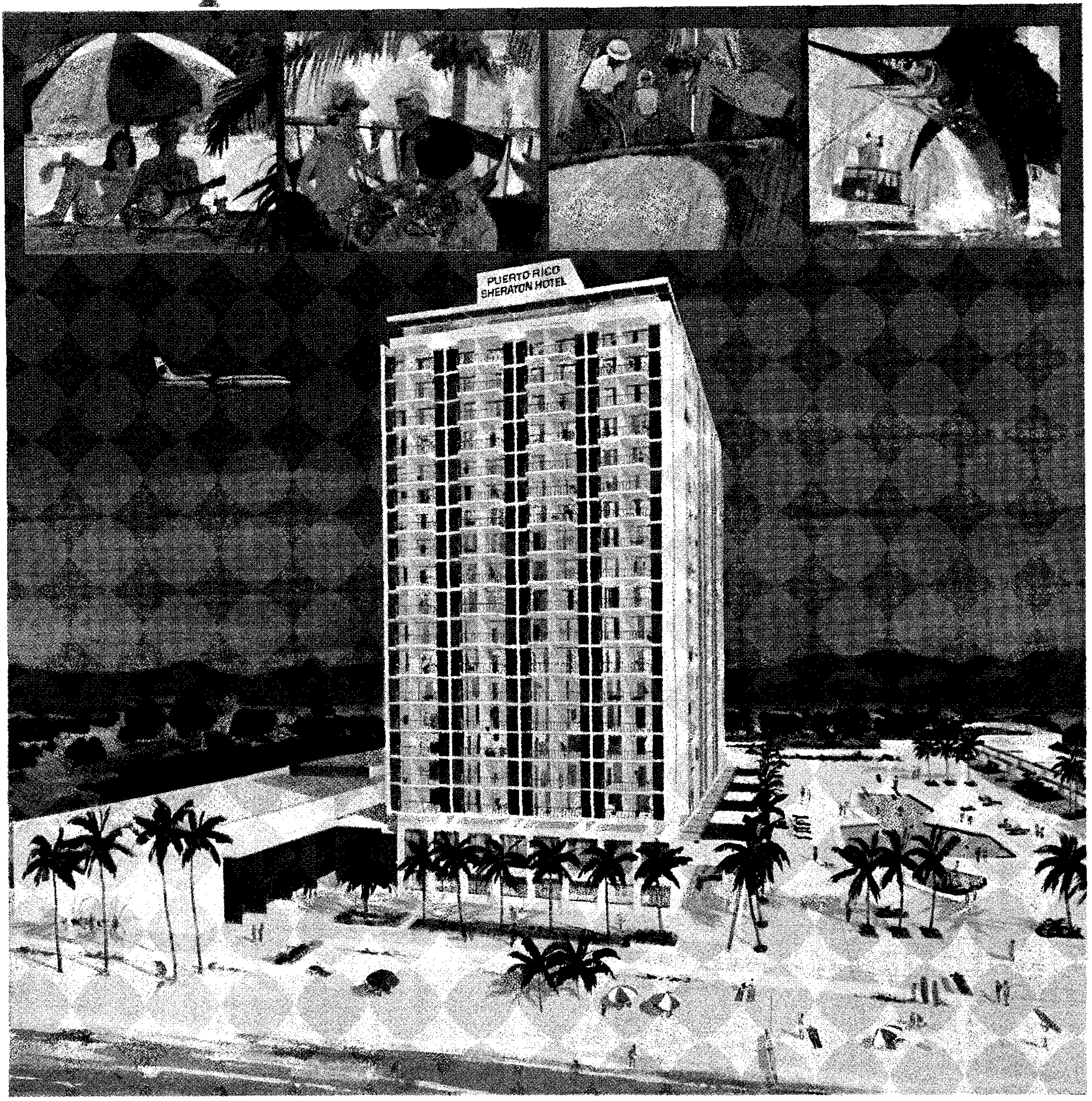

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THE ART GALLERIES

On Art Movements

PAINTINGS of this century are usually readily identifiable as belonging to some art movement, or "school," such as Fauvism, Cubism, Surrealism, Action Painting. By means of the movement, attitudes shared by artists in more or less formal contact with one another, and certain technical conceptions derived from those attitudes, are blended into or supersede the stylistic heritage of a city or region; instead of "the Venetians" or "the Flemish School," our era presents practitioners of aesthetic "isms." When, in modern art, a place label is still applied, such as "School of Paris" or, latterly, "New York School," it signifies not so much a home-grown way of painting as a cluster of styles either newly initiated in a locality or given a special inflection there; works in the same mode are also being produced elsewhere. Thus the "New York School" comprises Abstract Expressionists, Geometrical Abstractionists, Neo-Dadaists, and Post-Surrealists, all with collaborators throughout the world. What, if anything, artists possess in common through the bare fact of their residence in New York is a highly problematical question; perhaps it is a certain hardness of light, or a sense of largeness of scale, or a nervousness, forthrightness, or crudity of execution. But to differentiate by these traits the art of New York from that produced in other American cities or abroad is a tricky undertaking; New York paintings have not always been glaring, spacious, discordant, or casual, nor is there anything to prevent a Dutchman or a Japanese from mastering the "raw" American look, just as half a century ago Americans like Weber and Walkowitz found paint recipes for producing the flavor of Paris. Searching for continuity in the art of the United States, John W. McCoubrey, in his recently published "American Tradition in Painting," found himself pursuing "those elusive American qualities" that lie deeper than style. But while the influence of place has grown so intangible, the influence of the art movement is material, clean-cut, and practicable. Even

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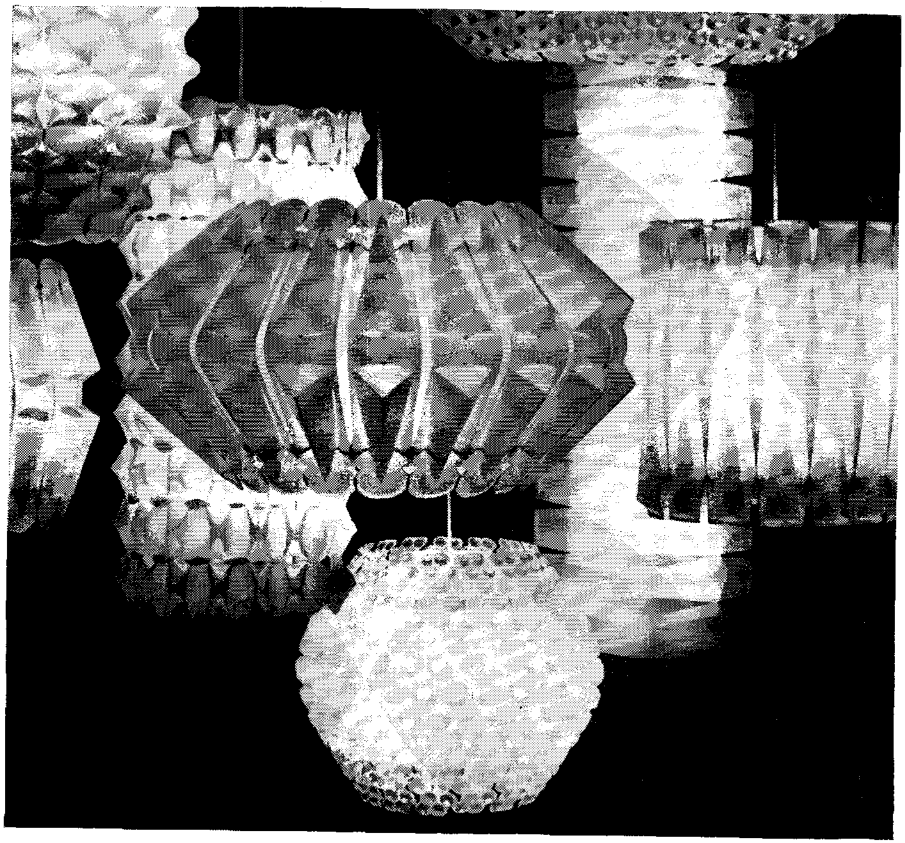

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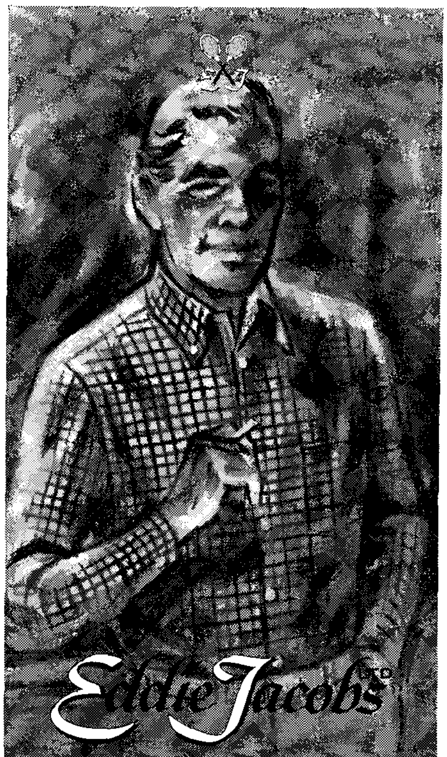
a movement that has not expounded its approach (postwar American movements such as Abstract Expressionism and pop art have avoided the group declarations of earlier twentieth-century schools) inspires in its followers a fairly uniform set of responses to the major determinants of style: they tend to react similarly to the art of yesterday, to venerate the same achievements and the same masters, to stumble over the same problems and scorn the same "easy solutions," to employ similar technical devices, and to conceive the same function for art in the existing cultural environment. Thus Abstract Expressionism recognized a limited debt to Surrealist spontaneity, to the improvisations of Kandinsky, to the brushwork of Manet, to the calligraphy of Zen monks, and to thrown-ink Sumi paintings; in a word, it rediscovered the role of manual gesture in painting, and, assenting with fervor to the conviction of Cézanne and the Symbolists that art is a means of revelation and self-discovery, it enthroned ambiguity and the significance of the unfinished work.

In our era, it is the art movements that make possible continuity of style, that stimulate interchanges of ideas and perceptions among artists, that provide new points of departure for individual inventions. Artists like Rivers, Rauschenberg, Johns, seeking, a decade ago, to release their painting from the closing net of Abstract Expressionism, unravelled its social, psychological, and aesthetic premises while applying its painting techniques to the American scene. In turn, their George Washingtons, their news photos, and their flags, bearing the Abstract Expressionist imprint, provided the clue that led to the current exploitation of popular insignia and everyday objects. This development has, by contrast, affected the appreciation of art done earlier by giving new emphasis to the signs and advertisements appearing in such works as Stuart Davis's adaptations of Cubism and de Kooning's Action paintings. The crisscross of the art movements through time and place binds modern art into a whole that provides the intellectual and imaginative background for individual paintings.

But though the art movements figure constantly in the discussion and exhibition of modern art, their role in its creation is insufficiently acknowledged. Artists most directly indebted to a movement hasten to dissociate themselves from it, as if from something disreputable; one is reminded of people who, having repeated a political line, would wind up with "But of course I'm not a Party



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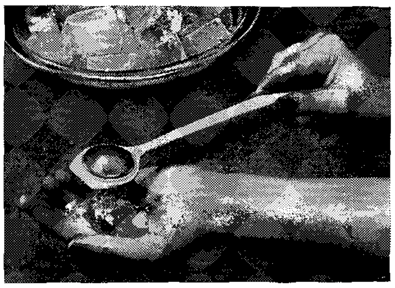

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member." It would scarcely have occurred to a British portrait painter of the eighteenth century to deny the affiliation of his work with the national style, but an artist today who composes dream episodes on canvas is more than likely to shrug off forty years of Surrealist doctrine and example, and one who constructs mechanisms with erotic overtones will keep mum about Dada and Duchamp. Indeed, the prevailing motive of artists for public utterances about their work seems to be to disavow any shared concept or manner. Of the catalogue statements by the painters and sculptors of the "Americans 1963" show, at the Museum of Modern Art earlier this year, not one acknowledged a school tie, and in the three or four instances in which Constructivism or Expressionism or pop art was mentioned, it was in order to repudiate manifest connections with it. If the artists are taken at their word (or at their silence), the work of each is a creation out of the void; one speaks of listening "to the secret of our inner voice," another of "building things in terms of myself," a third declaims that "all theories must fall in the face of the fact of the painting." Yet this was an exhibition that was wholly centered upon aesthetic ideologies; every single item in it bore the unmistakable stamp of its origin in some worldwide art movement.

There are, it must be conceded, persuasive reasons for pointing the other way when the name of a movement is mentioned. Overt forms of solidarity, insofar as they imply preconceived codes obediently followed, violate the passion for spontaneity and freedom inherent in modern creation; specifically, they recall the artists' associations and "action committees" of the nineteen-thirties that edged American art toward accepting direction from the outside. The reaction against any collective manifestation is stiffened by the individualism that has become the militant creed of the postwar West. That the artist is capable of creating a thing that is entirely his own is, we are often told, the essential meaning of art in an age of mass production and conformism. The ultimate function of painting in modern society, concludes Werner Haftmann in his enormous "Painting in the Twentieth Century," is to "minister to the silent zones of man as an individual"—a function that a work of art is able, in his opinion, to fulfill only to the degree that total individuality is embodied in it. Thus, having written a history of modern art in terms of its movements, Haftmann interprets these movements

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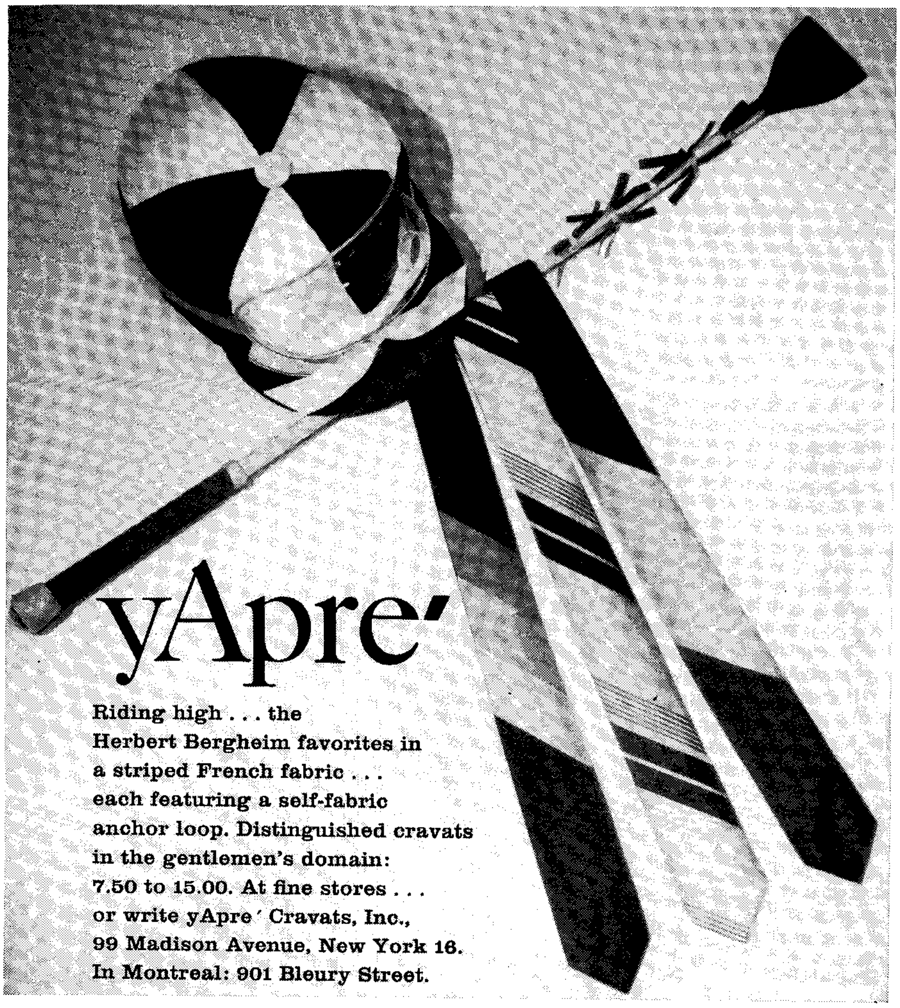

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not as collective acts of the artists involved in them but as "patterns" that he has recognized in particular works "after the fact"—that is to say, the movements played no part in the conscious intentions of painters and sculptors, since "the individual modern artist was driven by a creative need for absolute freedom." For a painting to be seen as emerging from a web of imagination brought into being by many minds, including those of non-painters (one recalls the influence of Mallarmé on Cézanne and of Eluard on Miró), apparently compromises its status as an evidence of creative uniqueness. The current phrases about inner voices and building in terms of self are intended to shield the work against the taint of influences and collaborators; by means of them each artist segregates himself from his fellows as if under a glass bell. Solitude, the unknown, inwardness are, of course, facts of artistic creation, but they are today cited against the art movements not to epitomize creative experiences but as character references demanded by the reigning personalist credo.

No masterpiece is simply the sum of typical elements in a common method of painting. Creation involves individual factors that cannot be put into circulation as well as factors that circulate but cannot be put into words. As against the closing in of art upon itself, the idea of a movement (even of a movement dedicated to wordlessness) presupposes communication and thus leans toward the verbally expressible. In art there is nothing wrong with formulas, provided they call upon profound feelings and are carried out to the bitter end, as by Uccello or Mondrian. It is, however, disagreeable to see works, especially works by non-doctrinaire artists, vanish into slots labelled "Cubist Construction," "Expressionist Brushstrokes," "Assemblage." The practice of reducing paintings and sculptures to those traits by which the influence of a school is spotted is today exaggerated by the needs of mass education. To save art from being amalgamated into a series of technological systems, it is no doubt necessary to remind ourselves continually that the ultimate reality of art is the particular work.

Yet to recognize that a painting is a painting requires no tremendous profundity, and the emphasis on the particular canvas rather than on the general idea or mood can easily be overdone. Stripping a painting to what is visible within the frame may prove as destructive to the synthesis that every painting is as would be clouding it with ideologi-

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cal steam. For instance, the American-flag canvases of Johns have been analyzed in terms of the contrast between the two-dimensionality of the flag and Johns' way of painting the flag as if it were a solid object. Though visually accurate, the "flat-solid" dichotomy is meaningless and even misleading (in making out Johns to be a kind of misguided Cubist) unless the artist's Abstract Expressionist handling is related to ironies, inherited from Dada, concerning art and its audience. To limit the content of paintings to their retinal particulars in order to detach them from the philosophy of the art movement that inspired them is a species of anti-intellectualism. The arrangement of colors and forms on the canvas never encompasses completely the experience that moved the artist to execute it, and the painted surface is always in some respects nothing more than a hint. The effect of such a limitation of content is to divert attention from the stream which—passing from mind to mind, whether through words or through suggestions inherent in the handling of the medium—enters into the motive and meaning of the work.

TODAY it is fashionable to dispute the presence of the art movements in paintings—except, that is, in speaking of paintings that one dislikes. Playing the artist as individual against the movement as formula has become a major tactic of art reviewers and promoters. To condemn an exhibition it is necessary only to describe the canvases in it as issuing from the same bin as those of other artists. A critic favoring a "return to subject matter" will painstakingly evaluate the drawing, placement, volume in a canvas by a mediocre figure painter but, confronted with abstract art, will consistently discover that all cats are gray. For the champion of pop art, there is no pop art, only a concourse of independent creators; it is the others who carry banners. Never before this era of movements that deny themselves have so many utterly self-inspired personalities produced canvases so difficult to tell apart; never have so many valid talents been so frequently menaced with extinction through burial in a category.

An indispensable condition for appreciating the art of our time is to distinguish between a movement that has reached its end (and has thus become the province of researchers into style) and the same movement while it is still alive and acting as an unpredictable force among artists. The terminated movement is the sum total of its procedures and the effects obtained through

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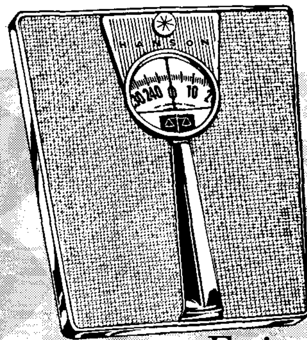

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by Robt. Burns

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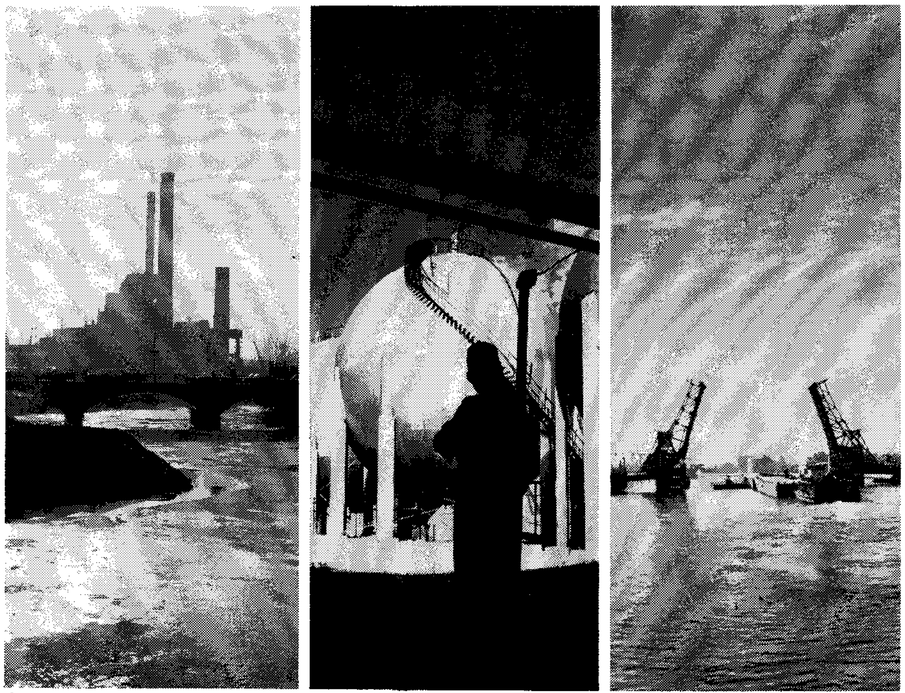
them; it is by these aspects that it is customarily represented in art books and survey exhibitions. In an active movement, however, methods of seeing and of handling materials are bound up with modes of thinking and feeling and with facts of human association (e.g., the prominence of certain models and mistresses) that constitute a way of life—on the Paris Left Bank or in loft buildings in downtown New York. Often, through a movement, new classes and social groups come to the fore in art, such as the "exiles" of the Paris schools of the early twentieth century or the immigrants who have played so large a role in American Abstract Expressionism. Studied apart from the life that animated it, the intellectual content of the movement is likely to seem insignificant. Dada, the creation of very young men, often came close to college humor. As a doctrine, Surrealism is less interesting than the canvases of Dali and Ernst, who may therefore be considered to owe little to it. "I don't think artists have particularly bright ideas," declared Willem de Kooning in an interview published recently in the art-literary magazine *Location*. "The Cubists—when you think about it now, it is so silly to look at an object from many angles. Constructivism—open, not closed. It's very silly. It's good that they got those ideas because it was enough to make some of them great artists."

"When you think about it *now*." It is the backward glance that is deceptive. In the moment of its appearance, Dada and its "silly" idea exemplified an aesthetic probing of the irreparable crack in European civilization produced by the First World War. To restore the balance between movement and individual, the idea and the work, it is necessary to conceive both in the rhythm of time, place, and situation that made them one. As an *event*, an art movement is a phenomenon of



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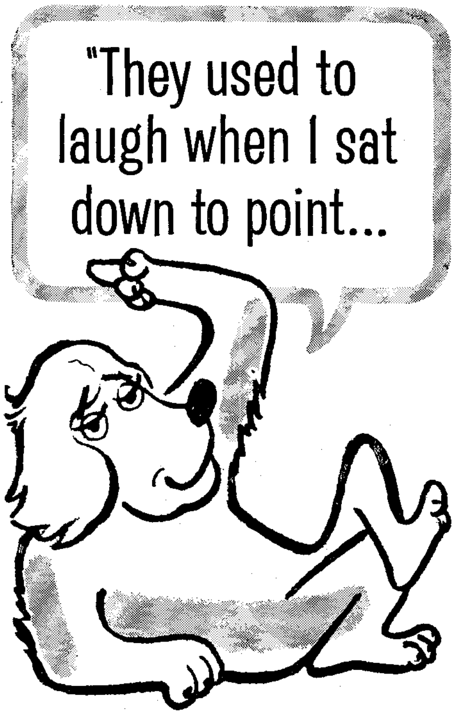
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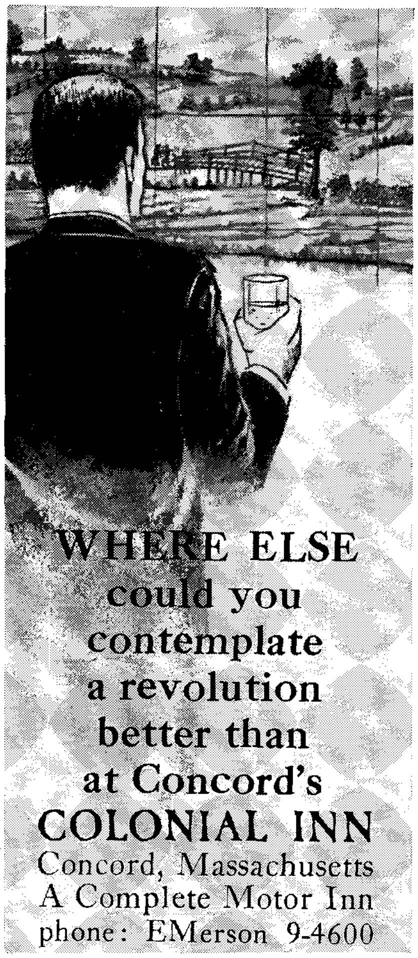
collective psychology comparable to quasi-religious enthusiasms in politics, social life, or fashion. Like the cult and the fad, it follows a tempo of growth, decline, and disintegration. In its hour of strength it is capable of transforming its adherents; artists abandon objectives pursued for years and allow themselves to be guided into unfamiliar channels. In the shared current, individuality, no longer sought for itself, is heightened; one of the mysteries of the movements, as of the great "periods" of earlier times, is the creative assurance they confer on previously commonplace talents. Far from constricting the artist's imagination, the movement magnetizes under the motions of his hand insights and feelings from outside the self and perhaps beyond the consciousness. The living movement is a common direction of energies rather than a set of concepts, and any definition of it will apply to individual artists in it only to a limited degree—to the best artists least of all. Matisse overshadows Fauvism, Picasso Cubism, de Kooning Action Painting. Yet it is in the formation by their works of the characteristic features of the movement that the works themselves become what they are. And while the individual artist keeps something apart from the movement, the movement is larger than the individuals in it. Its possibilities exceed its realizations, and it is this excess that allows the movement to be revived in times to come.

WHEN a movement has expired, there is no guarantee that a new one will take its place. Much of the best art of our time is the product of individuals who have been stranded by movements that came to a halt and who keep looking back to great days of which each retains a different memory. In the first decade of the twentieth century, movements followed one another like waves on a beach. After the First World War, the intervals between them lengthened; twenty years of raking over old art, from the realism of Courbet to the city scenes of the Impressionists, divide Surrealism and Action Painting. A period without a movement, or invested with a dying one, is fairly certain to be characterized by repetitive work and critical chaos. Artists belatedly converted to the exhausted movement continue to piece it out with logical inferences; if the effects of thrown paint are aesthetically valid, why not those of paint scattered by bursting balloons?

Art in our day is surrounded by dead movements. Both in its inception and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in its later stages of development, each new mode in art since the last war has derived from an earlier one. The revivalist nature of current art is confessed in names that bear the prefix "new" or "neo" or "abstract" appended to earlier movements, such as Realism, Dada, Expressionism. The new work justifies itself as art by the authority of its ancestor, at the same time that it seeks to differentiate itself and to assert its originality. Original or not, revived art differs from its predecessor through change of historical content; the background of Neo-Dada is a new aestheticism, not war and revolution. Thus living and dead elements, creation and formula, are commingled in contemporary art, as in the art of the past, and put its novelty in question; the latest revived style is not necessarily newer than that of paintings done fifty years ago.

The dialectic of art movements may have been of little concern to American art in the days when native artists were genuinely isolated from one another and when following some European school or style only isolated them still more. The decisive development in American art since the last war, however, is that we now have our own art movements. It is not greater individual painters and sculptors—the leaders of Abstract Expressionism are easily matched in talent and intellectual calibre by American artists of the past—but the rays of a pervasive impulse among artists of a given time and place that have brought American painting to the forefront of world art. The loneliness once forced upon the American artist still haunts his vocabulary and his attitudes, and lends credence to phrases about work executed on solitary "voyages of discovery." But these phrases no longer describe the reality of artistic creation in the United States. Nostalgia apart, the ideology of individualism in art has only the effect of wiping out the tracks of communication in the creative process. American art today owes its character to that "mortal inter-indebtedness" which Melville reluctantly conceded put him "down in the whole world's books."

—HAROLD ROSENBERG

•

4—SALUTE TO THE PIRATES
Ed Conway talks to members of the Pittsburgh Pirates and shows films of the team in action. Harry decides Kate doesn't love him enough because she displays no jealousy.—*TV program in the Pittsburgh Press.*

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ONE more term of a President who faces all weathers in just a lounge suit will see the topcoat relegated to the past. Mine belongs to the past already, and I wish it well there. Ours was a troubled relationship from the start, if, indeed, it could be called a relationship at all. As Elaine May once said, probably in another context, "There was proximity, but no relating."

The coat became mine during the January clearance days of 1959. I had been reading about an advertising man who complained that American consumers were not consuming enough—a failure that in his view was tantamount to treason. He explained that the last crippling vestiges of Puritan psychology were causing us to hold on to goods long after they ceased to give us status satisfaction. This, he said, was why we responded with such alacrity to the disaster-relief programs of the Red Cross, which gave us "permissive sanction" to clear closets and attics of all the things we no longer wanted but dared not throw away.

Probably this was on my mind during lunch. No sunshine patriot, I performed, at a midtown subterranean café, feats of consumption that made me proud to be an American. Then, still glowing with the satisfaction of serving my country, I made for a Madison Avenue haberdashery that had been urging me by press, radio, and direct mail to replenish my wardrobe at fabulous once-a-year savings.

"You're a perfect thirty-eight," the salesman told me. Perfection was apparently not uncommon; there was nothing left in that size but a broad-checked greatcoat with a lot of harnesses, flaps, and metal chains sewn into it. He wrapped it around me—"Just for fit, you understand."

I nodded my head. My arm was caught in a tweed loop.

"Perfect," he said. "That's the size, all right. How does it feel?"

"What are these loops for?" I asked.

"That's for if you want to wear it as a cape."

"I was looking for something simpler," I said.

"That fits you like it was a custom job," he said. "That's a hundred-dollar garment reduced to seventy-nine fifty."

"I'd never learn how to operate it," I said. I took the coat off and surveyed the racks.

"Those are not your size," he protested, but too late. I had noticed an elegant brown coat of a kind I imagined

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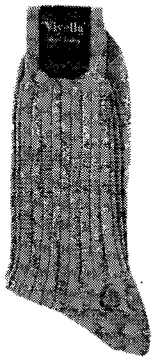

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bankers would wear if the color code permitted. I touched it and was rewarded with a feel so sensuous I wanted to stroke it. I felt like Lennie in "Of Mice and Men."

"This is more what I had in mind."

"That's a thirty-six. Let me see if we have that in your size."

They hadn't, nor in the next size over, either, but the salesman had an idea. "I have an idea," he said. "Let's just try this one on."

"Two sizes too small?"

"These are cut large," he explained. "That's the kind of weave it is." He helped me into it. "There—you see? It's a fit, isn't it."

I shrugged, the only movement I was capable of making once I had been installed in the coat. "What if I want to wave to someone?" I asked. "Or hold an umbrella?"

"It's a bit snug," he admitted, "but I'm not worried about that. We can open it up a little. Basically, it looks very smart. There's a mirror in the corner. See for yourself."

I went to the corner and saw for myself. The cuffs of my suit jacket showed through at my wrists, like bangles. There was an ominous bulge under the left arm, exactly where George Raft used to carry his automatic. At the same time, the coat was uncomfortably tight, and looked it. I bought it.

LAST fall, the same store that sold me the coat proclaimed in a newspaper advertisement, "Topcoat weather is here." Well, so was my topcoat here. Over the years, I had worn it with embarrassment but checked it with pride. When it was not on my back, it took on the same grandeur it had had on the store clothing rack, and I often fondled it as it hung in the hall closet. Perhaps it was the threat of fetishism that prompted my wife to suggest getting rid of the coat.

"But it's as good as new."

"Yes, but you never wear it. You might just as well throw it out now as later."

"It's too good to throw out," I argued, uncomfortably recognizing in myself the Puritan strain the advertising man had been talking about. I was seeking permissive sanction.

"Why don't you pawn it?" my wife said.

She didn't mean it, of course, but why not, indeed? Just a few weeks before, a doctor friend of mine named Buzzy Lewis mentioned that he had hocked his microscope while he was in medical school, and I realized enviously that I

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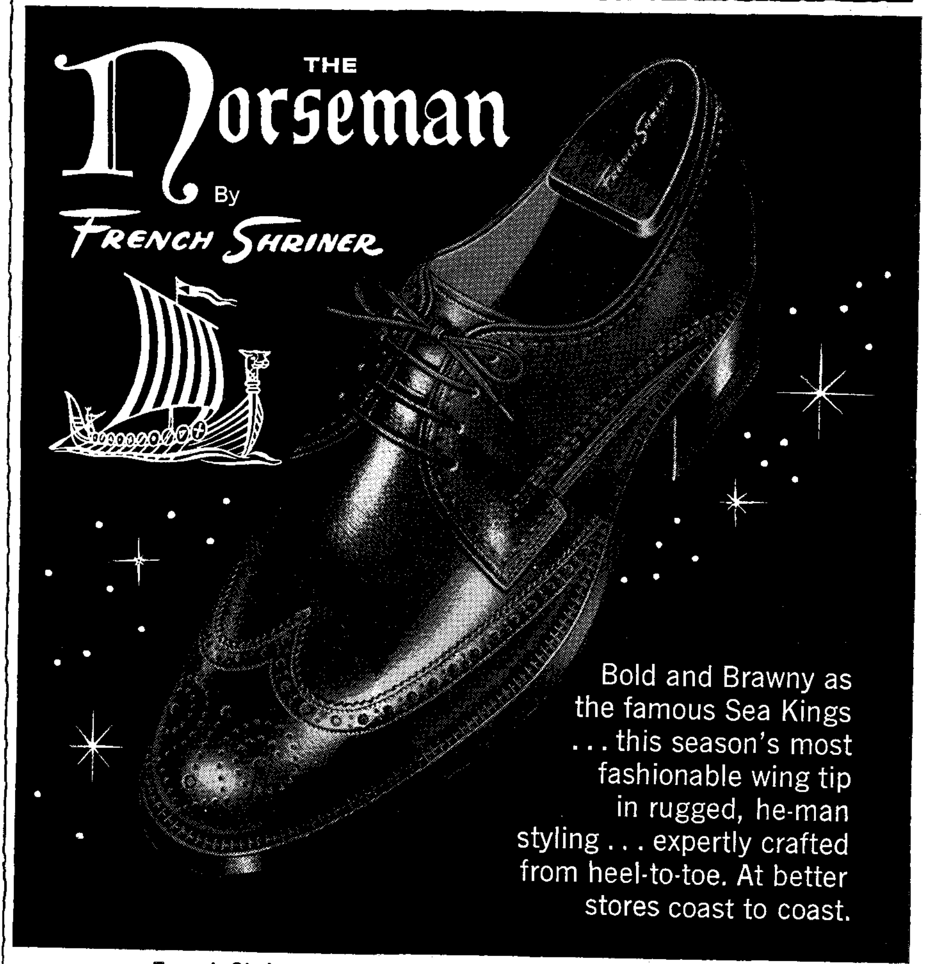

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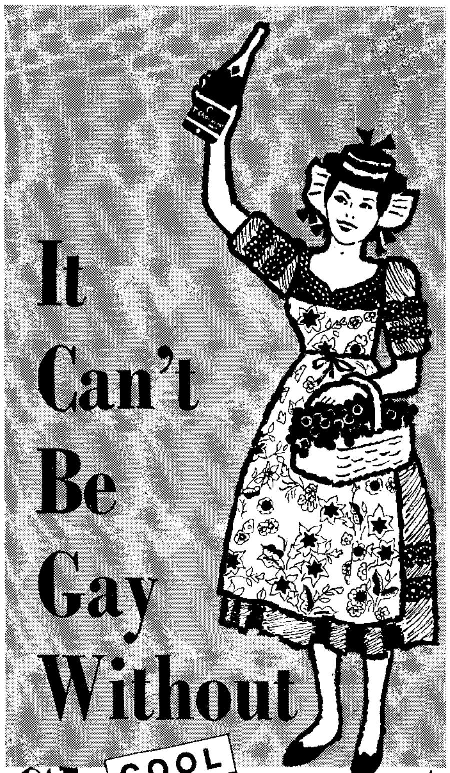

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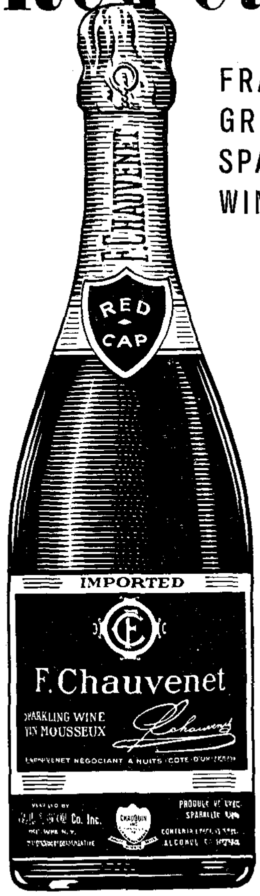

N. B.
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had never in my life hocked anything, or even been in a pawnshop. The three balls, the windows gloriously strung with saxophones and diamond rings and loving cups—these, and for that matter the uncles themselves, I had seen only from the outside. How had I kept myself immune from the economic vicissitudes that had beset my contemporaries? What was I—some kind of spoiled rich kid? If Buzzy Lewis had been to a pawnshop, probably everyone else had been, too. And if so, what else might there not be that everyone else had done? My sister was in her middle twenties before she discovered that people normally brush their teeth with cold water. She had always used warm, and no one had ever told her otherwise. I thought of how many other common experiences must depend wholly on accident. I felt that perhaps life was not so much passing me by as sneaking around me in a series of near misses. Maybe there was still time to catch up.

On an unseasonably warm day late last November, I could be seen in my coat, heading slowly uptown on Amsterdam Avenue toward a large pawnshop I had noticed in the upper Eighties—slowly, because I was nervous, not sure what would be expected of me once I got there. Surmising that it would be unprofessional to offer the coat off my back, I stopped in front of a delicatessen and took it off. Upon reaching the pawnshop, I stalled for several minutes and pretended to study the window display. There were a couple of cameras, some transistor radios, a harmonica, a hair dryer, and a portable typewriter. The prices did not seem ridiculously low. It occurred to me that I had not fixed a sum for the coat, and I decided on twenty dollars.

Inside the shop, I took my place behind a man who was relieving himself of a Spanish guitar. I had come too late to hear the transaction, which seemed to have been negotiated with a minimum of direct address, and before I had a chance to observe the ritual he was crumpling some bills into his shirt pocket and I was face to face with a gaunt woman whose features were somewhat obscured by a heavy grille. Impatiently, she beckoned for the coat, and I slid it under the grille.

"How much do you want on it, dear?"

"Ten dollars," I said, in sudden cowardice.

"Morris!" she called, and a stocky, dapper man emerged from the back room. She handed him the coat. "He's asking ten."

Morris ran his hands over the coat,

un-American.

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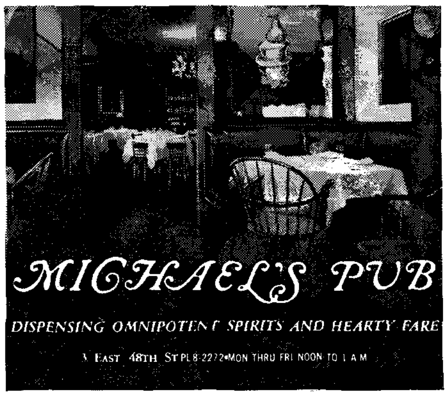
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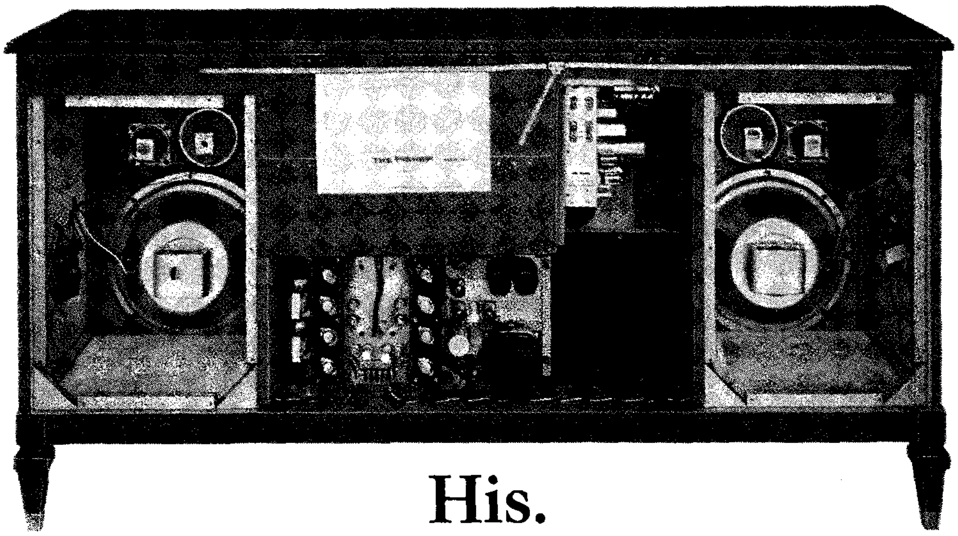
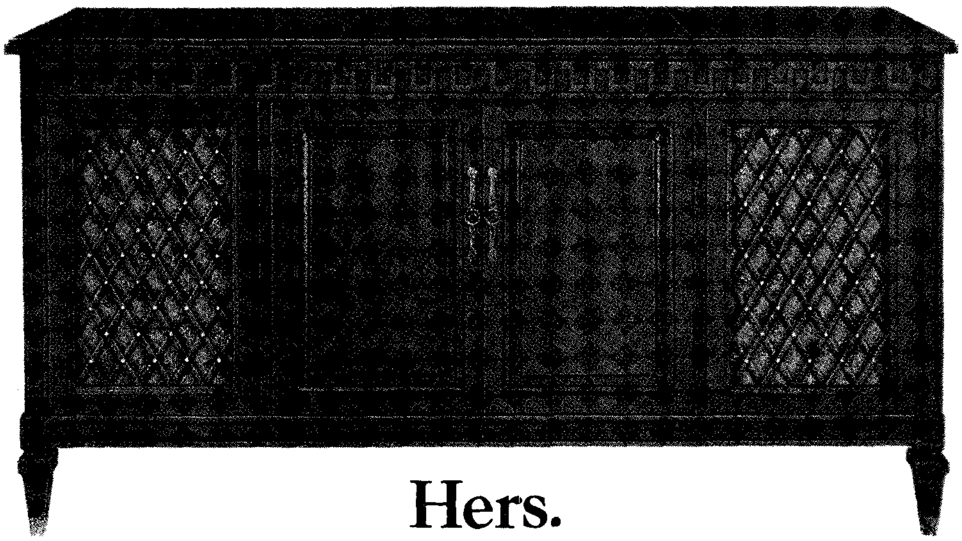


His.



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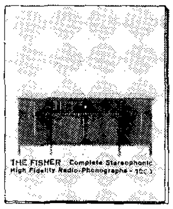
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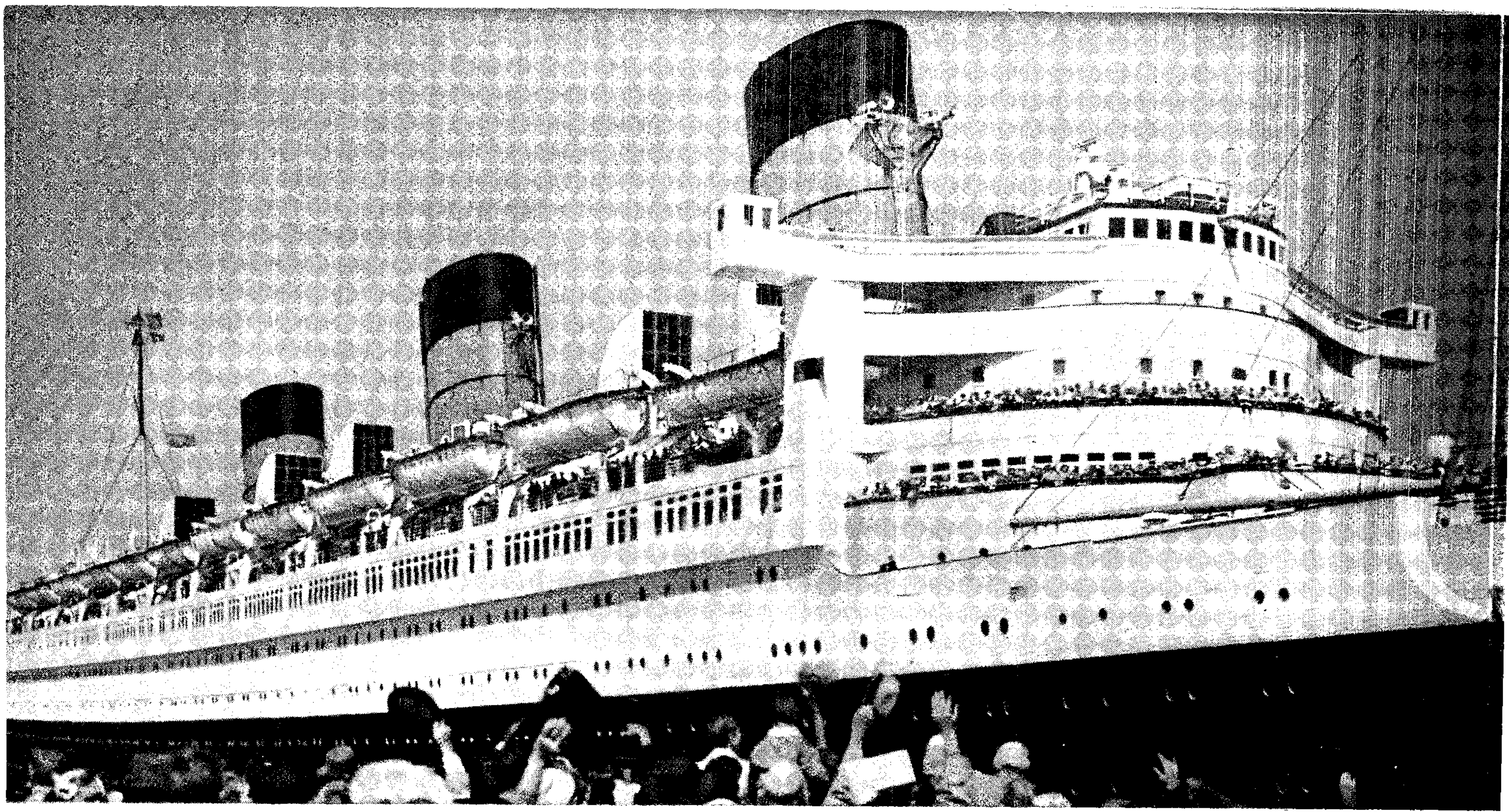

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like a masseur who knows all the pressure points. Expertly, he flipped back the collar, turned the cuffs, rustled the lining, surveyed the armpits, examined the edges, and, without breaking rhythm, slid the garment back to me.

"We couldn't give you ten dollars on *this*," he said.

My heart swelled with astonishment and indignation. Then I reminded myself that it was not the price I was interested in, or even the principle; I just wanted to get rid of the coat. "How much can you give me?" I asked, shrewd but not unreasonable.

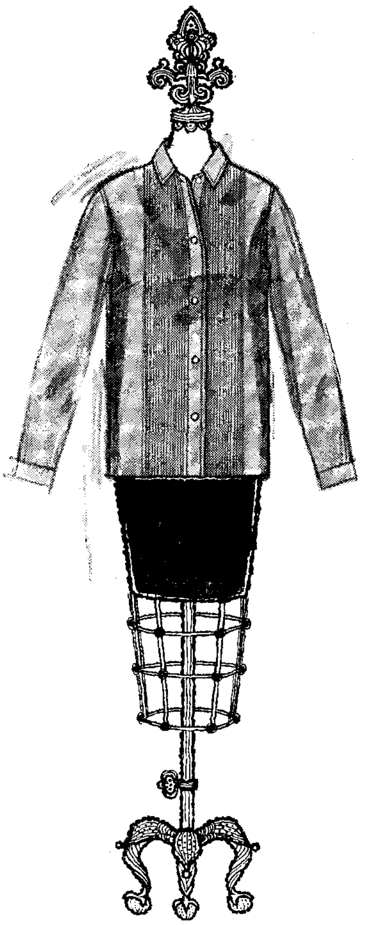
"I'm afraid we wouldn't be interested, Mister. It's too threadbare."

"Threadbare! It belonged to a seventy-two-year-old philatelist who kept it in a polyethylene garment bag and only wore it to church on Sundays!" I thought of saying. But I skulked out silently, holding the coat by the nape of its neck, as though it were a scratchy cat I was putting out for the night.

It had turned chilly, but I continued to carry the coat. After all, you can't *wear* a coat that has been judged threadbare by the neighborhood hockshop. Now I had to pawn it to redeem its honor.

Like policemen, pawnshops are never around when you want them. They had seemed always to be on the periphery of my vision, but now there was none in sight. Vainly I walked up Amsterdam, then switched to Columbus, then back to Amsterdam. An hour later, I was tired and cold and suspicious. Had they all been warned? Had they transformed their fronts into innocent candy stores and bakeries, the way gambling joints convert to pet shops when tipped off to a raid?

On 122nd Street, I stopped to get warm in the doorway of the only Vietnamese restaurant in New York. Maybe it was the only Vietnamese restaurant outside of Saigon. Anyway, it was alien enough to shake my self-confidence, and I prepared to go home in defeat, this time covering the forty-five blocks by bus. A cautious jaywalker, I looked both ways before crossing, as if checking for snipers, and, blocks away to the north, I saw, tantalizing as a mirage, three golden balls. When I caught up with them, on 125th Street, I found that they, too, were as illusory as a mirage; they were two-dimensional, painted on the side of a building instead of swinging through the air, and were *advertising* a pawnshop rather than marking its site. But under the balls an arrow pointed west. I turned west and soon entered the shop, with even more uncertainty than



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before. This time there was no one in front of me. I took the initiative, and slid my coat into position, hoping to give the impression that I pawned it seasonally and knew what I was about.

"I'd like to borrow six dollars on this," I said firmly.

Once again, the coat was referred to an appraiser, who gave it a cursory inspection. "We couldn't give you six," he said, wincing at the figure, as though the very idea turned his stomach.

I remained silent, waiting him out.

"Three, maybe," he said at last.

I sighed with relief, but my sigh of relief is often misinterpreted as a sigh of disgust.

"Would four help you any?" he offered.

Victory was that easy. "I guess so," I said resignedly. We closed the deal, and I left with a pawn ticket, four one-dollar bills, and the sharpest sense of elation I had felt since earning thirty-five cents and a ham sandwich for mowing a neighbor's lawn. Flushed with success, I went to a Chinese restaurant, a few doors west, for a celebration dinner of boiled dumplings and sweet and sour spareribs.

I have never been able to read a contract or an insurance policy, or even a lease, but I did read the pawn ticket, which turned out to be a singularly lucid statement of my rights and privileges. The pawnbrokers had lent me four dollars and were charging me interest at the rate of three per centum per month. If I failed to redeem the pledge by May 28th, six months later, it could be sold. The company was not accountable for loss or damage by fire, theft, or casualty of any kind.

Once you start reading small print, it is hard to stop. I read the fortune that came with the fortune cookie that followed the sweet and sour spareribs. "Words and water are easy to pour, impossible to recover," it said.

ABOUT a month later, I turned on our television set to catch the eleven-o'clock news. The program we watch at our house always ends with an item of humorous local color. That night, the light side of the news lay in the fact that a water main had burst at 126th Street and Amsterdam Avenue and "flooded the basement of a nearby pawnshop." The camera panned lovingly over a parade of suits, coats, and hats floating down 125th Street.

"Hey, look!" I called to my wife. "There goes my coat! My coat is on TV!"

"You missed it," I said when she fi-

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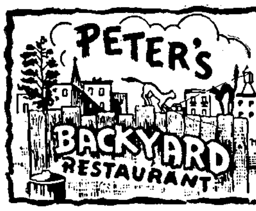

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nally came into the room. "It went right by."

"Bit part," she said scornfully.

A week later, the pawnbrokers sent me an official notice advising me of the broken water main and noting defensively that "We, as bailee, in view of the nature of the loss, have no liability for the damage." They urged me to get in touch with my insurance company at once if I had "personal property floater insurance." Perhaps I have, but I do not intend to find out. The coat was swept from my life by what might almost be called natural causes, and that's good enough for me. What my Puritan conscience doesn't know won't hurt it.

—RALPH CAPLAN

•

CIRCLE

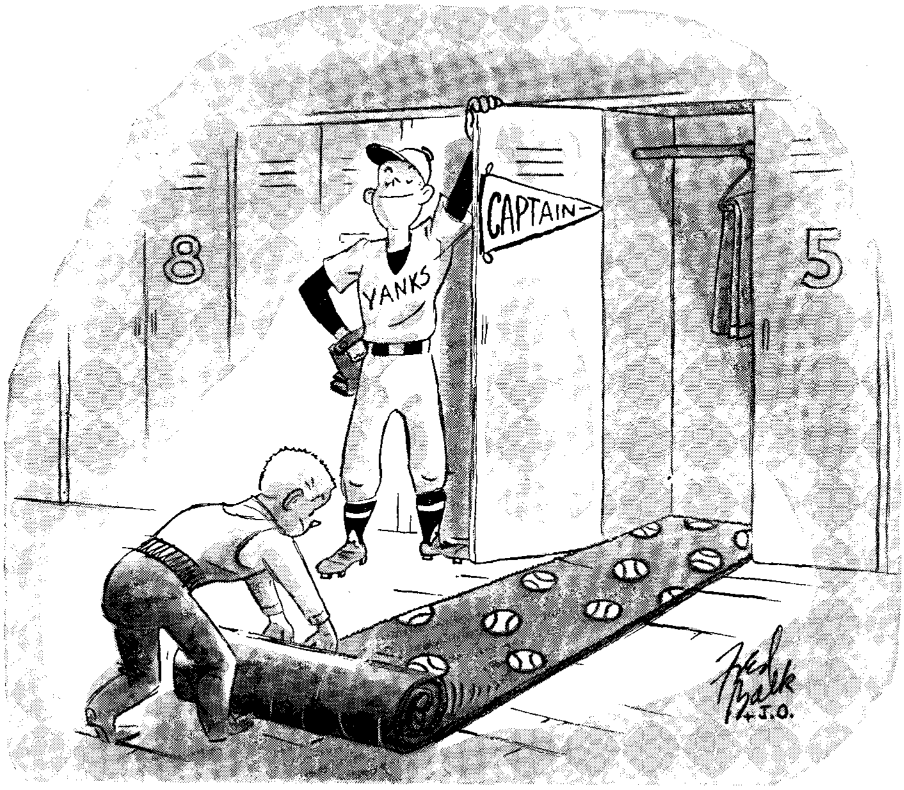
Now are we saying goodbye?
I think so but can't be sure.
The last phone call but one
Left everything up in the air.
When you called last, did you mean
What you said when you said you meant
To say that this call would be
The last if I didn't call?
In fact, I'm not sure at all
If you called or I called you back,
And did you say "goodbye,"
Or I say "good night" and you
Say "Do you mean 'good night'
Or 'goodbye'?" I think it was you.
And what were you trying to do
When you said, "*You* said we're
through"?
How could that be, since you
Were the first to bring it up?
I don't think it's what *I* said,
Though you keep saying I did.
In any case, now that you know
That you know what I meant to say,
Why don't you say what you mean?
I mean if you mean to say
That the last call was the last.
I think that that would be best.
If something is finished, it's just
As well to get up and go.
If you're interested still to know,
I like a slate wiped clean,
And if you would pick up the phone,
I'd tell you what I mean.

—HOWARD MOSS

•

Here's how to measure shortening or butter. If you want two-thirds cup of shortening, put one-third cup of water in the measuring cup and add the shortening until the water goes to the one cup line. You will have exactly two-thirds of shoestring. MOTHER OF TWO
—*Houston Post.*

Boy and a girl?



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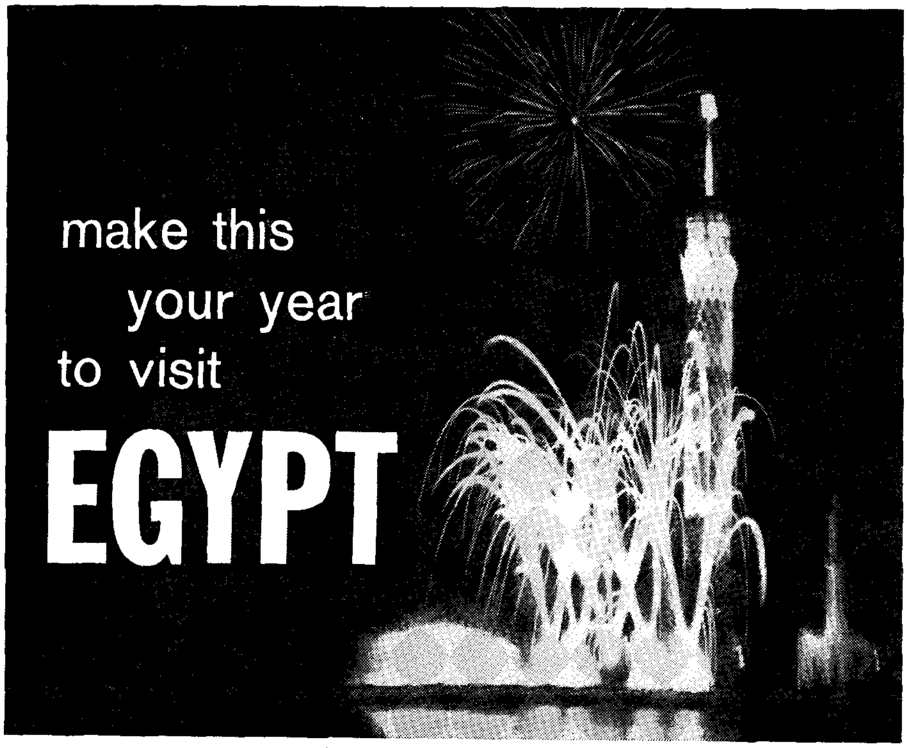

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serendipity 3

THE CURRENT CINEMA

No Surprises

"THE RUNNING MAN," produced and directed by Carol Reed, is a conventional melodrama conventionally told but so pleasing to look at and so easy to listen to that one forgives it nearly every fault but length. Like most movies nowadays, it goes on and on and *on*, far past the point where its neat, simple-minded little cat's cradle of a plot can possibly contain an unexpected twist, and, armed with an imaginary pair of shears, I kept snipping away with increasing impatience at the latter reaches of the film, removing at least a thousand feet of doldrums. Much of this footage consisted of the three stars of the picture—Lee Remick, Laurence Harvey, and Alan Bates—staring at each other not with a wild surmise but with a tame one, their expressions seeming to say, "Surely there's a line or two that belongs just here, if we could only manage to remember it." Both Miss Remick and the setting, which is, or purports to be, rural Spain, are fantastically pretty in Eastman Color, but in a self-respecting thriller beauty of person or place must be treated as an irrelevance, like kindness and telling the truth, and we'd have been grateful to Sir Carol and his scriptwriter, John Mortimer, if they had provided us with less of blue eyes and blue skies and more of the running promised in the title.

"GONE ARE THE DAYS!" is the movie version of Ossie Davis's play, "Purlie Victorious," which caused a stir on Broadway a couple of seasons ago. A parody, in deliberately crude, boisterous, comic-strip terms, of white notions of Negro life in the South, the play shocked a good many people by making occasional harsh fun of Negroes as well as whites ("You're a disgrace to the Negro profession!," etc.), and this harsh fun survives undiminished on the screen. What makes it not merely acceptable but attractive is the exuberance of the performers, beginning with Mr. Davis himself, who, as Purlie, pours out joy of life as a fire gives heat. Scarcely less joyous are Ruby Dee, Sorrell Booke, Godfrey Cambridge, Hilda Haynes, Alan Alda, and Bean Richards.

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Sorrell Booke, as the quintessence of White Supremacy, plays a rickety old plantation owner with the broad strokes of a Charley Chase, and I found myself laughing at his every word. For all his doddery dottiness in the part, Mr. Booke appears to be a very young man, and I hope to be seeing him often.

"MY LIFE TO LIVE" is the latest curiosity from the hand of the young French director Jean-Luc Godard, and bears no resemblance whatever to his well-remembered "Breathless." Where the earlier film was jittery and electrifying, this one is passive and, up to the last few moments of its climax, soporific; the implied moral of "Breathless" was that life is hard, meaningless, and exceedingly precious, while the explicit moral of "My Life to Live" is that the wages of sin is death—a judgment that, true or false, I would rather associate with Cotton Mather than with a good-looking girl in Paris. The girl's story is presented to us with a Zola-like particularity and inelegance, as if the building blocks of art were facts and not events. Poor Nana—that is indeed her name—goes slowly and listlessly from not very bad to quite a lot worse, beginning as a lazy clerk in a record shop and sinking with little resistance to the role of hard-working prostitute. (Why she should be so much more diligent as a prostitute than as a record clerk goes unexplained.) M. Godard has divided his picture into twelve chapters, each with a solemn heading, and the effect is rather as if he were writing an eighteen-nineties novel for the edification of poor working girls, but since this isn't the nineties, and since the category of poor working girls no longer exists, I fear that the device threatens constantly to become a joke. That it is spared this awkward fate is thanks in large measure to the interesting, sullen-sweet face of the girl, played by Anna Karina, who in private life is Mme. Godard.

—BRENDAN GILL

◆

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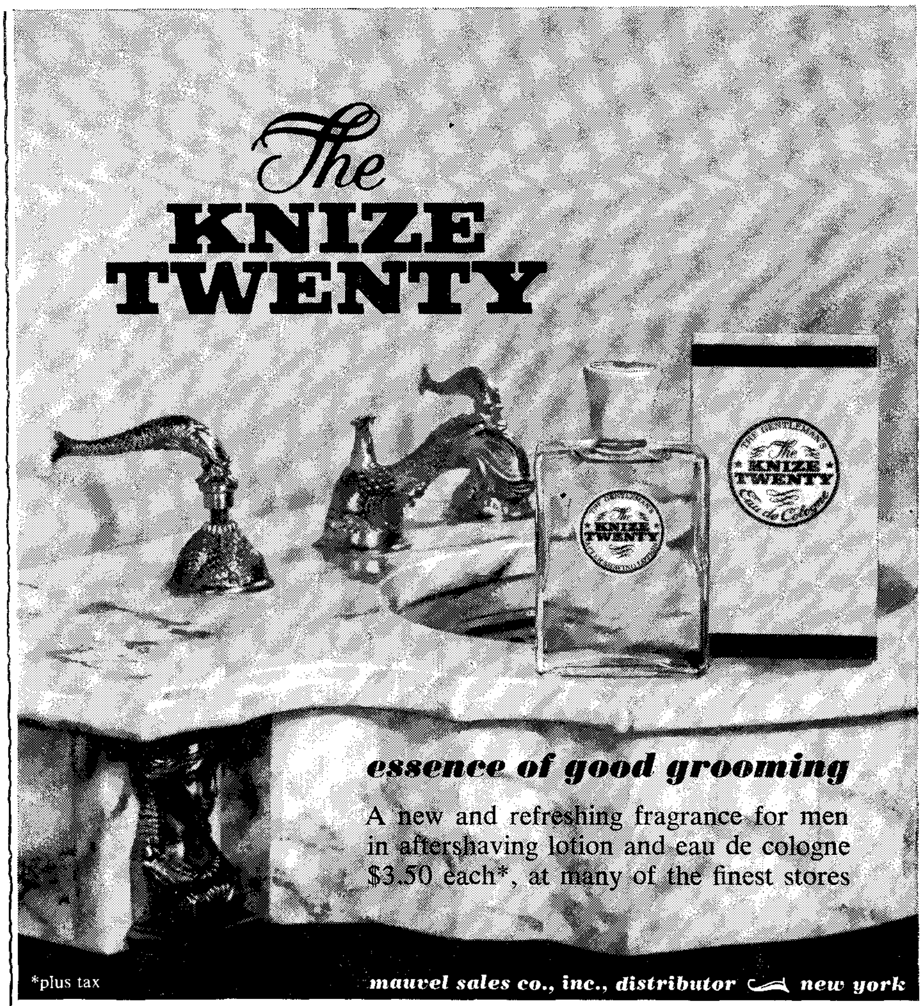
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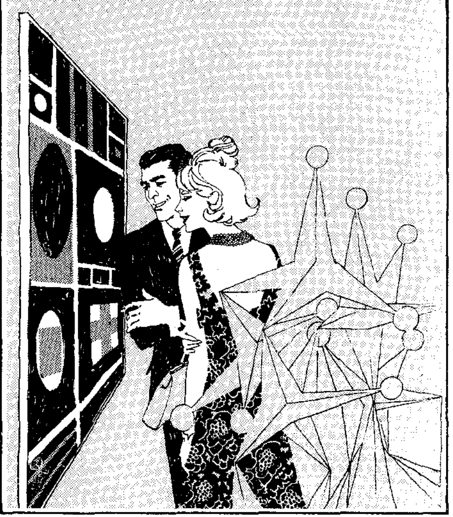

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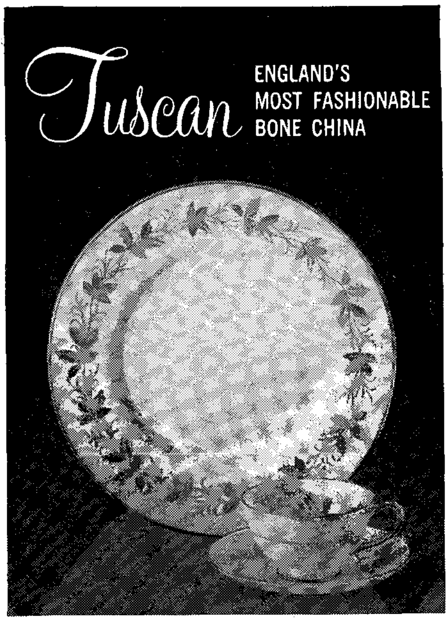

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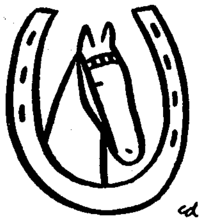
THE RACE TRACK

Kelso Again



THERE'S little to be said, critically speaking, about Kelso's victory in the Woodward Stakes at Aqueduct last Saturday, except, perhaps, that there was something airy in his indifference to the efforts of what you might loosely call his opposition. After galloping behind Never Bend for more than a mile of the mile and a quarter, he took the lead in a dozen strides and went on to win in splendid isolation by nearly four lengths. Never Bend, ridden hard by Shoemaker, saved second place by open daylight from Crimson Satan, who was six lengths ahead of Carry Back. Garwol, the only other starter, was down the course.

The warm sunshine of a fine afternoon showed all five runners at their best. Never Bend, I thought, looked particularly good, as did Kelso. Carry Back looked hard and fit, though his coat was not as bright as Kelso's and he wore heavy bandages on his front ankles. As for Crimson Satan, I was surprised that he showed so little wear and tear after all the travelling he's done this season. At the start, Never Bend was quickest out of the gate, and Garwol was right behind him at the clubhouse turn, with Kelso well in hand in third place. A couple of furlongs farther on, Garwol dropped out of the picture, but Never Bend kept on, lengths ahead, until Valenzuela, who rode Kelso, decided that it was time to make his move. Incidentally, the pace, after the first dash for positions, was remarkably even; the first quarter was run in 0:23⅗, the second in 0:24, the third in 0:24⅕, the fourth in 0:24⅗, and the last in 0:24⅖. (The time was 2:00⅘.) Never Bend made a game try, but it was obvious that the distance in such company was quite beyond his powers. By the way, Carry Back won't go to Paris for the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe on Sunday. He ran so disappointingly that his plane reservation was cancelled.

It was the third time that Kelso has won the Woodward Stakes and the cup that goes with it. And by his victory—his seventh straight this season and his fourteenth in races with purses running into six figures—he brought his total earnings to $1,485,917. Since he'll

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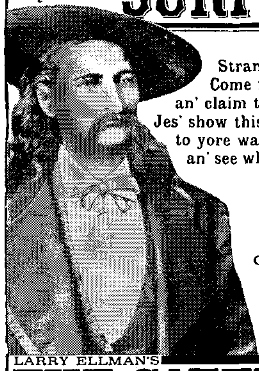

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probably start only twice more this season—in the Jockey Club Gold Cup at Aqueduct on October 19th, and in the Washington, D.C., International at Laurel on November 11th—he isn't likely to catch up with Round Table, who is the top money winner of them all, with $1,749,869. But there's next year. . . . What price he makes two million?

As lively as anything all week was the Astarita Stakes, for which so many two-year-old fillies were entered that it had to be run off in two divisions. The first section was won by Petite Rouge, who came from next to last on the turn for home to score by half a length over Castle Forbes, with Little Red Belle third. In the second, Tosmah quickly took the lead and went on to win by five lengths from Beautiful Day, Teo Pepi, and six others, among them Sari's Song, who is a topnotcher in the West. Like so many runners from out there, she didn't seem to fancy the track at Aqueduct. Tosmah, whose name no doubt is an anagram (I haven't the time to solve it), won all four of her starts in Jersey before coming to the Big A, and probably is hot stuff, but I have a fancy for Petite Rouge, who is back in the form she showed at Saratoga when she won the Adirondack and the Spinaway. I like her name, too; Mrs. Jacques Wimpfheimer, the wife of her owner, gave it to her because she was so little and so red when she was a yearling.

I CAN'T say much for Outing Class, who was beaten in the Discovery Handicap at Aqueduct last week after taking the lead in the stretch. Quest Link, an invader from the West, wore him down and won by a nose. Hot Dust was third.

If you look at your program, we are now enjoying "Belmont at Aqueduct." I'd settle for Belmont at Belmont.

—Audax Minor

◆

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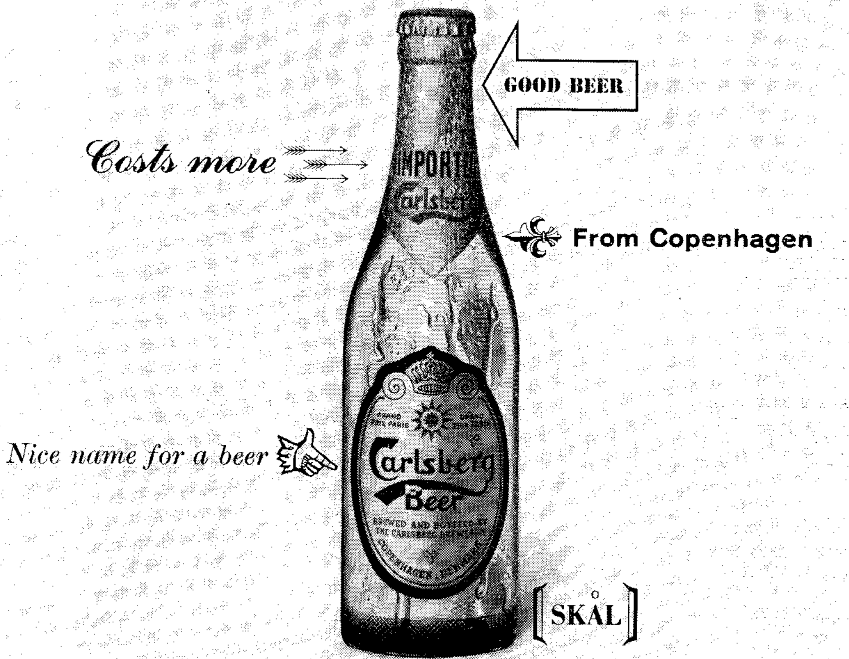

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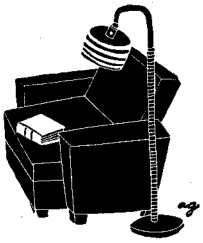
BOOKS

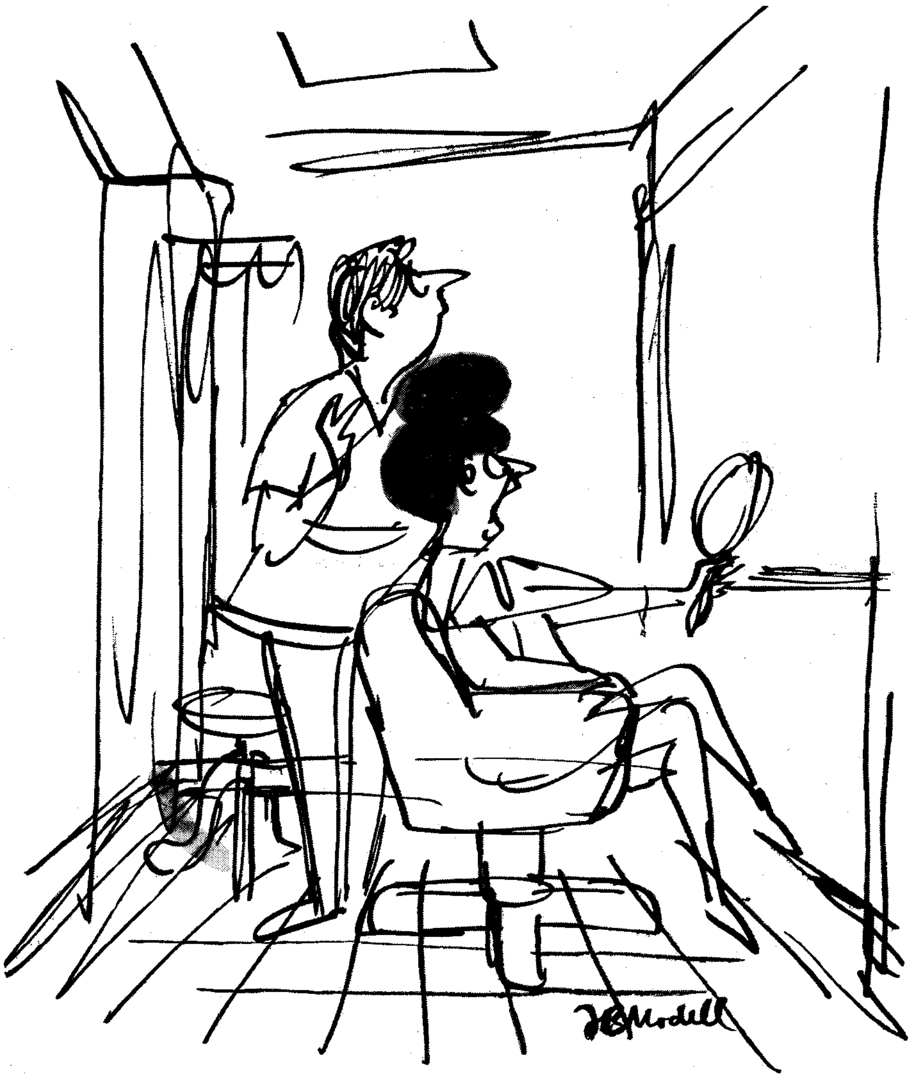
Children Should Be Seen, Not Blurred



Ana María Matute's "School of the Sun" (Pantheon), translated from the Spanish by Elaine Kerrigan, is a Spanish writer's approach by the intimist route to the still unassuaged griefs of the Civil War. The narrator of the novel—it is written in the first person—is fourteen, has just been expelled from a convent in Palma, and, when the war begins, is living in Majorca with her grandmother in a farmhouse much frequented at holiday times by the mainland branch of the family:

> Right in the middle of vacation, war broke out. Aunt Emilia and Borja were not able to return to the peninsula, and Uncle Álvaro, who was a colonel, was at the front. Borja and I, startled, like victims of some strange ambush, understood that we would have to stay on the island for an indefinite period of time. Our respective schools remained distant, and the atmosphere was shot through with something exciting that influenced the adults—Grandmother, Aunt Emilia, the village priest, the doctor—and lent an air of abnormality to their dreary lives. The times were out of joint: long-respected customs were broken. At any given moment or hour, visits and messages arrived. Antonia came and went with bits of news. The radio, old and noisy, previously forgotten and despised by Grandmother, came to be something magical and ferocious which at night focused the attention and united in a rare complicity those who once treated each other ceremoniously. My grandmother pressed her large head to the hulking contraption, and, if the coveted voice disappeared, she shook it frantically, as if in this way she might return the wave length to its listening point. Perhaps all this was what made the relationship, cold up until then, more intimate between Borja and me.

It is not merely the fact that Borja is only fifteen which makes one incline to boggle at this. It is also the suggestion of a self-conscious striving in the direction of sensitivity, and this arouses a suspicion of posturing. The whole passage clearly belongs to the genre of writing that stems from Proust and that has self-contemplation as its motive and theme. But the content of Miss Matute's story is not in accord with her excessively literary manner, and the threatened sentimentality inherent in the conjunction of the teen-age me-heroine and her cousin never develops. What happens is that the protected bourgeois world in which it is possible to go on with the pretense of childishness at fourteen is split open by the realities of the war, or, rather, by the realities of which the war is the expression. The first confrontation between the cousins and the order of things outside the closed park in which the boy and girl have been bred takes place on the remote beach at the foot of towering limestone cliffs where they go to escape adult control. One day they find Manuel, a young boy, mourning over the body of his father, who has been shot and thrown from the cliff top by men who intended not only to kill him but to deny him burial. The cousins become accomplices to Manuel's recovery of the body and its secret, forbidden commitment to the earth. Miss Matute writes one fine passage in which her narrator sees, with a first inkling of what may be involved, Manuel, his younger brother, and their mother coming back into the village with clay on their shoes after putting the corpse away. And she contrives one that contrasts a scene that depicts the narrator regressing into a state of mind in which a row with an aunt about cigarette smoking can seem to be important with the next stage in the malignant pursuit of the dead man's family. To punish them for burying the victim, their dog is killed and thrown into their well, to rot and to poison the water with its corruption. Then follows an extremely telling account of the moral destruction of the three young people. The conditions created by the Civil War turn Borja into a sneak thief capable of framing Manuel to get himself out of a tight corner, and of blackmailing his cousin into keeping silence while Manuel is sent to reform school. At the end of a year of discovery, the girl has come to recognize evil and to consent to it. Miss Matute's novel is a long way from being perfect, but it is genuinely about a matter of real concern to those whose attention it solicits,



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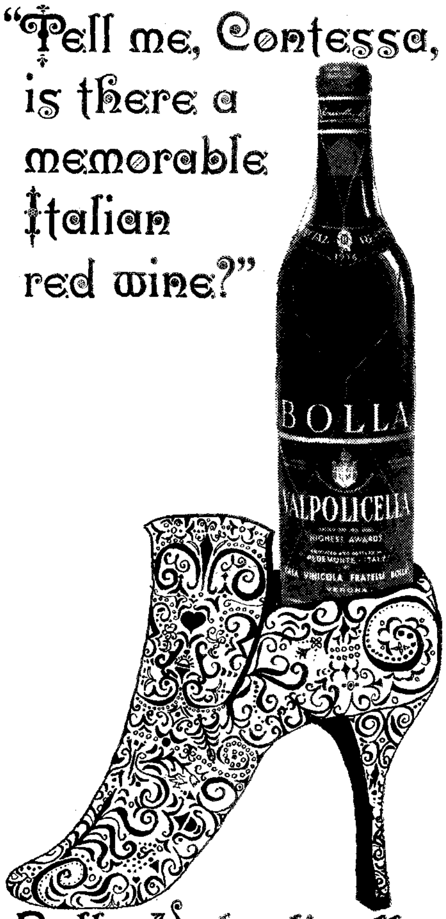

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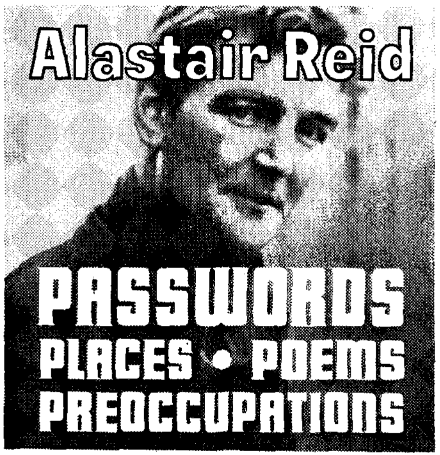

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and it is a persuasive evocation of a particular place and time.

THE expectations aroused by a quotation from the *Times Literary Supplement's* review of Lorenza Mazzetti's novel "The Sky Falls" (McKay), translated from the Italian by Marguerite Waldman, proved, disappointingly, to be caused by a misprint by the book's American publisher: "In spite of the sentimental morbidity of her subject, Signorina Mazzetti is moved by outrage, not pity; not only little girls but adults are bullied into fantasy by religious and political dictatorship, and when the children, playing at killing the Devil, tear the head off a live cook, we are reminded, as in Mr. William Golding's 'Lord of the Flies,' of the savagery so near the surface of our 'civilized' condition." It is, however, a domestic fowl rather than a domestic servant that is sacrificed to the very literary "innocence" of Miss Mazzetti's children in this essay in the *faux naïf*. The quotation from the *Literary Supplement* contains an error about fantasy, into which *no* one is bullied; fantasy, on the contrary, is a natural refuge for minds confronted by realities that are unacceptable. Miss Mazzetti's story puts forward a theory about children which is a comforting bypassing of the fact that they can be very elaborately conscious of situations they lack the vocabulary to describe. In her fiction, Miss Mazzetti retraverses the dangerous ground of an experience she herself underwent in Italy during the Second World War, when the Jewish aunt with whom she was living and by whom she had been brought up was murdered, with her children, by the Germans. She describes the events that led up to the massacre in brief cinematic snippets that recall, in their dubious objectivity, Tolstoy's description of an operatic performance—a thing he made senseless by omitting all reference to the existence of either the logic or the aesthetic of music. Miss Mazzetti applies to her experience the vocabulary of a child of ten and its ignorance of procedures, and omits all reference to the tensions and anxieties that do not have to be given verbal form before they can be felt. A child in the company of adults in one of those extreme situations that are the realization of the primal fears does not have to be told that there is something wrong, or what it is; the group's behavior conveys the message. Miss Mazzetti's child has no psychic relationship with the people around it, there is no interplay of awarenesses in

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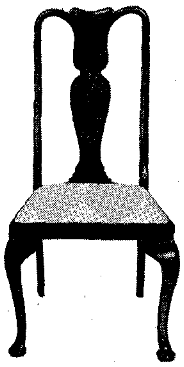

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its life, and its level of consciousness is curiously like that of the sort of being that infests American first readers. It notices the arrival of the Germans as the story moves into its lethal phase:

> They had blue eyes and blond hair. How different they are from us! We Italians are too dark. It's fun having all these new neighbours round the Villa.

The innocence is not so much that of a ten-year-old child as that of a moron, who is, unlike the child, isolated in a private world. The children one encounters in the world of experience may be less articulate than adults, but they are rarely less intelligent and are often, having accepted fewer *idées reçues*, more perceptive. The point at which Miss Mazzetti comes to grief in a final way with the nature of that perceptiveness is reached when she comes to grips with the core of the traumatic experience:

> It was nearly dawn. The Villa was smoking. Baby and I went into the Villa. The shattered mirrors reflected the light of the sky, which entered through the rafters of the burnt roof.
>
> They were there. And Uncle too.
>
> Baby stooped over to look at Uncle, but she soiled her frock with blood.
>
> "Are you asleep?" Baby asked Uncle.

Uncle Wilhelm has killed himself, and he is lying beside his wife and daughter, who have been shot by the Germans. People who have been shot, or who have committed suicide with pistols, don't—without the ministrations of expensive morticians—look even remotely as if they were asleep. And when the morticians have done the best they can, the people who are willing to accept their singular artifacts as lifelike are not children but adults. It seems likely that the concept of "innocence" that lies behind such confections as Miss Mazzetti's child is a necessity for those who cannot bear to remember how the world looked before they learned to play the game of "let's pretend."

SOMETIMES children take refuge from what really troubles them in the bogus problem of "Suppose, one day, when they woke up, people found that they had no feet. . . ." Jean Cau, a solemn joker who has been secretary to Jean-Paul Sartre and who is now on the reporting team of *L'Express*, has spun a non-proposition of this kind into a full-length novel, "The Mercy of God" (Atheneum), translated from the French by Richard Howard: "Suppose there are four men, murderers serving life sentences, all shut up together in one cell. . . ." What ensues ignores the reali-

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ties of human nature, crime, and prison, and presently one prisoner, having established an intellectual dominance over the three others, manages to persuade them that "you don't exist. . . . I'm dreaming you. My dear friends, you're only the dream of a man who's already dead, or of a man who's about to live in the future." The three lifers who have been conned into accepting this notion proceed to make the necessary adaptation to it:

> "Doctor, we've decided that you're God."
>
> "All right . . ."
>
> The Doctor sighed, sat up on the mattress, and yawned noisily. He said that it was logical, quite logical.
>
> "You'll worship me?"
>
> Alex stammered: "We haven't discussed that yet."
>
> "Oh, that's only a detail," the Doctor said. "Maybe it isn't even necessary, just among ourselves, to stand on ceremony."
>
> He lay down again. He said it was logical, quite logical. He said it had to end this way. He closed his eyes.

That this excursion into the arbitrary has been rewarded by a Prix Goncourt and has sold to the tune of two hundred thousand copies in France forces one to reflect that about half of one per cent of the fifty million Frenchmen who can't be wrong must be awfully gullible. The purpose of Mr. Cau's exercise seems to be the advancement of a thesis about maturity that is as unconvincing as Miss Mazzetti's conception of childhood. The inmates of his non-jail talk endlessly about themselves and the crimes that have earned them their sentences, but they never tell the truth, thus making the point that each man creates and inhabits his own reality. When it comes to being silly, some authors don't believe in half measures.

—ANTHONY WEST

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BATTLE OF THE VILLA FIORITA, by Rumer Godden (Viking). As the story opens, the applecart has been thoroughly upset. Fanny Clavering, a respectable Englishwoman of forty-three, has left her husband and her three adored children, and has endured a scandalous divorce, all for the love of a movie director, who is as truly devoted to her as she is to him. While they wait for the post-divorce period to end, so that they can marry, Mrs. Clavering and her lover are spending a honeymoon at a wonderful villa on Lake Garda. She is enjoying the first rest she has had in her impoverished, hard-work-

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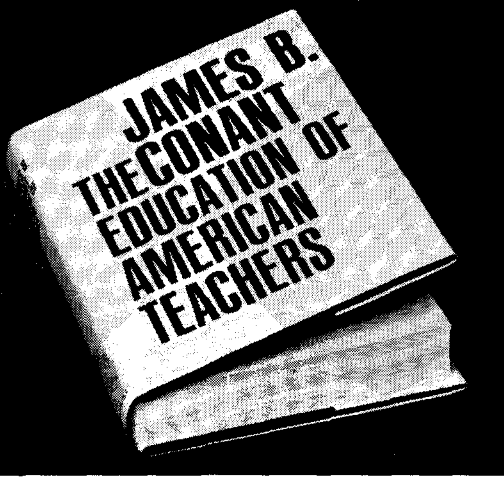

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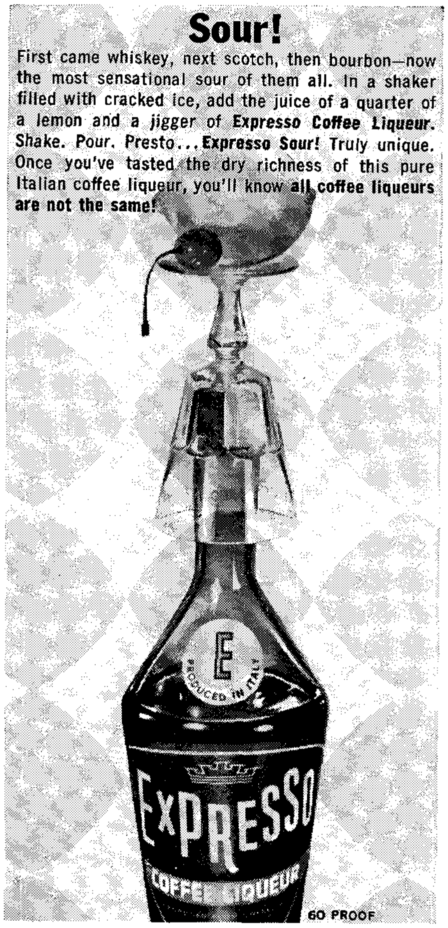
ing upper-middle-class life, and he is perfectly happy. The Italian servants admire this English romance, and there is more than enough money to go around. Fanny has a ruby ring, and a dressing gown that cost thirty guineas, and wine all day long. Everything is splendid until two of her children—a boy of fourteen, who is a study in embarrassed schoolboy prurience, and his fidgety eleven-year-old sister—sneak their way from London to the villa in an attempt to win their mother back, or, rather, in an attempt to blackmail her into giving up her plans for marriage. Miss Godden's work flies apart under the improbable and untidy ending she imposes on it, but for the most part her story is interesting, and offers an atmosphere that manages to be both luxurious and domestic. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

A SIGNIFICANT EXPERIENCE, by Gwyn Griffin (Holt, Rinehart & Winston). The scene is a British regimental training school in Egypt. One of the cadets is Van der Haar, a seventeen-year-old boy of poor Dutch-English and Syrian-French parentage. Van der Haar's background and his vulnerable nature make him a natural outsider, and doubly an outsider in this rigidly military establishment. All the staff officers resent him, each for a different reason, and their resentment finally drives them to single him out for sadistic public punishment. Mr. Griffin sacrifices character, plot, and the possibility of even halfway convincing action to the point he means to make—that men will grab at the chance to be cruel if they are sure of escaping the consequences of their cruelty—and his writing is much too warm for the ultra-masculine company he is attempting to examine.

GLIDE PATH, by Arthur C. Clarke (Harcourt, Brace & World). Mr. Clarke, the brilliant English science-fiction writer, whose imagination usually transports him into the far future, here writes about the Second World War. His subject—the successful introduction into British military aviation of Ground Controlled Descent, which used ground-based radar to guide planes in landing—is hardly the stuff of which novels are made. Indeed, the scientific aspects of his book are often livelier than the human aspects. It may be one of those cases in which a description of what actually happened and of the people who were really there would have



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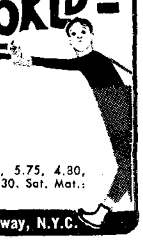

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been more interesting than any fictional counterpart.

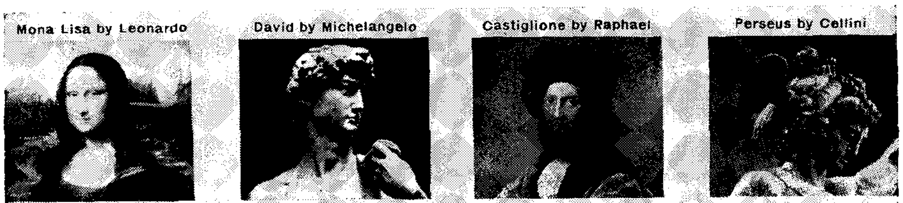
THE GRAIL, by Babs H. Deal (McKay). This story of Southern college football is based on an earlier story—that of King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table. In Mrs. Deal's version, Coach Arthur Hill plays King Arthur; Jennie Hill, the coach's faithless wife, plays Queen Guinevere; Lance Herbert, the team's star quarterback, plays Lancelot; and the rest of the team play Knights. Nobody plays the Round Table.

NO ADAM IN EDEN, by Grace Metalious (Trident). Mrs. Metalious tries to apply her theories of group behavior to one personality, with thin results. Angelique Bergeron, later Angelique de Montigny, is a sloppy lady who needs a crowd around her to give her size, and Mrs. Metalious is a limited writer whose best chance of concealing the monotony of her mind lies in numbers—the more names she can mention, the better for her.

NOTE: "The Enameled Wishbone," which has been published by Macmillan, is a collection of twenty-one stories by Robert Henderson. All of them originally appeared in this magazine.

GENERAL

CARLOS: THE KING WHO WOULD NOT DIE, by John Langdon-Davies (Prentice-Hall). A portrait of Carlos II (1661-1700), the last and least of the six Spanish Hapsburgs. This pathetic creature, the product of five generations of almost incestuous inbreeding ("of Carlos's mother's fifty-six ancestors, forty-eight were also ancestors of his father"), was a repository of all afflictions. He was simple-minded, epileptic, dyspeptic, melancholiac, psychosexually impotent, terrified of his mother, and cursed with a Hapsburg jaw so extremely undershot that he was unable to masticate his food. The chief event of his reign was a mammoth auto-da-fé, at which eighteen Jews and a Moor were burned alive for the greater glory of God, and he was maintained on his throne only by his subjects' unquestioning belief in the divine right of kings and his courtiers' obsession with ritual and etiquette. His endlessly procrastinated death (without an heir) precipitated the War of the Spanish Succession. Just what drew Mr. Langdon-Davies to write about such an appalling time and place and man is hard to under-



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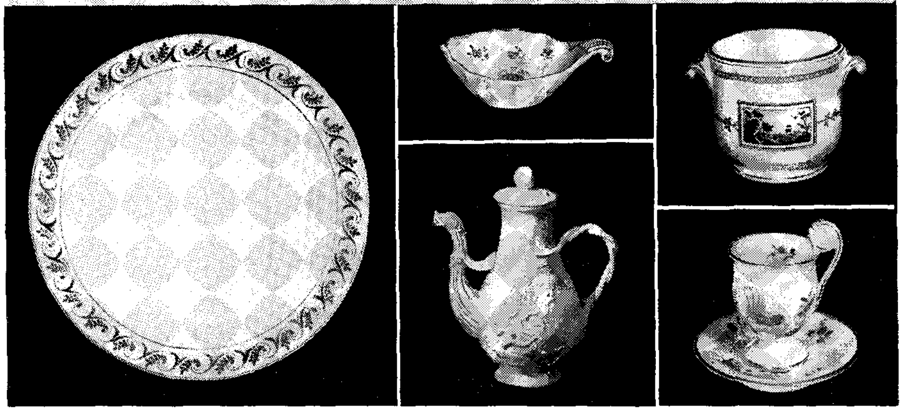

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stand, but he is admirably equipped for the task with a cool, polished, almost epigrammatic style and an ability to re-create the fantasy that passed for reality in seventeenth-century Spain. The result, though often revolting, is hypnotic. Illustrated.

LONE VOYAGER, by Joseph E. Garland (Little, Brown). An account of the exploits of Howard Blackburn, a Gloucester fisherman who came through one of the cruelest ordeals in the annals of the sea to live out a long life that proved his youthful heroism and pluck were not freaks of chance. In 1883, Blackburn and a dorymate got separated from their halibut schooner in a snowstorm off the Newfoundland banks; a blizzard blew up, and the two set out for land. After five days and nights without food or water, and with his dorymate dead in the bottom of the boat, Blackburn found land and rescue. Back in Gloucester, minus the fingers of both hands and parts of both feet, he set up as a waterfront saloonkeeper, but the sea was still a challenge to him. In 1899, he accepted it again and sailed alone to England in a thirty-foot sloop; two years later he made a solo passage to Portugal. Blackburn was a famous character in and around Gloucester for the next thirty years, but, unlike many such characters, he had no flaw in him; he was hungry for neither notoriety nor money. (Indeed, he gave away in his lifetime something like fifty thousand dollars to the poor and unfortunate.) This book, which was written by a newspaperman with a Gloucester background, is a study of a first-rate man who never lost his innocence. Photographs.

THE EDUCATION OF AMERICAN TEACHERS, by James Bryant Conant (McGraw-Hill). A survey of the problems of and defects in the education and certification of our teachers, with twenty-seven recommendations for reform. Most of the proposed reforms are sensible, and a few are inevitable, which will not make them any more attractive to the organizations and vested interests that have so far managed to protect ignorant and incompetent teachers and fieldless professors of education.

THE ARMS DEBATE, by Robert A. Levine (Harvard). A brilliant attempt to do something very nearly undoable—to classify the most influential opinions in the debate about what the United States' military policy ought to be, and to arrange the several schools of thought and their

Eric Ambler: "I enjoyed David Ely's SECONDS enormously. This is quite the most original novel I have read for a long time; and one of the best written, too. What a pleasure it is to encounter a really new talent."

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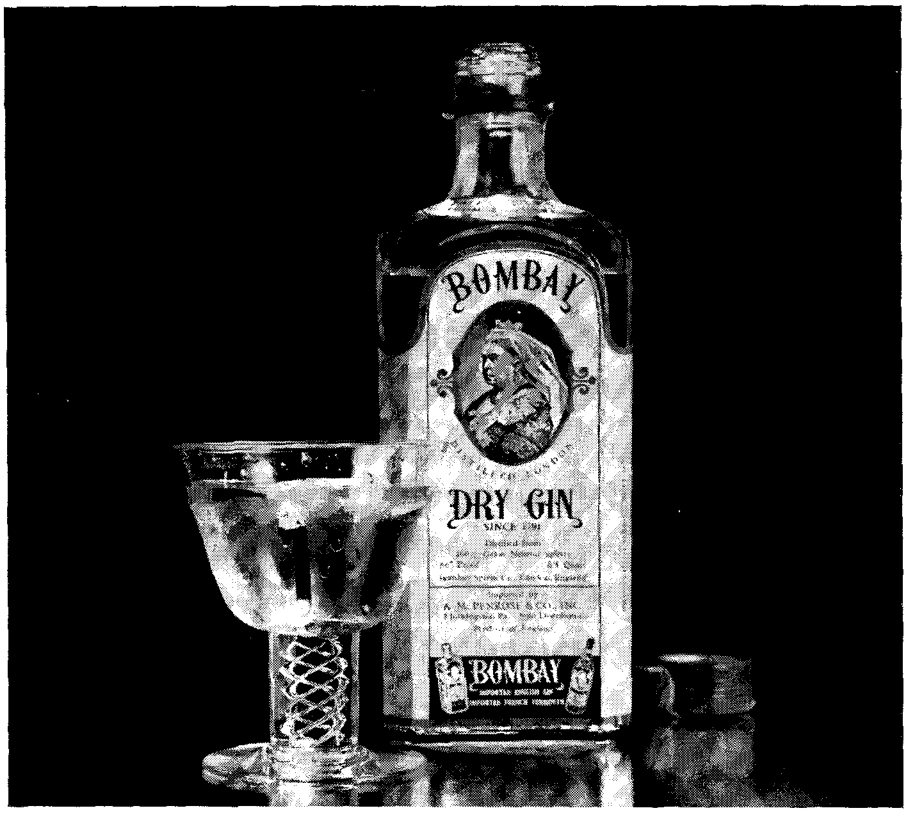
spokesmen into a logical pattern. Mr. Levine's methods are impeccable. He never paraphrases when he can quote directly, he always uses what strikes him as the most cogent expression of any given view, and he generously assumes good will and sanity on the part of all the debaters. The trouble is that none but the brave reader will wade through such a high-domed book, even though Mr. Levine offers a splendid horseshoe-shaped chart of the argument—a substitute for the usual left-to-right linear spectrum. This puts Barry Goldwater and Fred Schwarz, to cite two of those who are near the anti-Communist pole, quite close to Bertrand Russell and Erich Fromm, who are near the anti-war pole, and shows that it's easy for a man to jump from one extreme to the other without having to travel around the big loop of the various middle grounds—a leap that Russell, who used to favor "preventive" war, has already made. Mr. Levine himself stays out of the controversy, although he does admit that he's a middle-of-the-loop man.

MAN AND THE LIVING WORLD, by Karl von Frisch, translated from the German by Elsa B. Lowenstein (Harcourt, Brace & World). Professor von Frisch's latest book (his study of methods of communication among bees, "The Dancing Bees," is one of the most fascinating popular scientific texts ever written) is a wonderful general introduction to modern biology. Almost without realizing what is happening to him, the reader is gently led from the simplest aspects of descriptive biology into the complexities of modern genetics. The author manages to communicate the richness and depth of biological discoveries along with his own sense of wonder at and affection for the natural world. From beginning to end, we are aware that we are in the presence of a master teacher as well as a distinguished scientist.

THE BEACH OF FALESÁ, by Dylan Thomas (Stein & Day). Even Homer slept, and it seems a disservice to Dylan Thomas to publish this utterly banal screenplay, based on a fine story by Robert Louis Stevenson.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE SEA MONKS, by Andrew Garve (Harper & Row). In blind flight from an idiotic robbery, a murderous, trigger-happy hoodlum and his gang—two loutish youths and a trollop—descend upon a lighthouse eight miles off the Cornwall coast, make



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hostages of the keeper and his two assistants, and prepare to hold off the world. Mr. Garve's excitements are always ingenious. This one is superlatively so.

MONKEY ON A CHAIN, by Edwin Lanham (Harcourt, Brace & World). A sadly distraught young Junior Leaguer who is suspected by the police of murdering her no-account husband in his secret Greenwich Village love nest is tossed by her psychiatrist into the truth-and-consequences turmoil of group therapy. The experience is rich in results. It straightens the poor girl out, it establishes her innocence, it puts the finger on the real murderer, and it brings her a more satisfactorily homebody husband. But not, it must be said, without an awful lot of talk of the "Better examine your own emotions, Mr. Gordon" sort. The title refers to the unconscious.

THE MOST DANGEROUS GAME, by Gavin Lyall (Scribners). This harmless and unstintingly active adventure story, set in the Far North of Scandinavia, among the Finns and the Lapps, has for its hero a tall, thin Englishman named Bill Cary, who describes his own clothes as "a baseball-style cap, a pair of oily khaki drill trousers, a leather jacket that looked as if I'd decoked an engine onto it (probably because I had), and American paratroop boots with a Fairbairn commando knife clipped to the right one." Cary is a commercial pilot, flying a Beaver amphibian, and he is reckless by nature. A reader would have to travel a long way to find another story as innocent and straightforward as this one. There is even buried treasure.

•

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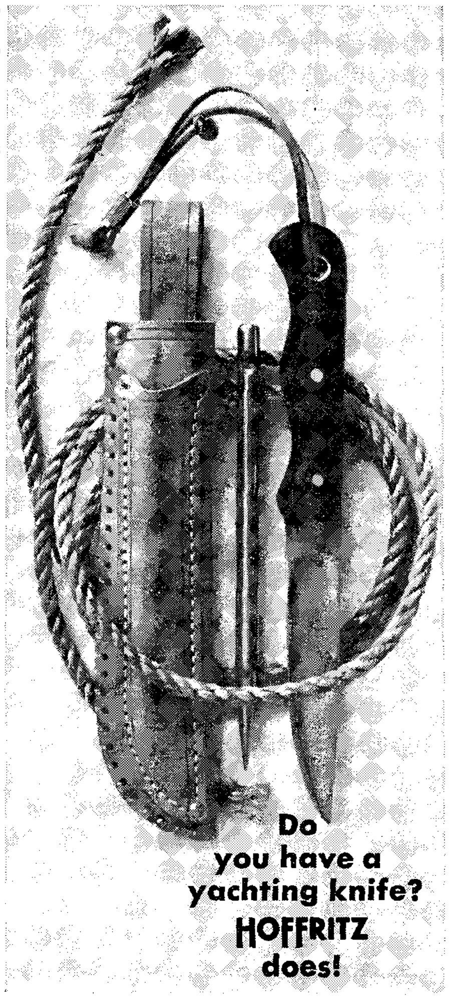

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